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IN TWO VOLUMES

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THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 10. — OCTOBER, 1830.

TROOPER.

The property of Major S., of the Nizam's Service.

Trooper was bought by his present owner, Major S., in 1813, and was sent from the Gulf by Captain Lindsey; he is believed to be one of those horses that he brought from the neighbourhood of the Caspian.

He was entered early as a hog-hunter, and was always distinguished, though more for boldness, extraordinary strength, activity, and endurance, than for speed. He has carried his master up to five first spears in one day, and has the remarkable merit of never having given him a fall. Sabring hog is not considered a snobbish thing, even by Nimrod in the East. Trooper was perhaps the surest horse to sabre from in India; he has been wounded in action, and ridden upwards of seventy miles without drawing rein.

He is now enjoying his *otium cum dignitate* in his twenty-fourth year, the sire of a hopeful progeny.

BURZAUTTEE.

MR. EDITOR,

Allow me to offer my thanks to your valuable correspondent O. K. for his very laudable endeavours to eradicate that pest of the stable, Burzauttee. I have unfortunately been under the necessity of racking my poor brains to find out something beneficial, and flatter myself not altogether uselessly; and, as every man who is fond of his nag must be aware of the value of any information on this head, I shall not waste your paper in offering an apology for the small space this letter will occupy in the next month's Magazine.

O. K.'s first remedy for the disease was, as O. observes, a dram of aloes, and scruple doses of blue vitriol almost daily. This is the treatment I have in some measure adopted, upon O. K.'s recommendation, as well as upon a knowledge of the fact that blue vitriol at home is given in large doses for the cure of Farcy; and although I cannot discover any analogy between the two diseases (having in more than one instance tried the effect of inoculation unsuccessfully), still, as blue vitriol is supposed to be the most powerful tonic that can be given to the

horse, common sense would, in my opinion, point out that method of treatment. I have, however, prepared matters a little beyond O. K.'s original prescription, having increased my dose of blue vitriol to an extent that I fear very many of your readers will scarcely give me credit for.

My present plan is this. I first give a scruple dose made into a full sized ball, with flour or ground rice, every twenty-four hours for two or three days, when I commence gradually to increase the quantity, always carefully watching for any loss of appetite, as a signal to afford a respite for two or three days; and, incredible as it may appear, I have increased the quantity to two ounces a day, which I have seen a horse take for a week together before he refused his food. About every fourth or fifth day it may be necessary to give a few drams of aloes (three or four), in order to keep the bowels in tune, as the vitriol will produce rather a constipating effect. Another point on which I have been particular is to divide my large doses into two or three balls, to be given at different times during the day, and when I had got as far as two ounces, had the precaution to give half in the morning and half in the evening, each in a full quart of thick gruel. During the whole of this treatment I have fed as liberally as the horse would take, and look upon this to be of the utmost consequence. Whenever he refuses his gram, stop the vitriol for a day or two, and give a few drams of aloes, always remembering to commence again with small doses.

With regard to the external treatment, I have always applied the hot iron in the onset, which produces a slough, and generally brings the sore to a healthy surface, when nothing but cleanliness and a little tincture of myrrh is necessary.

I have by this plan, Mr. Editor, not only effected a cure of the wounds, but am in hopes have eradicated the disease from the system, as I know and see almost daily one or two horses who, until having undergone this treatment, were certain to be laid up as useless for a season, yearly, and have now gone two seasons without showing any symptoms of a return. Should any of your readers at this moment be taxed with a case of Burzauttee, and have no fear of adopting this bold treatment, I shall be thankful if he will favour the sporting world with the result.

O. K.'s Muddar treatment shall not want a fair trial should an opportunity offer, either in my own or any of my friends' stables, for which purpose I have provided myself with a good stock of the powder. Should this be worth a place in your columns, I may be induced to loosen another knot of my little budget, for believe me I am a true friend to your Magazine, and a sincere

LOVER OF HIS HORSE.

Hyderabad, Sept. 29th.

A JOCKEY CLUB, OR CLUB OF REFERENCE.

SIR,

It is with no intention to cast ill-natured reflections, nor with any design to impute blame to any person, or set of persons, that I have taken up my pen to draw the attention of your readers to a subject of much importance—I mean as to the feasibility of establishing a Club of Reference, such

as the Jockey Club now is in England, to which appeals might be made in cases when individuals may conceive they have not received justice at the hands of their own Stewards.

There are such numerous instances, even on record, of absurd as well as erroneous decisions made by the gentlemen appointed to be Stewards at the several race-courses within our own corner of India, and from whose decree, once pronounced, there is never an appeal, that I think the subject well worthy of and demands more attention than has hitherto been bestowed upon it by our turf amateurs.

I know not if the state of society, at stations where race meetings are usually held, would admit of any modification in the method of electing Stewards, though some modification is certainly a great desideratum. At one place each regiment composing the force nominates one Steward, at another the whole are elected by acclamation, at a third by ballot, at a fourth by solicitation; the consequence is, many are now unwillingly compelled, as it were, to accept the situation, the duties of which they are aware they cannot properly perform, not only from knowing nothing about turf regulations, but from a disinclination to make themselves acquainted with the rules, from the little interest they take in the amusement itself.

As I have commenced this letter with disclaiming my desire to make unpleasant remarks, so do I now deprecate everything like anger, should what I am now going to observe bear the appearance of personality or ill-nature. I have said that my object in wishing a Club of Reference to be formed is to prevent any improper decisions on doubtful points which may arise from ignorance of turf rules and regulations, for that many very extraordinary decrees have been made there can be no doubt—facts are stubborn proofs.

In 1826, a gentleman rider claimed a jostle, having pulled up, as the outrage—for so such a jostle should be designated—was committed; and although two disinterested spectators (gentlemen, too), who chanced to see the thing done, *swore* to the fact, yet the majority of the Stewards gave it against the claimant, *because* THEY *had not seen it!*

In 1827, that celebrated horse, Barefoot, was intended by his owner to start for the second Maiden of that season, being a race for horses that had never won plate, purse, *match*, or sweepstakes. His owner, however, having purposely mentioned that the horse had, the preceding season, received half forfeit from Emilius, though he had never appeared on the course for the match, still the Stewards refused to allow him to enter for the Maiden. Now from their decree, as set forth in their prospectus of the races, there was no appeal; but had a Club, such as I wish to see established, existed then, Barefoot might have had his chance for that Maiden, and the decision of the Club would have settled his right to the plate, had he won it. With regard to the decision itself, I wonder how the Stewards would have looked had a circumstance like the following come before their worships. A has a maiden entered for a Maiden sweepstakes, P. P., to be run in December, and he has also matched him against B's horse, to run in January, half-forfeit if declared before November. Well, B pays half-forfeit in October, would that disqualify A's horse for the Maiden sweepstakes?

I will mention another instance of the inconvenience attending the want of a Referential Committee. In 1827, K had a maiden; he thought him a flicker—that he *must* go, nothing *could* stop him. L had his doubts of his being such a trump, and thought he had a screw in his tail, a doubtful shake in his hocks, and galloped on his fetlocks instead of his hoofs. In the course of conversation it turned out that K intended to take a trial next morning, and L, on hearing it, offered to lay a certain sum that he did not run the trial under a given time. This was accepted, but a doubt arose as to whether the trial with a bet upon it would affect his right to enter for the Maiden Race. It was referred to the Stewards of the course; they were all bothered, and as they couldn't, so they wouldn't, decide, but agreed to refer to the Stewards at Bombay or Poonah; but mark you, Mr. Editor, and you my gentle readers, how cunningly the thing was settled. They *decreed* that in the mean time K's horse might run his trial, and, if the referees decided that the bet on the trial lost his Maiden, that no money was to be paid by either the winner or loser. Upon this the toddle took place—no matter which won, but the Bombayites decided one way and the Poonahites the contrary! Wasn't this a puzzle for all parties? However, I remember that K's horse ran for the Maiden, and got a good licking for his trouble.

Another inconvenience which a Club of Reference would remove is the, at present, total disregard of precedents; the Stewards of one year will not be guided by those of the preceding season; not even, indeed, in aging. I perfectly recollect Marengo was at one course made two years younger than he was when he started two years before. The name of that horse reminds me of a curious decision, which will go far to establish the necessity of my proposed Club. In running for the Guicawar's cup, after passing the first half-mile post, a horse named Pilot, I think a grey, fairly bore him off the course, in the bolt which he wished to accomplish. This was witnessed by all the Stewards; Marengo was pulled up instantly, and was *walked* round the course, coming in about a quarter of an hour after the other horses, and fresh as though he never had left the stable—yet he was allowed to start for the next heat, and won it with ease!! This made some of the strangers open their eyes, and mouths too, but there was no appeal against the fiat of the Stewards. As an instance how little precedents are regarded, I saw several horses at the post the year before last; the Steward said, "Are you ready?" Pilgrim's jockey said, "No, Sir," but not being heard, "Off" was given, and off all went except Pilgrim and ——. The owner of the latter having heard Pilgrim's jockey, did not allow his horse to go, concluding the others would be called back; however, they were not, the judges pronounced all right, and Pilgrim and —— were declared distanced. Well, Mr. Editor, that little devil of a fizgig, Wildrake, last year, went away at the word, leaving his opponents at the post, ran his mile and a half by himself in 3m. 2½s. By the precedent of the former year the race was clearly his; but no, the Stewards gave it against him, and made him take his chance again. Of course he was beaten.

I think, Mr. Editor, you will, after what I have now said, agree with me as to the real benefit

which the sporting community would receive could I succeed in the object I have now in view. When people know there exists a Club where decision can be neither influenced by private interest nor affected by local circumstances, I should venture to say they will be less inclined to feel annoyed at the time by what may seem to them a harsh or unjust decree, and less ill-blood and fewer quarrels would be the consequence.

If, therefore, two or three influential turf characters would devise a method by which a Club of Reference could be established, I am confident it would be hailed by all sporting people with satisfaction. An arrangement to this effect was proposed some years ago by a zealous young turfite, now no more, but the scheme died with him; but I trust this effort to revive it will not be coldly received by those whose interests are deeply affected by race-course decisions.

Why should not Bombay, Poonah, Surat, Deesa, and Ahmedabad nominate one of these stout sporting characters to form the Club? all doubtful questions or points of reference to be made to them, the member of the station forwarding such reference to have no vote; this would prevent anything like partiality or prejudice from influencing the decision. Why could they not draw up a set of rules, formed, as far as is practicable, on those of the British Jockey Club, to which all sportsmen would pay that deference which it obtains in England?

I am convinced the plan is perfectly feasible, and I do most sincerely hope some abler hands than mine will be devoted to its accomplishment, and the sooner the better.

I am, Sir,
Your constant reader and writer,
Need I add well-wisher too,
CLUB LAW.

Oct. 10*th*, 1830.

LION HUNTING.

SIR,

As you seem to have had no account of a day's sport after some lions near Kurree, in April last, I am induced to send you this, which ought to have come from an abler pen than mine some months ago. The party consisted of four, who were busily engaged discussing F.'s breakfast. At the time a shikaree, who was always on the look out for khubur of any sort, came in and said that he had traced some baugs into a jungle of long grass and bastard teak about three miles off. Of course, being all ready and well on our way there was not the work of an hour; upon our arrival we set fire to the jungle, which had not burned very long when my friends, finding it too hot for them, bolted, but were luckily seen by the shikaree. Upon the view holloa we separated a little, and went in the direction pointed out, and soon saw two lions and a lioness and cub, quietly sitting on their hams and watching our motions. Upon our approaching them at a canter they began to move off, the two lions keeping together; these we followed—a running fight ensued, and five or six well-directed balls brought down one. The other on the first shot went off double quick, leaving his friend to get out of the scrape the best way he could. We soon came up to him

again; and though he evinced some inclination to show fight, it was of no use, as we, being on horseback, could easily get out of his way when too near. Seven or eight balls did his business. One of the party being ill and not able to ride fast, saw the lioness behind us in another direction; in about half an hour we found her again, and got one shot at her, but, owing to the jungle being within a few yards, she got off. We all went to different sides of it to keep a sharp look out in case she should show herself again; she was seen by a man on a tree making off as fast as she could towards another jungle some way off. Only one of the party was lucky enough to see the signal, and followed for a long way, at last saw her go into a small patch of grass. Thinking she had gone through it, he was passing rather too close, when she charged out on him, just giving him time to fire, pistol fashion, without effect. However, seeing she had no chance against a horse, she stopped after fifty yards. Two balls, one in the head, gave her a quietus. As to the cub, we gave that up for lost, so went home very well satisfied with our day's sport. We were out a few days after, near the same place, having heard of a lioness and hogs. The jungle had been set on fire, and we were anxiously waiting at different points for the signal of game being on the move, when a shot was heard. Spears were throw down for guns; off we went full gallop to the spot. You can conceive our vexation and astonishment on seeing a superb boar weltering in his blood; he had actually been *smouched* at 20 yards in a bush, under the idea that he was a lion!!! However, we had the satisfaction of seeing him upset his murderer, horse and all, before he died. The jungles about Kurnee are in some places unusually thick, and would very often stop an elephant, but occasional and extensive openings offer a fair chance to a bold rider. I hope to hear of more lions being killed there this year, as they are not very scarce now, though before this year they had never been known of. It is an animal too well known to need any description, so allow me, Mr. Editor, to subscribe myself, with best wishes for the prosperity of your Magazine,

Yours sincerely,

IGNOTUS.

Oct. 2nd, 1830.

CHALLENGE FROM THE NUGGUR HOUNDS.

My Dear Editor,

Being a member of that band of sportsmen, the old Nuggur Hunt, I hasten to avail myself of the opportunity the pages of your Magazine afford, to take notice of a report which is in circulation, that four Poonah Nimrods had lately challenged, unanswered, that body to produce four of their members to compete with them in the field.

I am well assured that such challenge, or any one of a similar nature, had it been fully made known to the members of the Hunt, would have been instantly and with pleasure, accepted; and, though I know it to be against the practice of my brother sportsmen to assume to themselves any superiority, I venture to assert, as the best mode of refuting such an aspersion on their "fair fame," that the Nuggur Hunt will be happy to produce

any number of its members to contend for superiority in "first spears" against the world in equal numbers, for any sum not exceeding 10,000 Rupees, should money be their object, otherwise for fame.

In this I have merely expressed my own opinion, but I know the mettle of my comrades too well not to feel assured that they will readily bear me out, and that any persons wishing to try their luck, either singly or collectively, will meet with a ready and satisfactory answer, to a "*cartel*," addressed to the Nuggur Hunt, through their secretary.

The Hunt meets at the usual place, on the 12th of March, and should any challengers appear, they will there meet, in their opponents, hospitable entertainers.

I remain your well-wisher,

ONE WHO CAN GO IT.

Mominabad, October 12th.

DESCRIPTION OF THE HUNTING LEOPARD.

SIR,

On the first appearance of your Magazine, I plead guilty to conjecture that it could never become a work of much real interest, except only as regarded the Racing Calendar: and my reasons for this supposition were founded on an extensive knowledge of the apathy and indolence of the generality of sporting men, when the *pen* should take place of the *spear;* and I was aware that the success or failure of your work must principally depend on the exertions of this class of contributors. You must allow me, however, in some measure to compense to you for my ill-founded surmises, and to offer you my congratulations on the extraordinary, and with *me* unlooked for, success of your Magazine, which has become a work of very general interest to every sportsman. For wherever I go I find the sporting community discussing the contents of your last, or anticipating those of your forthcoming number; and for myself I can answer that I look forward to the periodical issue of your little miscellany with the greatest delight, although I must confess I have been sadly disappointed at your very reprehensible want of punctuality.

I once before ventured to address you, although I do not think you will recognize me under the disguise of my present signature, nor do I care you should, since my lucubrations found no favour in your sight, and more than once elicited from your Editorial pen a very snappish, and I thought a very silly, reply. However, I care little for these things, and an Editor, you know, is a privileged man, so it was of little consequence, and in order to convince you that I bear no malice or ill-will on that score, am the first to break the ice. Now, Sir, if my present letter will not suit your Mag., it will at all events serve to light your candle.

Your contributors are doubtless very numerous, and have enlarged on almost every subject of interest to the sporting world, and I am therefore more surprised that none of them should have sent you any account of the *Hunting Leopard.* I am aware that there are many who look down upon this species of amusement as altogether devoid of relish, because it involves very little *excitement*, which is a climax with every sportsman, and the touchstone by which he estimates every diversion. But I, for one, regard it, in the absence of other sports, with which it need in

no way interfere, to be a far from disagreeable mode of killing the morning (for I am one of your early risers), and therefore propose to give you a short account of *Lukhsmee*, a celebrated cheeta, formerly belonging to Dooly Khan, the late hospitable Nuwab of Nuldroog, and subsequently presented by J. Farquharson, Esq., to the *Sholapoor Hunt*, and with which I have seen many excellent runs.

I am not acquainted with the natural history of this animal, nor am I indeed much of a naturalist, and you will, therefore, permit me to consign that part of my subject to some one better versed in these matters. I shall merely observe that Lukhsmee is now *nine* years old, and that it is seven since she was taken at Nersee-Bamunee, near Delhi.

The mode of training a newly-caught leopard is exceedingly tedious, and their education is seldom finished in less than six months. They are first picketed with head and heel ropes, after the manner of a horse, and fed or rather *starved* in this situation, until they become somewhat docile and obedient, when they are entered to the deer kept for the purpose in an enclosure, and subsequently to wild ones. The cheeta is *hooded* and placed on a cart drawn by bullocks, the driver holding a cord which is attached to the animal's loins, and the keeper in rear holding a second rope passed through the collar. On arriving within a proper distance of deer she is unhooded, and permitted to go her own way to work. If the herd are running at the time she is set down, she invariably *courses* the object of her selection; but if they stand, she stands too, taking advantage of bushes, nullahs, or ant-hills to advance as they retire further from her, until an opportunity offers. She invariably selects a buck, if there be one in the herd, and will pass fifty *does* to accomplish her purpose. In this I have seldom seen her fail, although the generality of buck antelope are half as large again as herself.

To those who have never witnessed the feat it will doubtless appear somewhat marvellous that a cart with ten or more spectators on horseback can approach within fifty yards of a herd of deer; but yet this is the distance at which Lukhsmee is usually uncarted. There is nothing like perseverance for the accomplishment of any object, and in this I have seldom known it to fail. If the deer prove very wily, there is nothing for it but to slip the cheeta in the first nullah that presents itself, where she remains, whilst the cart is so manœuvred as to force the deer in the direction of her ambuscade.

Lukhsmee's cunning in these matters is only exceeded by her speed, which is superior to that of the swiftest greyhound. Let the unbelieving picture to themselves an antelope distant fifty or sixty yards from a greyhound, both at full speed—I suspect the acquaintance would stop there. But not so with Lukhsmee, who seldom fails to *pick them up* in 400 or 500 yards or less; and the deer runs its best too. I do not ever recollect to have seen her run more than 600 yards.

After a deer is secured, the cheeta is re-hooded, and then the keeper's knife comes into play. The animal, having been consecrated to use with the accustomed *Bismillah*, et cetera, is deprived of one of its hind quarters, and the *titbits*, such as heart and liver, all of which are the leopard's perquisites, and are, in fact, as much as she can manage, her usual ration being two *seers* a day. But if she be required to kill a second

deer, the knuckle only is given, and she is returned not in the *best* of humours to her cart. Should she miss, which must of course occur sometimes, particularly the second time, she lies down, and awaits the arrival of the keeper; but in the opposite case she retains her hold of the throat until ordered to desist.

Since her arrival at Sholapoor, which is not much more than twelve months ago, Lukhsmee has killed upwards of 150 antelope, chiefly bucks. The morning is for many reasons best adapted to the sport, and I can assure those to whom a *constitutional* is indispensable, that they will find a run with the cheeta a less monotonous and uninteresting method of getting through their *morning's work* than by a race-course gallop.

Mr. Editor, I have vainly looked to analyze the ingredients of *excitement*, which, as I before remarked, is the touchstone by which every sport is estimated; but I have reason to believe that *emulation* and *danger* are the two grand components, and if this be the case the hunting I have endeavoured to describe should not be without its harms. For I recollect a friend of mine who could never divest himself of the idea that the cheeta might very possibly take a fancy to *him*, instead of to the fated antelope, and did, therefore, ride like the devil in the opposite direction whenever she was uncarted.

Your obedient servant,

S. M. S.

Sholapoor, 17*th Sept.*, 1830.

SONG.

SADDLE, SPUR, AND SPEAR.

Let others boast and proudly toast
The light of ladies' eyes,
And swear the rose less perfume throws
Than beauty's fragrant sighs;
That ripe-red lips in hue eclipse
The ruby's radiant gem;
That woman's far the brightest star
In nature's diadem;
Yet since for me no charms I see
In all the sex can show,
And smile and tear alike appear,
Unheeded flash or flow—
I'll change my theme, and fondly deem
True sportsmen pledge me here,
And fill my cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

When dayspring's light first crowns each height,
And tips the diamond dew,
We quick bestride our steeds of pride
To scour the jungle thro';
With loosened rein the jovial train
Slow to the cover throng,
And wouldn't stir without a spur
To coax their nags along;
We high uprear the glittering spear
Far flashing to the sky,
With hope elate anticipate
To see the wild boar die.
To such bright hopes e'en Misanthropes
Would pledge a bumper here,
And fill their cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

'Twere vain to tell the magic spell
That fires the Hunter's eye
When shout and roar have reared the Boar
And stirred him from his sty.

His rage at first, his glorious burst,
Dark dashing through the flood,
His bristly might, his meteor flight,
And his death of foam and blood!
Oh! who hath been in such a scene,
That scene can ne'er forget,
In sorrow's mood, in solitude,
Its dream will haunt him yet.
'Mid festal times, in other climes,
He'll think of days so dear,
And fill his cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

But while I sing, Time's rapid wing
This lesson seems to teach:
The joy and bliss of sport like this
Are still within our reach;
Then let's away at break of day,
Ride vale and hill-top o'er,
Scale mountains' side or stem the tide
To spear the flying Boar;
And time may *then* bring eve again,
When we, at Pleasure's shrine,
To check his flight for one gay night,
We'll wet his wing with wine.
And ere we part pledge hand and heart,
Once more to rally here,
To fill the cup, and drain it up,
To SADDLE, SPUR, and SPEAR!

S. Y. S.

STALLIONS FOR ENGLAND.

SIR,

I concluded my last letter, being also the first of its kind, on the proportions of celebrated Arabs, with a promise to give you my opinion upon what sort of horses should be sent to England for stallions, and what sort should not.

As some horses have already made the homeward voyage, it may seem invidious to particularize those which appear to me to have no pretensions to such a distinction; but in so doing I trust their owners will give me credit for sporting my opinion to the best of my judgment, and with no intention to be partial or ill-natured.

At the top of the list stands the celebrated Sulky, once the property of that thoroughbred gentleman sportsman, R. Lukin, Esq.—an ungainly looking chestnut, with great muscular powers. He was beat at Bombay, but he was not right, and his time afterwards at Calcutta stands unrivalled in India; he was a small horse, with great bone and blood—the only stallion from Bombay that ought to have gone away for that purpose. Fairplay is one of the horses now covering in England that I should say ought never to be have propagated his breed, even in Arabia, and certainly should not mingle his blood with our English mares, for the chance of a racing crop. He was a huge, ill-made, and, as John Dockery would call him, an impossible brute, with a large straight quarter, a good head, very wide in the jowl, which gave him his only pretension to any caste, a powerful artist on a heavy course, though he lumbered along like a hackney-coach. He ran in Bombay, in 1826, and was beat by little Don Juan and others in no great time. There is also a nutmeg grey, a present from the Imaum of Muscat, now covering at home, to the great detriment of the reputation of Arab blood, for he was an out-and-out Persian, with no shape, no symmetry; he never ran, and for the best reason in the world, he was not made for it; he was sent to England by Sir W. K. Grant.

I believe the last exportation

was the well-known Slyboots ; and however highly many people think of him, yet I should have decidedly pronounced him to have been a horse totally unfit for begetting racers. I grant that he showed great blood, that his action was magnificent and very imposing, for, with the light, airy, elastic movements of his fore legs, he threw in his hind with the force of a sledge hammer. I acknowledge also that he possessed the large eyes and broad channel, those grand and unfailing characteristics of the true, only true, racer; his barrel was well hooped, although it looked light and herringish. This, by-the-by, is a point very often overlooked, by even good judges, who fancy unless a horse shows, to the eye, good depth of brisket and fellers, that he must be deficient in room within ; but many a round and light carcase have I seen, that would measure in the whole girth much more than those that were twice as deep, and I would recommend purchasers not to choose by the eye alone, when they are pricing a prad, or selecting a flicker, but to recollect that a little measuring may not be amiss. But to return to Slyboots. I have owned to his style of gallop, and the goodness of his caste, a fine blood head, good thigh, and awful hocks, though he stood awry with them ; his fore leg was handsome, though he turned out his toes ; the top of his shoulder and his wither were not only particularly well formed, but, what is better, *well placed.* Still, with all these excellent gifts, he had one failing, which in a stallion, I say, is a fatal objection—*he would not carry weight.* Put weight upon his back and he would scarcely crawl—it cramped him at once ; but give him a flea for a jockey, and he'd fly. His best public time was in his two mile heats, running both in 4m. 2s., but then he only carried a pony weight. When he beat Harlequin, his match, he had only 8 stone up, and was beat seven days after by Bundoola and Brilliant, because he ran with 9 stone ; and what did he do in December of the same year, with 8st. 7lb. ? he was only fourth horse in three miles, beat in 6m. 21¼s. This proves that a pound beyond the weight he wanted was sufficient to cripple him, and shows either a deficiency of bodily strength or of natural courage, either of which are against a stallion begetting good progeny.

I understand that some horses of the Turkomano breed are going to England, but of what call will they be ? They look stylish and handsome enough, but where's the blood to flow from ? They will no doubt be very much admired at home, from their mould and action, and, as they have a certain oriental appearance about *them*, people may be induced to send their mares, but they will be woefully deceived if they expect racers from the produce ; for draft or for the road, and perhaps for the paces, they might answer, but you might as well look for the digital mark of aristocracy in the offspring of a Somersetshire ploughman, as hope to see a blood brood from a Turkomano sire. They might possess size and speed, but would as certainly want courage and a capability of maintaining.

Let the mare be large enough, and it is of little consequence if the stallion be small ; the mother would give the size, or, at all events, size sufficient, and I have no doubt that such long tried and little trumps as Tom Thumb, Don Juan, and even Little Tough,

though quite a galloway, would, ensure first-rate colts from thoroughbred dams; and they are the kind of stallions for the home studs. Barefoot would be invaluable to a breeder, and so would Harlequin, because they not only possess bone and figure, but blood, and blood of the very best kind. Boxkeeper would be another, but I should object to Paul Pry and Goblin Grey, as, although they are real good ones, they have not symmetry. A man with a bandy leg might be a good pedestrian, but a bandy-legged family would not throw out many good runners. Now, the hind quarters of both Paul and the Goblin are defective, and a stallion, to ensure a good breed, should be as near perfection as possible. On this point I would recommend an attentive perusal of the little treatise just published by Hankey Smith, Esq. I do not know, Mr. Editor, if your Magazine will travel to our native land, but should it find its way thither, and the curiosity of any English sportsmen induce them to look into it, I hope they will take a hint about breeding from Arabs, because they happen to be imported from India and called Arabs. Let them, if they wish to replenish their racer's veins with Arabian blood, select for their stallion some *known tried* horse, and not any good-looking hunter that may have been sent from this country on mere speculation. The great outcry which I understand is made against the Arab crop, is caused entirely by this. They may rely upon it that a good mare would throw such a produce to a real Nejdee, that in the third or fourth generation would bring back the days of Eclipse and Flying Childers. I have now in my possession a mare, Zuleika, bred as the Bengal Stud Book says, by Captain G. Watkins, out of Lady Starch, who was imported in 1818, bred by Mr. Goodisson, got by Pioneer out of Buzzard mare, her dam sister to Champion by Pot-8-o's. Huncamunca by High Flier, Cipher by Squirrel, Regulus, Bartlets, Childers, Honeywood's Arabian. Zuleika's sire was the English imported horse Benedick, by Remembrancer out of Beatrice by Sir Peter Teazle. This shows Zuleika to have good blood. She has now a foal at her foot by Captain Morris's G. A. Fitzjames and has stood to Harlequin, and I am confident the produce will bear me out in my opinion regarding the proper kind of horses which ought to be selected for stallions to English mares.

I fear, Mr. Editor, I have trespassed too long both upon your pages and on the patience of your readers, but I hope the importance of the subject will plead my excuse, and I will now take my leave until No. 11 shall be forthcoming, when I will again trouble you with a few more observations on the points I have now touched upon. In the mean time, with very best wishes for the success of your Magazine, I remain,

Obediently yours,
S. Y. S.

SHOLAPOOR HUNT.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

The accompanying account of 32 Hog, &c., &c., killed at our hunt is, with a little alteration, an extract from a friend's journal. Should you think it worthy a

place in your Magazine, you are most welcome to it.

Yours, &c.,
A READER OF THE SPORTING MAGAZINE.

Ye Gentlemen of England
Who follow not the chase,
Ah, little do you think upon
The quickness of the pace.
E. S. M.

17th June. Met at Morah, 40 miles, four in number. Breakfast discussed, went to beat the Bosrah jungle, from which two hog were soon routed out and killed. These were all of which we had intelligence. Two of the party took their guns and shot a brace of florikin, some quail and hare.

18th. Moved ground to Donigaum, 22 miles in the Nuggur direction, when we had intelligence of plenty of hog; on the road found our kit hard and fast in the Seena, not half way to our ground; took some "*prog*" and on again: kit not up till 2 p.m. Mounted our nags, hog soon on foot, but all got off safe without being once viewed by the field in consequence of the extent of jungle. Attempted to cross the river, and having swam our horses to the opposite side, found the banks too steep for them to get any footing—returned to our tents disgusted, and with but little hope of doing any mischief the next day.

19th. Mounted about 9 a.m., beat the same jungle, hog soon on foot, but they took away unseen by the hunters; rode in the direction they were said to have gone. In about a mile, one was viewed and killed after a well contested run by the whole party.

Went to the plains and fell in with a sounder of five; found where there was hardly cover enough for a hare, and they were the right sort both for going * and charging. † We were hard at work till 12 o'clock, by which time we found our studs rather the worse, as you may imagine, when I tell you we had not been idle ten minutes the whole time, and summing up the slain, found the number amounted to "*Ten*," all full grown; most of them came to the *charge* when hard pushed, without having been speared. One (a boar) fought to the last gasp, and "did for a village tat" feeding hard by: he charged several times from a hundred yards distance, knocking over beaters one after the other as quick as lightning, and ripped one horse ‡ in four places in the hind legs so badly, that we were compelled to leave him on the ground without a chance of his seeing Sholapoor for at least a month; as a friend

* On the road home we were struck by the length of a stride a hog had taken across a ploughed field. We had the curiosity to measure a number of them, which proved the astonishing length of "15 ft." We could not be mistaken, as the ground had been recently wet.

† Talking of charging hog, when at Deesa some years ago I killed a boar at Korla, who charged a buffalo before being speared, and brought the animal to the ground with apparently little shock to himself. Having killed, I found his tushes broken short off. I went back to the place where the buffalo fell, and found the ends lying there; these I have by me now, as also the stumps. I also killed the largest hog I have ever seen, near Deesa (at Cherooka). He measured 6ft. 1in., and his tushes were 10in. long.

‡ "Larry," a well-known horse amongst some of the sporting gentry. He is barely 14h. 1in., still perfectly clean on his pins, though he has carried his present master for the past six years, no light weight, "13st.," without saddle, &c. He took two good leaps this day (at least I call them such) with his master on him, and without coming down. They were "drop leaps," upwards of 5ft. each, taken at full speed.

of mine observed, "*he is out of the coach.*" Some of these hog were killed single-handed, and out of sight * of the rest of the party.

20th. Rain came down at no allowance, so no moving out of our tents.

21st. At 10 a.m. had intelligence of hog close to our tents, and, the weather having cleared up a little, we determined to try our luck. At this crisis a villager arrived with khuber of "*fifty*" in a small jungle six miles distant. Horses ordered, and soon at the ground; put in about 20 beaters, who knocked out a sounder of six, three of which fell, but not before one (a sow) had bitten a large piece out of a horse's chest; a single one found immediately afterwards, which was as immediately despatched; returned to the jungle. Hog again on foot, but not to be got out easily, and the rain coming down in bucketsful, we were obliged to knock off work and return to our tents like drowned rats. We, however, considered ourselves lucky in having added four more to our list, three of which were contested.

22nd. Rain, and ground too wet to admit of a stir out.

23rd. Went to look up a sounder, and found them on the opposite side of the river; sent 30 beaters across to try and entice them over, but it was no go. Kept them in sight on the opposite bank for two miles. No use our attempting to cross, as we had tried that plan the first day without success. Found a boar, who fought to the last; he had not less than 20 wounds before yielding up the ghost.

24th. Returned to camp with a total of 17 killed, and had the weather proved propitious, I doubt not we should have produced a list of double that number.

3rd September. Three of the Hunt started again for Marah, but finding our kit brought up at the Seena, drew bridle at Mohole, 22 miles; took out "Lukhsmee" * and killed a doe.

4th. On to Marah to breakfast, 18 miles; beat the Bosrah jungle *seven* times before the hog could be routed out, one of which only took over rideable ground, and after a run of upwards of *two* miles was brought up in a grain field. where she injured three horses, Grinder, Bruin, and Larry, as also the latter's master in the leg.

5th. Moved to Misegaum, five miles; hog reported, but none found. Lukhsmee killed a buck.

6th. To Donigaum, 17 miles; hog said to be in numbers, but from the quantity of grain could not expect much sport; having despatched our breakfast, mounted for the day. Beat some grain; a fine boar on foot almost immediately. He took across the river, followed by one of the hunters, who swam after him, the other two going to where the river was fordable. He was speared after running about two miles, but the wound was not severe, and he made back for the bank of the river, which he reached without a turn being taken out of him, and there continued dodging up and down a considerable time, knocking over one beater and ripping two others; he now crossed the river a second time and took to the grain, from whence being expelled, he ran to

* I have heard that at certain hunts, if by themselves, "*gentlemen*" are obliged to bring home the tail in their pockets as a voucher for their having killed. We do not require this certificate, Mr. Editor; if a "*gentleman*" asserts he has killed, *his word is taken as gospel*, and at no time ought it to be *doubted*.

* The hunting leopard belonging to the Hunt.

Donigaum and back again *twice* (*distance two miles*), defying men and horses, and again took cover in his old haunt, the grain, which he resolved not to quit, and after chopping about for at least half an hour, he was brought up by a *job*, in return for which he ripped the horse across the belly. I leave my readers to make their own calculation of the distance this hog ran before being killed; we estimate it at the lowest 15 miles. A sow was afterwards roused in a thick grain field, which she did not abandon until she had twice broke back through the beaters, and then taking out, charged bang at the nearest horse; after a short run she again charged, and received a spear just below the eye, which came out under the chin, and pinning both her jaws together did the necessary business.

7th. Rain all night—intelligence of hog close to our tents, but the ground would not admit of our going out; killed a bustard and florikin.

8th. The same as yesterday. Another member of the Hunt joined us just as we were sitting down to a fine bustard. It was 2 p.m., and we were quite tired of doing nothing, when intelligence arrived of a boar five miles distant and on high ground. Despite of the mud, therefore, we resolved to try our luck. A real sportsman, Mr. Editor, rather than sit still will always take the field, if he has the slightest chance of success.

On arriving at the ground we beheld, much to our astonishment, and on as fine a plain as I ever recollect to have seen, a sounder of hog, the like of which I have seldom met with. At them we went, but with little success, for, with the exception of a boar, all got clear off without a turn. The boar was brought up with a single spear. Went to beat up the hog first reported, but he probably made off whilst we were engaged with the sounder, for we found him not.

9th. Went out with Lukhsmee, killed a buck and a doe; our fourth member left us for Nuggur after breakfast. At three p.m. today we had intelligence of hog five miles distant; mounted our nags, but found only one sow, which we brought up after a smart run, she charging on the nearest rider. Beat the grain towards home without success, and were on the point of mounting our tats, when a sounder was viewed coming across the plain; we were soon at their tails, and by sunset had added three more to our list of slain. Total this day, four.

10th. At work by ten a.m. After riding ten miles to cover, a hog was presently viewed crossing a plain, but he bid us adieu after a lay in of a mile, running clean away from our horses without a turn or even the chance of one. Beat a sounder out of grain, in number about twenty. Rode them hard and managed to kill two sows and a boar—two of them were well contested spears. One of the party had a roll with his horse in the river and contrived to break his rib. *Tiffin!* and to work again; soon roused a sow, who fell after every inch of ground had been contested for first spear. Total this day, four—we had been on our horses eight hours.

11th. After breakfast rode to Dewalgaum, six miles (our third member had left us). No sooner put in the beaters than hog were on foot; a boar took out, who was presently brought up, but we had no breathing time, for another passed almost immediately and received his quietus after a long lay in. Beat homewards and found a sow, who stole a march upon us, and made the Seena without a

turn, distant two miles. Night coming on, returned to our tents with a list of only two hog; had been in the saddle nine hours, one rider with a rib rather the worse for wear.

12th. Lukhsmee killed a buck. Ran hog one after the other up, down, and across the river not less than *ten* times, and were at last compelled to give in without a single poke; we and our horses stuck full of thorns.

13th. Rested and shod our horses, and not before they wanted it.

14th. To Walla to breakfast; on the road Lukhsmee killed two bucks; hunted all day and only found one sow, who was done for after much dodging about in high grain.

15th. Started for Sholapoor. On the road Lukhsmee killed a doe.

P.S.—On looking over No. 6 O. S. M. I see a letter signed *Stirrup*, from Deesa, saying that no *poker* was used there till a year before the date of his letter. I suspect he has not known the station long, or, if he has, he cannot have had much to say to the hunting that went on there before the date of his letter, for no such thing as throwing was thought of then, *and some of the oldest hunters we have were always out.* With regard to the ground, it is good enough underfoot, but come to the thorn work, long grass, and dead hedges about Bahadapoor and Korla, I ask *Mr. Stirrup* how much of his hog he sees after throwing his spear, should he happen to miss his mark, which I suppose he sometimes does, and if in the grass the probabilities are in favour of never seeing his spear again. I say it requires a man to ride well up to the mark in the places I have mentioned, or he will not do much injury to the hog.

I have often killed hog before breakfast on the ground on which I understand the European Regiment is now cantooned.

BOAT RACING AT CAMBRIDGE.

(Extract from a private letter to a Gentleman at Bombay.)

We have got up a novel amusement at Cambridge, which is boat racing on the only plan our narrow river admits of, *i.e.* the boats in succession.

The race is from Chesterton up to the locks near Cambridge, about a mile and a quarter, and hundreds of people, gown, town, snobs and lady-snobbesses, horses, gigs, and carriages assemble, and a most stunning noise follows, arising from the men cheering on their own colleges. Nothing is heard but "Johns"—"Peters"—"Trinity"—"now you're gaining"—"well pulled"—"capitally steered"—"one pull more," &c., &c., and then "a bump! a bump!" re-echoes through the crowd, and a tremendous cheer for the victors. We row in boats having each eight oars, made with surprising lightness and neatness, and last term there were 11 eight-oars in each race. The plan is for each to go a boat's length behind the other; they start all at the same time, and if one boat gains on the other so as to touch it in any part (which is called bumping), they both leave off for that race, but the bumping boat takes the place of the other in the next race; and thus they go on, so that a boat may get from the bottom to the top of the river by bumping another boat every day

in the eleven races. This distinguished situation had never been gained by any small college, up to 1829. Trinity and St. John's had alone enjoyed the honour of having their flags at the top of the post, and for the preceding three terms the Johnians had maintained that place unbumped; at this time, however, we got together eight spirited fellows at ———, and sent up to London for a new boat. We paid our 80 guineas and took our place as last boat on the river in the month of November, 1828; we bumped a boat every day, and beat the Johnians in March, 1829. We were now head of the river, and the Johnians vowed they would split our rudder in pieces the next race: but all in vain, we maintained our place with honour and left the Johnian boat two hundred feet behind. In this glorious race bets of 20 to 1 were made against us, and by taking these long odds one of our crew won £60. The next race the Johnians were still confident of success, but again we beat them, and thus kept our place two races following. Meanwhile we had no change of men, whereas if a man of St. John's or Trinity fell ill, there were plenty of others to put in his place, but we had only our old eight, and not a single man besides in the College would row; this tremendous work was therefore too much for us, and we took our boat off the river for a time, without ever having been bumped. The following term we were recruited a little, and again went on, but we were obliged to go last boat by the laws of the club; we bumped a boat every day, but the number of races in the term only permitted us to get up to the second place, so that the Johnians, who had maintained the first since we left them, felt fortunate in this accident so mortifying to us. During the present term there has been no general race, but Trinity College challenged the university; we accepted it and beat them. The day we were behind the Corpus boat I happened to be captain, and I felt more than usually pleased * in the moment of giving my old acquaintances a broadside."

M. L.

* The pleasure my friend felt is explained by his having lately migrated from Corpus to ———. He appears to have been more fortunate than the Yankees in the Chesapeake on a similar occasion.

COURSING LAWS.

Sir,

Although not a subscriber to your Magazine, through some accident in the records of your office, I cannot but view with pleasure the satisfaction you are giving your sporting friends; and as I conceive the accompanying Rules and Regulations on Coursing, a diversion followed by many individuals in this country, would prove acceptable to them, they are transmitted with a desire of increasing the value of your interesting periodical.

Yours,

Jack Spring.

Bombay, 29th Sept., 1830.

It seems extraordinary that no alterations have been made in the rules and laws of Coursing since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when the regulations which are usually still in force received the fiat of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk; and they are the following ones:—

The Laws of the Leash of Coursing,

As they were commanded, allowed, and subscribed by Thomas, late Duke of Norfolk, in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth.

1. Therefore it was ordered, that he which was chosen fenterer, or letter-loose of the greyhounds, should receive the greyhounds match to run together into his leash, as soon as he came into the field, and to follow next to the hare finder till he came unto the farm; and no horseman nor footman, on pain of disgrace, to go before them, or on either side, but directly behind the space of forty yards, or thereabouts.

Item.—That not above one brace of greyhounds do course a hare at one instant.*

Item.—That the hare finder should give the hare three sohows before he put her from her lair, to make the greyhounds gaze and attend her rising.

Item.—That dog that giveth the first turn, if, after the turn be given, there be neither coat, slip, nor wrench, extraordinary, then he which gave the first turn shall be held to win the wager.

Item.—If one dog give the first turn, and the other bear the hare, then he which bore the hare shall win.

Item.—If one dog give both the first turn and last turn, and no other advantage between them, that odd turn shall win the wager.

Item.—That a coat shall be more than two turns, and a go by, or the bearing of the hare, equal with two turns.

Item.—If neither dog turn the hare, then he which leadeth last at the covert shall be held to win the wager.

Item.—If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and turn her again, those two turns shall be as much as a coat.

Item.—If all the course be equal, then he only which bears the hare shall win; and if she be not borne, then the course must be adjudged dead.

Item.—If any dog shall take a fall in the course, and yet perform his part, he shall challenge advantage of a turn more than he giveth.

Item.—If one dog turn the hare, serve himself, and give divers coats, yet in the end stand still in the field, the other dog, without turn-giving, running home to the covert, that dog which stood still in the field shall be then adjudged to lose the wager.

Item.—If any man shall ride over a dog, and overthrow him in his course (though the dog were the worse dog in opinion), yet the party for the offence shall either receive the disgrace of the field, or pay the wager, for between the parties it shall be adjudged no course.

Item.—Those who are chosen judges of the leash shall give their judgments presently before they depart from the field, or else he, in whose default it lieth, shall pay the wager by a general voice and sentence.

The substance of those rules has been adhered to in most of the sporting counties, but the dogs are now loosed out of a double spring-slip, which renders it impossible for either to have the advantage of the start. In Wiltshire, however, some judicious deviations have been introduced; and the dog that hath the best of the course, whether he kills the hare or not, is there declared to be the winner. The propriety of

* So thought the ancient sportsmen by the μήτε πλείονε δυοῖν of Arrian. Arrian de Venat. c. 16.

such a decision is apparent, for the best and speediest dog may turn the hare directly on his opponent, who may have no other merit than that of laying hold of his game when forced full upon him.

THE NEILGHERRY ELK.

SIR,

I am, you must know, a young subscriber, but a great friend to your periodical, and I think it deserves the support and assistance of every sportsman in India, as it is an excellent and amusing channel by which one may know what all his brothers are about in another part of the country; and as I am, for one, a great admirer of such a publication, I have dipped my *maiden* pen in ink, to write a few lines in public. This, Mr. Editor, being the state of the case, I proceed to the description.

The black or hill deer, commonly called the elk, is one of the most noble of the deer kind, the male commonly standing four and a half and sometimes nearly five feet high; his general colour is a kind of dark iron grey or lead colour, looking at a distance much the same as that of the common buffalo; the lower part of the belly inside of the thighs and up to the tail white, the end of which is black, and the under part a rusty colour, which also forms a kind of border to the above mentioned white parts; the forepart of the belly to between the fore legs is black; a sandy-coloured circle surrounds its dark full eye; its ear is broad and open, and a tuft of long white hair protects its interior from dust, &c.; the hair of the neck (particularly of the upper part) is longer and coarser than in any other part of the body: its horns consist of the brow antle, and a long and elegantly curved shaft, terminating at the top in two (I have heard only of one that has ever been seen with three) antlers; they appear to be shed about March, and again to attain their full size and beauty by August. The doe is smaller and lighter coloured than the buck, and has no horns.

They, like the red deer, are gregarious, very powerful, and beautifully-made animals; indeed, there is no doubt of their being a variety of that animal. Bewick, in speaking of it as it is found in England, says, "the red deer of this kingdom are nearly of the same size and colour, without much variety; in other parts of the world they differ in form and size, as well as in their horns and the colour of their bodies."

Shooting this noble animal in the beautiful woods about here is indeed a very fascinating pastime; the sportsman is first roused to a delightful pitch of excitement by the music of the dogs, then the crashing rush of the elk, increasing as he approaches the edge of the wood, and last, the break, which is very beautiful. When he first emerges, his head is down and nose poked out to prevent his horns getting entangled in the underwood; but directly he finds himself clear, he throws up his head and goes away in most beautiful style. After all this, Mr. Editor, your sporting readers will easily imagine that a little steadiness is requisite to hold the gun straight enough to hit him in a vital spot, or even sometimes to hit him at all, for unless the ball

be well planted he will carry it away without appearing any the worse for it, though many a poor beast who escapes in this way must ultimately prove food for the jackals. I hope the dismal bodings of some of the people, that they will soon become extinct, will not prove true, for such fine sport ought to last for ever.

I hope you will find room for the above attempt at description in your Magazine, for it is entirely dictated by the good wishes of

Yours obediently,
PIEBALD.

Ootacamund, 30th Sept., 1830.

SONG.

Give me mirth and sparkling wine,
Roses o'er my temples twine;
Wreaths of roses, fresh and bright,
Softly pourtray life's shade and light:
The inmost leaves of ruddier hue
Depict our pleasures real but few,
While fading outwards they disclose
How soon they're followed by our woes.
The thorns, that with the sweets intrude,
Remind us of the trials rude
Which in our happiest moments here
Will sometimes force the unbidden tear.

The maddening pleasures of the bowl,
When o'er the brain its powers roll,
Recall the intoxicating joy
Which few have felt without alloy,
Not even those who, bathed in bliss,
Deem youth a life to love and kiss;
They, even they, must sometimes prove
The more than misery of love.
Then give me wine, and with the bowl,
Pour music's glories o'er my soul,
And make our pleasures (ah! how few)
Never ending—ever new.

JUNGLICUS.

GOBLIN GREY.

An Oil-painting by Godwin Williams, Esq.

MR. EDITOR,

I happened a few days ago to be paying a morning visit at the house of a sporting friend, and was pleasingly surprised to find resting against a wall a very excellent oil-painting of that well known horse, "Golden Grey," with a likeness of the jockey who rode him last year. The resemblance to both the animal and the rider is most striking, and the picture itself deserves to be publicly noticed; I have therefore wished to mention it to you, as the artist certainly deserves that his success in painting animals should be more known, especially to sporting

characters, who may possess four-footed favourites whose likeness they would wish to preserve in memory of them. The picture I have alluded to is nearly square, being about 1ft. 11½in. long, and 1ft. 8½in. high. The Goblin is seen standing on the race-course, his head turned towards the spectator, his eyes full of animation, yet with that wild expression so peculiar to high caste Arabs; his well laid and shelving shoulder and finely lifted loin, together with his drooping hind quarter, are excellently defined; he appears in great racing order, and his muscles are splendidly developed. The drawing of the legs, particularly of the hind ones, is very well managed, and the glossy hairiness of the skin is worthy of the brush of Abraham Cooper, or even Ward himself.

The artist has been very happy in hitting off the face and figure of the jockey, Surfoodeen, whose nearly full face is turned to the spectator, and who is represented in the action of drawing up the snaffle rein through the finger of his left hand, and preparing to turn the horse round to be ready for the word "off." The starting-post appears at a few yards off, and in the background is the whole line of buildings between the residence of the late Commissioner and the present Collector, over which is seen the pagoda-topped hill of Parbutty, and in the misty distance the range of Ghauts, including Singhur, just visible through the darkness of an approaching storm.

I believe it is intended to be sent home and placed in the British Exhibition, and it well merits such a distinction. An engraving for your Magazine would be an acquisition—I mean a *copper plate* one—none of your rough and ready lithographic scratches. Can you take a hint from

A Friend to the O. S. M.?

The picture was painted by Godwin Williams, Esq., for the present owner of "Goblin Grey."

Poonah, October, 15th, 1830.

A WORD FROM NOSING TOM TO STEPHEN.

Sir,

It has often occurred to me that there existed a striking similarity of style betwixt the writings of Stephen and of S. Y. S., although I never could bring myself to believe them the productions of the same pen, because I looked upon S. Y. S. as much too clever and too sensible to be the author of the Critiques.

* * * * * *

See vol. i., page 460, in which S. Y. S. compares the criticisms of Stephen to those of Zoilus, and very justly too; and then turn to page 449 of the same volume, where we find Stephen, as if instinctively conscious of the intended comparison, disclaiming that his writings bear any affinity to those of the ancient critic.

This is another very strong coincidence, and if I pleased I could mention many more of a similar kind. "*I am very quick at seeing these things,*" and no longer entertain any doubt of the identity of the writer; and, if I am right in my conjectures, I can assure Stephen that he has put himself to the trouble of a piece of gratuitous deception which had been better left alone. So you see, Mr. Editor, the secret is not

so snug as he would lead us to believe.

I am not in the habit of taking up the cudgels for another, although I have vanity enough to suppose myself quite able to do so. Besides, I had no good reason to interfere with Stephen until he should give me cause for annoyance, or find fault with what I had a clear right to bear through the ordeal of criticism if I could. I have contributed *more than once* to your little periodical under different signatures, and until now, if I have not succeeded in obtaining Stephen's vote of applause, I have at all events secured his silence, which was all I wanted, and I am not to be found amongst the "mob of your contributors" either.

I have myself been mistaken for the author of Stephen's letters, although I have vainly looked for good and sufficient cause why they should be laid to my door. I never felt disposed to take much trouble to put down this opinion, because I had no object in doing so. But the third critique is a sad falling off, and I really cannot afford to father such stuff. Stephen may be detected in every line he writes of the very vulgarities and low style for which he carps at others. What do you think of "*betting a penny*," "*laughing in your sleeve*," and many of a similar kind? Then he indulges too frequently in *low puns*, and, what is worse, in *bad* puns too, and in a critic this does not look quite consistent. I can conceive nothing *lower* than his pun upon the situation of S. W.'s heart. It proves his own to be in the wrong place, and his *wits* into the bargain—a very poor attempt to be facetious, and I should say rather too personal besides.

The first of Stephen's opinions regarding my own contribution to No. 8, with which my business lies more particularly, are very correct and very sensible. "*It does bear the stamp of a mind that could master better things*," and *Master* Stephen must *mind* that I don't *stamp* upon him, for I can tell him that I know a *thing or two*, and though I have hitherto appeared in a humble unpretending garb, I can, if I please, write much in his own style, and though I "*buzz about*" have "*a sting*" too.

I know of nothing more tiresome or more ridiculous than he who is perpetually boring one with questions, more particularly when they are obviously the result of a wilful perversion of meaning, and it must be confessed that Stephen has, of late, become a most provoking querist; his interrogations are not only very silly and without point, but his mode of putting them is what one would expect from a stable boy, and certainly not from one so classicly correct as we are to suppose him. "*I should like to know this, that, and the other.*" If it were not a little too *smutty*, *I should like* to give Stephen a reference to something I could mention, for the information. It would be the most appropriate answer he could have, and the joke, though unfortunately *too low* for your Magazine, would not be *too high* for Stephen's comprehension, for I will answer for it he has frequently heard the allusion amongst the low company which I am sure he has kept. Let him put *that* and *that* together, and try what he can make of it.

Stephen wishes to be informed "*how a horse can look thick-winded.*" I answer, in the same way that he look *lame* or *sick* or anything else; or that *an ass can look thick-headed.* You see I don't go far for a simile. If the

cap fits, he is welcome to it. In my turn, I should wish to be informed what he understands by "*punishing prettily*," and whether the castigation I have been obliged to give him comes under that denomination.

Stephen further accuses me of plagiarizing an expression or two from other writers. Will he kindly inform me, as I do not recollect to have met with them, in what author they are to be found? He will, perhaps, further oblige me by stating if "*laughing in your sleeve*," "*betting a penny*," and other vulgarisms of a similar *stamp*, which I notice in his last critique, are borrowed from the same author or another.

I have now done with my remarks; and, though they are certainly longer than I intended at setting out, I trust you will not think them tedious. I shall be happy to learn Stephen's sentiments on any subsequent communication I may make to your magazine, as I am quite able to defend myself from his attacks. But a burnt child dreads the fire, Mr. Editor, and I dare say I shall hear little more from your *unknown* correspondent, after the exposure I have forced upon him, although he may perhaps have written in your forthcoming number.

I am, sir,
Yours obediently,
NOSING TOM.

Poonah, 13th Sept., 1830.

STEPHEN'S FOURTH CRITIQUE.

SIR,

Having concluded my third notice of your contributors with a hint that I should pay my respects to S. Y. S. in this my fourth critique, so shall I endeavour to perform my promise with a resolved and impartial hand. For what care I for the quips and quirks of such maudlin scribblers as "Misericordia?" I can treat his sneers with silent contempt, and throw the gauntlet of defiance at his threats.

"Sporting Recollections of Life in the Deccan" is spiritedly written, and upon the whole is a fair description of what hog-hunting once was in this part of the world, but the author is too fond of marked antitheses and alliteration: conjectures are afloat as to its being a painting from life, or only from fancy; but this is of little consequence. Chapter iv. is not so well written as the first three, though it contains matter of more interest, for there is an evident carelessness in the former which would appear to have been carried to an anxiety to detail the events of the day, without pausing to select his words or even his phrases; and though probably he thought he needed not to be very choice in his language, still he *might* have mended his style without injuring the spirit of his production. He has contributed, I find, very lengthily to your last. "Hurrah for the spur and the spear" bears his initials, and is certainly a very spirited song, while his paper "On the Proportions of Celebrated Arabs" is, as far as it goes, a valuable contribution; but then, how far does it go? It tells you that a speedy horse must have speedy points, and that Bundoola and others measured so much in the hind quarter, and so much in the fore; but what information, or rather, I could say, what instruction is to be gathered from this? Had he—as I suspected to have

seen—had he contrasted the proportions of the known and tried good racers with the measurements of known and tried bad ones, then, indeed, some sort of comparison might have been made which would have proved useful to those who are in the habit of purchasing horses for the turf. However, on this I cannot say much, since I do not pretend to understand it. I wish others would follow my example. But I must mention one thing which certainly strikes me as being very singular. It is in the extraordinary shape of Harlequin; he is set down as 14½—whether this half means half an inch or half an hand I know not—it is immaterial to my present remark, but as I see he is frequently called "a great horse," I conclude it is meant that he should be marked as fourteen hands two inches. In this case, then, as his measurement at his depth of fellers is thirty-four inches and a half, and from the fellers to the ground thirty-one and a quarter, it stands to reason that his height over the loins must have been sixty-five inches and three quarters, or *sixteen hands and* 1¾ *inches!* which, even if his real height be fourteen hands two inches, will make him (within a quarter of an inch) two inches higher at the croup than at the wither. This appears to be very strange; but as all swift animals, like the hare and the antelope, are found higher behind than before, this extraordinary peculiarity in the shape of Harlequin may constitute his great racing point; but then again, how much does this militate against the speed of "Little Tough," who at the head points measures only 12 hands 1¾ inches, and at the shoulder 13 hands ½ inch, so that he stands higher before by 4½ inches, that is by upwards of a hand, than in the rear? The knowing ones must talk to S. Y. S. about this, for I confess it puzzles and perplexes me; besides, he has detained me too long from "other metal more attractive."

I have no reluctance in pronouncing "the Bombay Hounds," by "Looker On," as a very capital letter, and one that does credit to your work, and the Sholapoor hunting is a good match to it. These are the kind of correspondents you do well to cherish. The song by S. P. is good, though he gives a splay foot to his second line; his fourth stanza calls to mind "There is a Lethe in the bowl,"—that is, in its excellence and its style. O. to O. K. may be proper, and looks respectable, but there is a filthy allusion to "the gentleman in brown," which ought to have been left out, though, as S. Y. S. also makes use of it, it leads me to suspect he writes under more signatures than one. Squirrel is right—the pigeon shooting at Poonah deserves to be shown up as he has done it; next comes that dreadful letter from Phœbe Harpur—let it, oh, let it be the last. My prophecy in my third critique regarding Dragsman and Anti-Detonator has proved correct. Nosing Tom improves as he goes, though I still wish he would polish a little more, and recollect that writing bad grammar is but a poor apology for silly writing, and vulgar, too. I confess I do not quite understand Philo Fun, nor can I make out whether he really did dream the dream he relates so well, or whether he has drawn from fiction. Nimrod's share of the No. 9's pages is much better than any I have yet seen—it is interesting and not too much spun out; he is evidently following my advice,

and improving in style and perspicuity. This, therefore, flatters me not a little, and I am consequently in too good a humour to animadvert on one or two little inaccuracies which I should otherwise have pointed out, for he may rest assured I have selected them. Erin go Bragh is a prince of a correspondent, writes well and spiritedly, and is highly amusing. I trust to meet with him again in No. 10. I shall now take my leave for the fourth time, and wait with impatience for the promised appearance of your next number *early* in November.

Yours obediently,

STEPHEN.

Sholapoor, Oct. 1, 1830.

OBSERVATIONS ON SHIKARREE'S LETTER TO THE E. S. M.

I am going to criticise, Mr. Editor, but my business is not with you, nor, indeed, with any of your correspondents, in whom I think you are most fortunate. It is with a Bengal sportsman, several of whose letters have appeared in the E. S. M., and one of which has found insertion in your last number. Now, I would not have you mistake me for *Stephen* in disguise, for I am very easy to please, and do not, therefore, often appear in my present character; but without any disposition to find fault you must allow me to say that *Shikarree's sketches* do not by any means come up to the standard of excellence, inasmuch as they have a tendency to cast a slur on the body of Indian sportsmen generally, and are calculated to mislead our friends at home, who are for the most part lamentably ignorant of those matters, and would laugh outright at what *Shikarree* has denominated "glorious sport." For my own part, did his own style not assure me to the contrary, I should be tempted to put the whole down for a *quiz* at once.

Your valuable magazine has already thrown much light on the true character of Indian sporting, and will in due time enable our Transatlantic friends to appreciate the extent of *Shikarree's* success; but as a lover of the field and flood myself, and one who has had an opportunity of enjoying almost every diversion this country affords in the highest perfection, I cannot permit the opportunity to pass without some attempt to convince the readers of the E. S. M. that, whatever may be the *heinous offences* of our brethren in Bengal, we have a least no such *snob* as *Shikarree* on this side of India; and, in thus seeking to avert an imputation which could not fail to be cast on us by all who shall peruse the letters now under consideration, I am tempted to believe that I record not only my own sentiments on the subject, but those also of every true sportsman under the Bombay Presidency.

As it is not my intention to descend to a particular review of the transactions of each day, in the order in which they are recorded, but simply to offer a few general remarks, I shall not put myself to the inconvenience of re-perusing *Shikarree's* very tedious epistles, but shall rely principally on my recollection of their contents. And first with regard to the *tiger*, because I observe it to be his weak point. He cannot seriously have considered "three couple of snipe and a *black driver*," or a few *water-hens*, or even "a dozen quail," to be worthy a place in the archives

of sporting, or I would solicit his attention to No. 4 of the O. S. M., wherein he will find recorded what is by no means a rare occurrence, 500 brace of quail killed in a few days. I could further inform him that I have myself been of a party of three, when 200 brace of painted partridge were registered in six consecutive days, and 80 brace of quail bagged before breakfast; but a *brown partridge*, of which he gives so minute and clever a description, was never even fired at. I would not however be understood to imply that the game "*flew languidly*," or that I made use of a "*flint gun*," for I abhor the very name of one.

Shikarree's *geese* are not swans, but *Brahaminee ducks*, rank carrion, worse than the vile Brahaminee kite about which he has written almost a volume. With us, duck and teal are so plentiful during the season, as to be considered game for Portuguese cooks, and are therefore slaughtered without a show of mercy. Besides, who ever dreamt of killing a *peafowl*, except when *Mull* was the order of the day? but *Shikarree* speaks of them with rapturous ecstasy, and I have heard other *Qui hi's* do the same. He even runs after them *slipshod*; oh! how delighted I was to find by the sequel that he cut his foot, for he richly deserved it.

I never before heard of No. 5 for quail or snipe when smaller shot were to be had; and Shikarree by his own confession always fires the *wrong* barrel, or else both *at once*, which is very bad indeed. I am quite confident that a party of clerks, who had "made a Sunday of it" at Salsette, would never confess to having shot at a *blue pigeon* or *golden plover*, whatever they might have done in reality. With regard to rifle shooting, his affair with the *fawn* was really a very extraordinary performance, well worthy of record, as it is almost the only instance in which he appears to have been successful. I fancy I see him now in a Manilla hat and hobnail boots crawling on his belly, and then throwing down his *flint* gun and running as if the devil had kicked him, with *Don* at his heels.

Spotted deer and antelope are generally to be met with in great abundance, and are not therefore often an object of attraction, unless they place themselves in the sportsman's way; but I am confident I speak the language of every lover of the rifle on this side of India, when I assert that he would consider half an hour, much more a whole day, very ill repaid by an antelope or a *peafowl*, of all things in the world; neither do I clearly understand by what system of reasoning the leash and deer shooting can alone be enjoyed with security. I have often sighed for a trip to Hindoostan, that I might put a little *gumption* into some of the *Qui hi's*, in which I fancied they were sadly deficient. But if their country holds out no more inducements than these, I confess I think they are wise to stay at home, and I to follow the example.

And now, Sir, I approach a more important subject than the fowling-piece. I recollect to have heard several Bengal gentlemen assert that they possessed no finer hunting ground than the banks of the Ganges, although I cannot speak to it of my own knowledge. But here we find a party of persons styling themselves *sportsmen*, and *Shikarree* at their head, deliberately *shooting hog*, or attempting to do so, which is every bit as bad, on the noblest hunting ground the Bengal Presidency can boast of!! Gracious Heaven, defend *us* from so foul a stain! You *can't* kill a hog with a *gun*, Sir; he must be

ridden, and fairly ridden too. Nimrod in the East has explained very clearly how *the trick* is to be done, and the Sporting Magazine teems with the records of those who have done it; but the man who will shoot a hog must at once resign his pretensions even to the name of a sportsman. Then we have most of us heard of coursing and hunting a jackal, but I am quite incompetent to appreciate the delight of *shooting* one.

This brings me upon coursing, of which I have had some experience; and here I am reluctantly obliged to confess that *Shikarree* has given me the go by, since it has now fallen to my lot to meet with a "*one-eyed bob.*" In fact, I do not even recollect to have heard in a dream of a full-grown antelope being killed in a *fair* course with greyhounds, nor do I believe that such a thing could ever have occurred. Besides, his argument altogether is conflicting. "The antelope," he says, "loses its superiority on soft ground; but the conformation of an antelope's foot is very similar to that of a hog, who will notoriously *leather* the best and speediest horses over soft ground;" and again, a horse's foot is not "spongy, like a camel's;" so, in the name of common sense, how did Shikarree contrive to gain any superiority? His spearing a well-grown antelope is really too impossible to be even laughed at.

Nimrod in the East will be better able to appreciate Shikarree's valuable hints regarding foxhounds than I can; for, although I have seen many brilliant runs, I never hunted dogs of my own. I certainly never heard of permitting a *pointer* to retrieve a wounded *deer*, or bringing a *setter* to bait *civet cats*; and, to say the truth, I think these kind of dogs are better away altogether, since their place is sufficiently well supplied by *beaters*, with the advantage of being more under control. They are a never failing source of disappointment, and no dog can stand more than one day's work in the heat of the sun. I have seen more than one buffalo *turned up*, and can assure Shikarree that he entertains a very sorry and imperfect idea of the powers of that noble animal, who is exceedingly wild and ferocious, and I have seen a horse gored completely through and through the flank by one at bay; and except when hunted are not very easily approached. The one to which he has alluded may have run like a *devil*, but had he run like a *buffalo*, his Cavalry colleague might have said his prayers. Shikarree sports a few desultory remarks on *the elephant*, but, as he has not pretended to meddle with tiger hunting, I shall waive the subject too; but I do not apprehend his descriptions can be considered any ornament to ornithology, or his stuffed specimens to a museum.

I have now had my say, Sir, and it has been rather a long one, but, as I have been engaged in a good cause, I feel confident I shall neither be considered querulous or prosy, and you, Mr. Editor, must really forgive me if I suggest to you the propriety of admitting no more of Shikarree's *trash* to your valuable little miscellany. His letters never ought to have seen the outside of the writing desk, and, as far as *Sporting* is concerned, can only serve to place it in a ridiculous light.

I am,
Yours very obediently,
NOT STEPHEN.

Sholapoor, 1st Oct., 1830.

ARABS SENT TO BENGAL.

A friend has favoured us with the following circular addressed to the different horse-dealers and agents for the sale of horses here and at the other Presidencies, on a matter of some importance to those connected with or interested about the Turf.

TO SYUD YUSSEEN, HORSE DEALER AND AGENT FOR THE SALE OF HORSES IN CALCUTTA.

SIR,

It having been proved to the satisfaction of the Stewards of the Bengal Jockey Club that the grey Arab horse Benneret, sold by you to Richard Parker, had won a sweepstakes at Bombay previously to being sent to Bengal, and which they consider to have disqualified him to start as a maiden horse, I am directed by those gentlemen to inform you that they have awarded the purse given by you in December last, to be run for by maiden horses, to the horse which came in second for that race (Blueskin), and to desire that you will pay the amount to his owner.

With reference to the defence set up in this case, viz. that Benneret ought not to be considered a winner, because the race which he did win was for a small amount, that it was run on the sands and not over the race-course, that the weights were not specified, and that the horse was at the time the property of a native dealer, and that it is a common practice among the native dealers of Bombay to try their horses in this way, the Stewards feel it incumbent on them on the present occasion, in order to protect the public, as well as to put dealers and individuals on their guard, to make known to the native dealers of Bombay, and to your employer in particular, that they will consider every horse that has won a race for money, whatever the amount, the distance, the weight, or the ground on which the race may have been run, and to whomsoever the horse may have belonged at the time, to disqualify such horse to start for any maiden purse whatever, and that their decisions in all cases of this nature will be guided by the above principle. A copy of this communication will be forwarded to the Secretary at Bombay, with a request that he will make it known to all those whom it may concern.

I am, Sir,
Your obedient Servant,
J. BARWELL,
Sec. to Turf Club.

Calcutta, the 20th June, 1830.

A HINT TO SQUIRREL.

SIR,

You have been pleased to call the Pigeon Match shot at Poonah in July last year "anything but tiptop."

Admitting that you mean something by so luminous an expression, and that the said something is disadvantageous to the pigeon shooters at Poonah, I should like to know, since your object was to prove how far superior the Sholapoor shots were, why you did not select the Poonah Pigeon Matches in May of this year instead of going back to that of July in last; your letter dated in June. Was it because that com-

parison would not have suited your plans?—was it because the killed against the missed in your five matches would have cut no such triumphant figure when contrasted with the list of the two Poonah matches? It certainly looks like it, as would strike any one from the following statement:

Sholapoor, Eleven Matches.
170 birds, killed 102.

Poonah Two Matches.
45 birds, killed 33.

To have made both equal, as Poonah lost only eight out of 45, Sholapoor should have lost only 30 out of 170; instead of which the loss was 68—more than double what it ought to have been. But I have no intention to rank the Sholapoor shots lower than they feel inclined to place themselves, for I have no confidence in reported matches, since the state of the weather and the condition of the birds must be known to render any account worth consideration. If you will be so good in your next to mention what kind of birds you put into your trap, how long they had been kept, how they flew, whether they were off at once, or waited to be *pelted at* before they would rise, whether the wind was high or gentle, and in what position with respect to the breeze the trap was placed, then I should read your register of killed and missed with great interest, and I trust you will give me an opportunity of doing so soon.

I dare say the Poonah Pigeon Club would be happy to have a few hundreds on a match with that at Sholapoor, and a word from you would settle the affair at once.

Yours,
BLUE-ROCK.

Poonah, 29th Sept., 1830.

A WORD TO NOSING TOM.

SIR,

When you next intend to favour the Nuggur pack with the sight of your red waistcoat and double damnables, perhaps it would be as well to favour the members of the Hunt with your note-book previous to your departure, that they may see in manuscript those delightful descriptions which so much surprise and amuse them in print; perhaps, too, a little revision before being submitted to the printer's devil might be useful, I assure you, from the critical lashes of that arch satirist Stephen, who really oils the rod before he lifts it—witness his remark on your first letter, which he says bears the stamp of a mind that could master better things. But to my purpose. You mention having *held a good place during the run.* Now, Mr. Nosing Tom, it would gratify at least *one* of the Nuggurites to know what you mean by that term. Were you well up to win, or well in the rear and ready for anything?—did you *head* the dogs?—"non sum qualis eram" looks suspicious, or *tail* the pack, *ubi fuit*, ditto? And will you have the goodness to cast a little light o'er the person meant by the Nabob of Noodledroog? The P.S. in your letter in No. 9 occasions this address to you. You appear to be a trump in the sporting trade, and I have no doubt are as good as you appear, and therefore will not care much about this fillip from a friend to all sorts of fun and sport. I remain, Sir, with every respect for your scribbling qualifications, for your hunting capabilities, and with every wish to set my horse with yours when next we meet,

Yours obediently,
YOICKS.

EXTRAORDINARY RACE.

The following extract from some old sporting work of which we have no knowledge has been very kindly sent us by an anonymous correspondent. It details a race of striking interest, and will, we are sure, lose nothing by its antiquity.

Extract of a letter dated Newmarket, Thursday, ———

This day the following horses started for the king's plate. Lord Godolphin's C. H. Shakespear, by his Arabian, out of a True Blue Mare, Lord Portmore's C. H. Looby, by Bright Arabian, out of a Partner Mare; Mr. Paton's C. H. H. Partner, by the Lonsdale Arabian, out of a sister to Bonny Black. The bets went 2 to 1, the field against Shakespear.

1st Heat.—Shakespear took the lead, and supported it at his usual deep rate through the furzes to the top of Choakjade, with Looby on his quarter all the way, but in coming down the hill he ran up to him, and they disputed the lead every inch to the three mile post, when Looby gained about half a length, and kept it till they came over against the Well Gap; but before they reached the distance post it was impossible to discern which was first, and they ran in so close together that it could not be decided which won. Partner laid by, pulled up, walked in.

2nd Heat.—Partner made all the play for the first two miles, and Looby, perceiving that Shakespear did not intend to call upon him, began to be very busy along the ditch, and gave him so much trouble upon the flat, just as they entered the cords, that they were both at laps, and ran it every yard in; but Looby, being distressed by the severity of this and the first heat, was forced to submit to his adversary, though with great honour, by half a neck.

This raised the odds 3 to 1 Shakespear did not win, which were accepted by the judicious part of the turf, who relied on the Godolphin blood, and the honesty of the true blues. Shakespear went away brisk by the third heat, closely pursued by Partner, while Looby lay too far behind to profess disputing this heat, as he had bravely done the two first. They were now in the third mile, and Partner had never attempted to take the lead: for, as he was conscious he had the foot, though not the stoutness of Shakespear, he intended to reserve his push as long as possible; but Shakespear being aware of that, and trusting to his bottom, began to make running as he crossed the ruts, and displayed all his power upon the flat, with good resolution, but could not conquer his adversary, till the rising ground from the distance to the winning post, by means of his superior strength, declared the contest in his favour, by half a length, hard run. This brought the bets to even money, Shakespear against the field.

The fourth heat they all jumped off at score, and ran the first two miles as if they intended to tear one another to pieces; they then slackened their pace, and came gently together to the flat, when they ran at the top of their speed above half a mile, in which they prevailed by turns, whilst new wagers echoed from the betting gap and cords every moment. And now Shakespear having indulged a little pull, in order to have something in hand at coming in, was thrown two lengths be-

hind, and the others continued close together, struck and cut every yard, when he made loose as his last effort, and caught them, within twenty yards of the ending post, dead run, and their riders almost exhausted, when Partner broke down, and Looby yielded the victory scarcely by half a head, and with it his life, for he died immediately after the heat.

The weather was extremely fine, abundance of good company, and the battle was so equal that the vanquished disdained to mourn, and the victor refused to triumph.

SONG.

HURRAH! HURRAH! ONE BUMPER MORE.

Fill the goblet to the brim,
Fill with me and drink to him
Who the mountain sport pursues,
Speed the boar where'er he choose;
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

Hark, the beaters shout on high,
Hark, the sportsman's shrill reply,
Echo leaps from hill to hill,
There the chase is challenged still;
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

Ride, for now the sounder breaks,
Ride where'er the grey boar takes,
Struggle thro' the desperate chase,
Fearless death itself to face.
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

See, the jungle verge is won,
See, the grey boar dashing on;
Bold and brave ones now are nigh,
See him stagger, charge, and die.
Hurrah! hurrah! one bumper more,
A bumper to the bristly boar!

S. Y. S.

FIRST DHOOLIA MEETING.

SIR,

Now that *Reminiscences* are daily offering at the shrine of your criticism, and *good things* lose nothing in actual worth by being a trifle *stale*, I see no cause why we should longer delay to place the public in undisturbed possession of a list of "all the running horses" at the first Dhoolia race meeting, 1829—something *bang up* in its way, although not quite the work of yesterday. As far therefore as I am concerned it shall not "die with the doing;" and I'll not feel much displeased if you should perchance think proper to exclude me, since you must certainly be acknowledged the best judge of what will suit your book; so here goes, and if I am too slow or too old to be entered, you can e'en apply the paper to whatever service it may appear suited.

Dhoolia has had a course, such as it is, time out of mind; but where the devil's the use of a *course*, or a *stand* either, without something to put round it? Now, although many of the "auld ones" had for years talked big when their skins were full over night, it as constantly evaporated and came to nothing in the morning, till a change of society brought in a *kiddy* or two with a long stable, and an eye to business, who know better than to "hold forth" for the mere pleasure of hearing themselves talk. As they could not however be reasonably expected to break down their horses simply for other people's amusement, their *gab* brought out the coin pretty

handsomely, and a bill of fare was trumped up for the 10th April, in which, be it understood, everybody took special care to keep something nice for *number one.*

The two months preceding the meeting (which was not made *too* public, "on principle") was a sad time for everything that could show four legs, and if training could have done the business, why there was no lack of "that there." The course was crowded, Sundays and week days, with *winners* of every size, shape, and denomination, rode by every lousy jackanapes that could open his legs wide enough to get one on either side of a saddle, whilst some of your *real* knowing ones, fearing to impart an inkling of the great *arcana* to their less educated neighbours, were only to be seen, and then imperfectly, by the *pale light of the moon*, as they flitted round the course like fairy shadows.

As April crept on, the palpitations of the sure-to-wins gradually advanced, and the company became more numerous and less select than the reasoning people had given out. But on the 10th the sun rose and ran round the four-mile course of heaven, and still no tidings of the *great man.* Where could he be? It is plain to everybody as the nose on a face that he was taking his time; and it was right plain, too, that the *stewards* did not intend to begin without him. Some, whom the spirit of good nature did pervade, *cheeked* of it as a *well known* fact that his nags were not up to their mark, and required another week of *moonshine.* But by far the greater part of the malcontents were of opinion that *Jockabed* "had a screw loose;" and *George Barwick's* ominously elongated mug, which, as a witty gentleman observed, "had taken pattern by the cow's tail and was diurnally growing *downwards*," made the "wink and nod" gentry to fumble for their books. But be that as it may, the thing was set to rights over a bottle of *max*, and those who cared about it contrived to coax those who did not care a damn into a belief that the fare would be none the worse for keeping.

The long-looked-for 20th came in its proper place, and turned out many tallow faces by peep of day, who might have been to bed, but had certainly not been to sleep; and a bird's-eye view of these worthies went to prove that the *holiday-folks* had not been *asleep* either, and had made the most of their ten days law, to secure a market for the "on hand" boots and corderoys. A little after *owl light* the great man was just discernible in the extreme distance, making his best leg to the stand, with a cruel portentous-looking *folio* volume barely peeping its nose above the antiquated long-waisted waistcoat pocket, and very many were the long faces "on record" as he stepped upstairs.

"Good morning to you, Mr. Snooks," said a diminutive dapper gentleman, with a dog whip in his hand (and half a dozen pointers who sadly required it), "I was sorry to learn that matters had gone crooked with the mare." The *great man* was not in a talking humour.

The business of the day commenced with the Dhoolia Sweepstakes of ₹00 Rupees each subscriber, heats two miles, 8st. 7lbs., when Mr. Snook's W. A. H. *Ameer* gave the spectators something for their money by galloping (*query*) round the course in 4m. 45s. with a black Horse Artillery driver on his back, who, if not quite in a state of nature, had at least got quit of his boots and

upper breeches at the scales—stockings were not in his vocabulary. He was followed at long hailing distance by one *Sir Harry*, who had found it to be all *dicky* from the starting-post, and was therefore in no hurry. Drawn the second heat, and Caloshee showed his naked toes through the rings, and drove round at a walk.

The next race showed the *pigeons* that Mr. Snooks had not waited for nothing (Anglice, had waited for something); the English mare Jockabed (so called as being dam to Moses and Aaron, both of whom broke down in their stalls) walking off with the Jungle Sweepstakes from a huge fifteen hand stud mare yclept *Bess*, and a bay garron named in honour of the great man. Bess was *tooled* by George Barwick in his best breeches, and his best style, and barring a little tailing at the "come away" played a good second fiddle, the bay keeping his place in rear—undisputed both heats.

Wednesday, the 22nd, brought out *Jockabed*, *Napoleon*, and *Nidgetty* for the Cock and Bull Cup, mile heats, 8st. 7lbs. Who the Cock and Bull Club may be who so liberally thumbed out the *blunt*, I am not quite aware, but the race did not correspond badly to the name. First heat, all off at a slapping pace, *Bony* running away from his friends as he did before at Moscow, winning with a pull on him, notwithstanding the *mare* drank deeply of the *cutting system*. Second heat, ditto, ditto, until the turn in, when all three came to the whip, and the mare won with difficulty in 2m. 6s.; but she had the third heat all her own way in 2m. 11s. *My eye and Betty Martin* won so lazily that it was not worth looking at.

The Galloway Plate was carried hollow by an Arab *Tramp*, showing his tail to five baggage tattoes, Mr. Snook's *Bustard* running 6m. 6s. without an inch to spare. A clear take in. How should country rips keep foot with Arabs? The winner to be sold for 300 *if demanded*—but we have Tramps enough without paying for them.

On the third day, *Scamp*, an excellent bit of blood with a *queer* temper, rode all the way by *Jack Robinson*, had the honour of serving out Sir Harry, Jockabed, and Turk, for the Malligaum Plate, 10st. 6lbs., two miles, open to all horses bonâ fide untrained up to the first day of running. *Scamp* didn't like his company—a winner all the way—and caused the *dibs* to change pockets rather briskly, the betting gentlemen who go by *hearsay* having been purposely kept in *the dark* until they were handsomely in for it.

Raffles, a big, ugly, cross-grained chestnut, with a white face, hobbled away with the Tallyho in three tedious heats, two miles, with 10st. 7lbs. on his back. Napoleon was 3 to 1 the favourite at starting against the field, and George Barwick contrived to cut out the work through the first heat; second and third won in 3m. 35s. and 3m. 39s. by Raffles, rode in good form by Master Charles. *Bony* had a *wheel* up, and the bay Arab Snooks drove all before him, and landed last as usual. This was a sad business to the friends to the revolution, who had been hooked into a "sure thing" or two, and began to look forward to the *settling* day with considerable uneasiness.

The Pony Plate for a mile and a distance closed this day's proceedings, and was taken by Mr. Hay's G. C. P. *Bantam*, running a good stick, in spite of *Sam's* efforts to the contrary, against Mr. Douglas's *Thistle*, and Raw-

son's *My Aunt.* 7 to 1 on Thistle against the field, but the jockey, *John Day*, was remiss in calling on his horse; and, by sparing the *prickles*, helped to ease *Thistle's* Scotch friends of their spare cash. *My Aunt* lost her maiden—, and was too fat even to waddle.

On the fourth day, April 26th, Mr. Snooks had the felicity of cantering *Ameer* round the course for the Welters without the trouble of a competitor. *A-meer* job, not *Ameer beg.*

A Sweepstakes for all winners of races during the meeting, heats one mile, handicap. Here the owners of winning horses, not conceiving that the stewards had dealt fairly by them, shut up shop, and took advantage of the half forfeit act, very ungallantly permitting the mother of Moses and Aaron to walk round by herself.

The Beaten Plate, worth the hundred and fifty, for such horses as had saved their distance during the meeting, 1 mile handicap, was a clipping thing, and did the judgment of the stewards infinite credit. It was carried by *Nidgetty*, who, though in the decline of life, ran an uncommon good horse to the end, with 10st. 7lbs. *Sir Harry* (also 10st. 7lbs.) came away in great force, and ran only a nose behind, both heats. *Napoleon* was to have made a fool of himself for the third time during the meeting, but his owner, Mr. Sninkets, thought better of it.

The flats had grown a little sharper upon their experience, and in spite of the *birdlime*, which was smeared about pretty lavish, were less easily caught than heretofore. The settling of yesterday, too, had *stumped up* more than one of the open-mouthed gentry, who had contrived, by the advice of their *friends*, to lay out their little capital without any return or even interest—a nice little harvest for the rooks.

The meeting concluded with a prize bullock race, where there was a deal more swearing than running, but everybody came in *first.* The fat Cotwal (a well-known Dhoolia worthy) elected referee, driven over and sent to his crib on a shutter; after which we all adjourned to a "prime feed" at *George's*, who fancied he heard all those who could keep their heads aboveboard toddle to roost about three the next morning. *Seeing* was out of the question.

SCARLET.

REMINISCENCES OF THE FANCY, No. 1.

If there are any of your readers, Mr. Editor, whose wont it has ever been to diversify the amusements abounding in that sweet village commonly known by the name of London, by patronizing *Fancy*, and who, fearless of utterly deranging their olfactory organs by inhaling other perfumes than those of the drawing-room and boudoir, have occasionally indulged their nostrils with the pungent essences which pervade the neighbourhood of Duck Lane, or boldly waded, spite of mud, lime, and brickbats, into the scarcely less celebrated and savoury purlieus of "Harper's field"; if such there are, in them the name of "*Ben White*" must awaken recollections of peculiar gratification. Honest old Ben, the "old mother," and little swivel-eyed Annie, must ever live freshly in the remembrance. He was a man of about fifty years of

age, short and robust, had been a soldier in his youth, and shared the fortunes of the —— Regt. of Hussars throughout the war as a full private. Ben was a sober and active dragoon, but had his soul fixed on other things than promotion; and though, when occasion offered, he did not fail "to show the mettle of his breed," the ruling passion would still break out, and in the moment of triumph and pursuit "Tally ho!" was ever on his lips. A "Whoo'oop" of peculiar melody accompanied every successful sweep of his sabre. During the Peninsular campaigns, a pack of foxhounds was established in the Light Cavalry Brigade, and, luckily for our friend Ben, his "*battle cry*" having attracted the attention, and frequently been the occasion of much mirth to his officers, he was forthwith exalted to the high post and dignity of whipper-in. He was now in his glory; born in a kennel, he felt himself attached to his high-bred charges by more than ordinary ties. He willingly gave up all hope of promotion, and exchanged his helmet for a hunting cap. I have often heard him talk of those days with all the delight which ever marks the retrospective sketches of a veteran sportsman. To repeat his stories is impossible; they were rich, full of interest, and he never concluded without adding "Ay, sir, them was the times," and taking a hearty pull at the *heavy wet* to the health of his "brave officers." But there is no continuance in our joys below. Peace came, and with it poor old Ben's occupation went; being an under-sized man, he received his discharge at the first reduction, and retired to a cottage in Harper's fields, a short distance from the Tyburn turnpike. The munificence of his officers towards the honest and zealous aider of their sports enabled him here to establish a kennel and pit, with such a supply of bull dogs, terriers, badgers, &c., &c., as rendered his humble abode a favourite resort to all who had known him, and, by their introduction, to those who delighted in beholding exhibitions of canine pugnacity, badger baiting, and all other sports of this description. Ben was his own carpenter, architect, and glazier; but alas, in the last capacity, while endeavouring to form a skylight over his pit, "for the better commodation of them gemmen what comes here," he unfortunately lost his equilibrium, and tumbling through his handiwork into the middle of his pit broke his thigh bone. The misfortune was no sooner known than his old supporters came to his relief; a surgeon was summoned, and the limb set as well as circumstances would admit. He bore his protracted sufferings nobly, and after a long confinement, the poor veteran returned to his duties with as much alacrity as ever, with a leg so very considerably bent from its original form, that in the rolling and pitching which accompanied his transit from place to place, few could recognize any indication of his military education. But I am running ahead of my history. It must be known that Ben's heart had been "wax to receive and marble to retain" the impressions of the sex, and he had soon after retiring from the army yielded up his liberty, and was experiencing in the faithful love of the sweetheart of his youth ample remuneration for the sacrifice. The "old mother," as he (and in fact everybody) called the kind-hearted partner of his fate, was a damsel of some 45 or 50 years of age, of a comfortable amplitude and circum-

ference in proportion, and, whatever she might have been in her youth, had, at that period, but few charms to boast of, but her merit in still loving him after "all the dangers he had passed" made her appear in his eyes as gay and as buxom as when he first whispered the soft tale of love in her ear, ere he had girded on the sword and become a bold Dragoon. The only fruit of this union was a maiden, single eyed, and that eye possessing somewhat of obliquity. "Little Annie," however, was well instructed in her duty, and was never known either to upset or "*breathe*" *a pot of heavy*, when her father's visitors required, as was frequently the case, the exertion of her talents in bringing a *canister of the same*, from the Painters' Arms public-house, Whitbread and Co.'s Entire, which "stood convanient to the premises."

Ben's parlour, which answered for as many purposes as the cobbler's stall, was a snug little room, with a good fire always blazing, a cuckoo clock, sundry pictures of his favourite bull-dogs, "Turk," "Miller," &c., with a few on sporting and other subjects, in which the object of the artist could only be ascertained by the eye of a connoisseur deeply experienced in the mysteries of engraving on wood. A small court in front of the house, enclosed by a wall sufficiently high to keep off *troublesome visitors*, was filled with kennels containing the first-rate bull dogs, who greeted each stranger with a full concert, and seldom failed to make a few dashes at him, in which they were only foiled by the strength of their chains, while the passage between them being but little broader than "Al Sirac's arch" gave the gemmen an opportunity for display of nerve. Passing from this through Ben's sanctum, where the "old mother" was usually waiting with her sweetest smile and lowest curtsey, another court presented itself, containing an immense variety of dogs, badgers, cocks, &c., and in this court was the pit. Having now, Mr. Editor, fairly introduced you and your readers to my honest old friend, his family, and domicile, I should have felt inclined to conclude this paper, but I have just laid my hand upon a note of Ben's to myself, which compels me to inflict more of my *tediousness* upon you.

I was sitting one evening with a few friends over a bottle of claret, when a servant entered with a piece of paper of the most suspicious aspect, twisted and crumpled into marvellous irregularity, and placed it in my hands, saying it had just been brought by a little girl that squinted very much. Not having been before honoured with the correspondence of Ben, I was rather at a loss to guess who could have done me the favour, when, looking at the seal which covered nearly the whole of one side, and bore an impression exceedingly resembling the brass plate on a dog's collar, I began to smell a rat, and found on further inspection that it was the old boy himself, and thus he wrote:

"Sur, yer oner wil xcuse mi takin this ear libuty but Mr. timpl and the doctr was at smithfild las satrdey and bot a nise yung Bull-he cum to mi hous this arternoon and axed if I ad seed yer onur and tould me to tel you sur he wur sory he wur obleeged for to go to amptn coort as he wur on dooty toomoro so he cud nut kal at yer oner's hous he hops to cee you sur at moulsy hirst nixt frydey wot cums ven he

meens to bate his bull. We expecs mani gemmen of the fancy wil be thair so no mor at presint from yur oners

"Umbl sarvent to cumand
"Bengamen White."

This was not a summons to be neglected. The following morning I went to his house to make further inquiries, the result of which was that I determined to give Ben and some half dozen "out and outers" a cast to Moulsey. "Miller," "Ball," "young Turk," "the Coach dog," "Blucher," and "the Captain" were selected, and under the old lad's personal care were conveyed in a spring cart to Hampton on Thursday evening. The "Toy" was all alive next morning, the party being principally composed of *Militaires* belonging to the regiments in and about London. At 12 o'clock, all being ready, we moved down to the Hurst, and found a right game-looking bull fixed to the ring. The company was not by any means so select here as in the coffee-room of the "Toy," but there was a passable collection of knowing-looking coves, and the usual sprinkling of youkels; whilst the yelping and barking of about 150 dogs of all sorts and sizes created a delightful din and confusion. The prize collar was exhibited, and proclamation made that one dog only should be slipped at a time, and umpires appointed. No pencil but a Hogarth's could here do justice to Ben's countenance and general appearance; the expression of delight at being in a place so congenial to his feelings, the evident anxiety yet cool determination "not by no means to go for to do nothing in a hurry," as he stood with his assistants close to his swell friends, and the knowing leer he gave as dog after dog was slipped by his competitors, tossed, and (after the performance of sundry evolutions in the air), limped out of the ring, was incomparable. At last he began to prepare for mischief; upwards of 50 dogs had been slipped, but none had succeeded in securing the bull, which was now perfectly furious. "Young Turk" was chosen for his first slip; he went in gallantly, but was tossed to an immense height, caught on the horns in falling, tossed again, and picked up motionless. Ben looked as if he was going to cry, and, as he picked him up, exclaimed, "Pretty little dear, your father never said nothing, and I knowed you would not say even Oh!" In another moment in dashed "Miller," and seized his antagonist by the lip, but from the tremendous violence with which the bull threw up his head, one of his tushes broke short off, and being thrown out of the ring, was caught and secured. Ben was a little better pleased this time, and consoled himself by simply saying, "Vell, that wasn't your fault, anyhow." "The Coach dog" and "Blucher" were both severely injured, but behaved well. "Ball," a little brindled dog, light, but of a "terrible, terrible high breed," was started with a few words of encouragement, being, as he said, "the old mother's pet; vy, sir, he always sleeps with she;" but it would not do; poor Ball, after being well tossed, was limping in again on three legs, but was caught just in time to save his life, one of his hind legs being broken. The longitude of Ben's face very considerably increased as he let go the last hope of his kennel in breathless silence. "Captain" was a strong, well-bred, brown dog, of about 40lbs., and

well known for his staunchness; but this day's bull was one of no ordinary powers, and "Captain's" best friends anticipated misfortune. Never was there anything prettier than his mode of attack: the bull stood snorting and stamping in the centre of the ring, eyeing the dog, which approached him actually crouching on the ground; it was at least a minute before they closed. The Bull made a dash—in a second "Captain" had him by the under lip, and both rolled over. All considered the job as done, but were soon undeceived; the dog had, in falling under the bull, lost his hold. Fortunately for "Captain," the bull was so near the extremity of his tether, that he was unable to follow his success by tossing him, and therefore retired; the dog was handled, and, no bones being broken, after a few minutes was again put down; he advanced in evident pain and with greater caution than before: the odds were 20 to 1 against him. Aware of the formidable opponent now creeping up to him, the bull seemed irresolute, but presently recovering his courage rushed forward. "Captain's" eye was this time on a surer mark; quicker than thought he fixed his teeth in the cartilage of the nose, and, amidst thunders of applause, pinned and held his antagonist to the ground.

Ben's face recovered its retundity, and, on receiving the congratulations of his friends and a handsome bonus to cover his losses, went off with his "pretty dears" in high glee; observing that "the silver collar voud make a wery nice hornament for old mother's neck."

Adieu, Mr. Editor,

NON SUM QUALIS ERAM.

ADDRESS.

(Written and intended to have been spoken at an entertainment in honour of the Honourable M. S. Elphinstone, on the occasion of his departure for England, in 1827.)

As some tall bark (that hath in stately pride
Dash'd her broad bows through many a troubled tide)
Steers homewards on her course, rich with the stores
Of distant climes, and nears her destined shores,
And whilst each billow seems her track to court,
Furls her white sails and glides into her port,
So, full of treasures (treasures only theirs
Whose wealth is wisdom and whose memory shares
The poor man's blessing and the good man's prayers),
Parts, on his homeward course, OUR HONOUR'D GUEST,
Most honour'd and most loved, where known the best!
Stamp'd on the brightest annals of the state,
Where, high emblazon'd, shine the wise and great,
His NAME shall stand pre-eminent, and truth
Shall there delighted trace him from his youth,
With bold and ardent spirit pressing on
To his own glory's perihelion;
Nor find throughout the track that he pursued
One footprint quit the path of rectitude!
How bright and brilliant shall that transcript be,
The blotless record of integrity!!

And memory shows him in her fairy light
Firm in the council, fearless in the fight,
For (braving obstacles that others shun)
Was knowledge to be gained or glory won
There, there, be sure, was ELPHINSTONE!

Let the bright mirror of remembrance throw
Its fond reflection back, TEN YEARS AGO!!
Ten years ago! on that eventful day
When war's "magnificently stern array"
Had panoply'd itself on Kirkee's plain
And Peace had stretch'd her olive branch in vain,
The CIVIC HERO of the field beheld
That battle scene, and proud his bosom swelled!
He saw the standard of his rancorous foe
Girdled by countless myriads; and a glow
Prophetic of his triumph fired his eye.
Whilst on his brow the LAURELS of ASSAYE
RUSTLED IMPATIENT FOR THE VICTORY.
With calm unchanging cheek and dauntless air
He mingled with the warrior band to share
The glory of their Spartan-like defence;
And with a lip of soldier-eloquence,
Breathing a kindred spirit in each man,
Inspired the young and cheer'd the veteran—
Where thickest press'd the foe, where deadliest shone
The cannon-flash, there Noble ELPHINSTONE,
Like some presiding deity, appears,
With the bold bearing of his ancestors?
But when war's tumults ceased, how blithely gay
His presence chased our exile-hours away;
Mirth was his handmaid—pleasure was his bride,
Sport the companion ever at his side,
Whilst affability around him flung
The glow of happiness on old and young,
Himself the sun of every circle here,
Bask'd in the radiance of his own bright sphere,
Like to that forest-bird whose plumage gives
The light in which alone he loves and lives!

But gloom falls upon the setting sun,
And soon, how soon with yonder signal gun
Round our fair isle, the tocsin of regret
Shall fling its sound from rock to parapet;
And many a stern and stoic heart will feel
Emotions they may struggle to conceal,
Awaken'd by the talismanic spell
That links affliction with the word—FAREWELL!
FAREWELL!—see, summon'd at the magic sound,
The widow and the orphan crowd around,
And pouring blessings with their last adieu,
The Christian, Guebre, Mussulman, Hindoo,

* "Battle's magnificently stern array" Byron's Childe Harold.

All castes, all classes, on one object bent
With heartfelt sorrow swell the loud lament!
But 'midst the mournful, as they quail and cower,
Who deepest will regret that parting hour?
Lo! where the GENIUS of the DECCAN stands;
The blood-red boar-spear glittering in his hands,
His swarthy brow high flashing with the trace
Of his fresh triumph in the mountain chase,
The tusked prey lies weltering in blood
That darkly reddens the Indranee flood,
And Casselsye's loud Alpine echoes roar
With the deep death-groans of the dying boar!
Here as he gazes, Rumour, whose loud tongue
Had far abroad the saddening farewell flung,
And babbled the bad tidings to the breeze,
Fast flies to Deccan land—the GENIUS sees—
Sees that bold front that never felt a fear
And sunburnt cheek that never knew a tear!
Yet when that rumour struck with wing so wild
His stony heart—he wept—wept—like a child!
So when on Horeb's steep the prophet stood
And smote the flinty rock, out gush'd the flood!!
Then spoke the mighty spirit of the chase,
"Go, noblest scion of a noble race,
Go, where proud honours, gain'd in thy career,
Fling back in gladness their refulgence here;
Go to thy father land, and in the bold
Bleak mountains of thy birthplace still behold
These rugged ghauts and precipices drear
Where thou hast roam'd a DECCAN HIGHLANDER;
And o'er their rocky summits with delight
Hast cheer'd from dawn to dusk the wild boar's flight,
For here thy praises shall each glen resound
And all thy sporting haunts henceforth be classic ground!"
Then, oh! forget not thou (where'er the fates
May lead thee from thine old associates)
The land that (eager for thy latest praise)
Cradled the pastimes of thine earlier days!
And now FAREWELL, this tear, the heart-sprung token
Of all that's deeply felt more than could be spoken,
Tells that my task is done, my spell is broken—
I cast my shiver'd boar-spear in the river—
And cheerless leave this once loved land for ever—
The SPIRITS of the DECCAN speak with me,
FAREWELL—great ELPHINSTONE, to sport and thee!!!
And that FAREWELL, tho' poured in fancied strain,
Hath not been uttered by these lips in vain—
For the sad valediction dims each eye,
And finds an echo in each bosom nigh.
But let not sorrow cloud this festal night!
Bid social feeling take its loftiest flight
To pledge our loved, our HONOURED GUEST, the while
We yet can bask in his benignant smile—

Yes, fill your goblets, bubbling to the brim,
Fill to each toast that breathes one thought of him,
And this our last be echoed far and wide,
God bless our FRIEND, our PATRON, and our PRIDE !

PERFORMANCES OF GOBLIN GREY.

This celebrated grey Arab, standing 14h. 1½in., first started, when a four-year-old, under the name of Suliman, at the Bombay Turf Meeting, 1827, and on the 6th February beat Guarantee 1½ miles, 8st. 5lbs., each in 3m. 6s.; and again on the last day, 7st. 12lbs., each in 3m. 5s.

At the latter end of the year 1828 he was sent from Poonah to Mhow, and only arrived a few days before the commencement of the meeting in wretched order, yet on the 15th November he won the first heat of the Harmonic Stakes, 11st. each, ½ mile heats, but was beaten by Minstrel and Boxkeeper the second and third, and was drawn the fourth heat; on the 17th he started for the Give and Take at 9st. 5lbs., but was not in condition to cope with Boxkeeper, 8st. 3½lbs. On the 19th, at 8st. 5lbs., he was beaten by Tam O'Shanter, 8st. 12lbs., for the Asseer Plate, one mile heats, in 1m. 59s. and 1m. 58s. On the 21st, at 9st. 7lbs., he won the first heat of the Cavalry Gold Cup, 1½ mile heats, in 3m. 7s., and ran second to Scorpion the second and third heats in 3m. 2s., and 3m. 5½s.; on the 23rd, at 8st. 12lbs., he won the first heat of the Indore Purse, 1½ mile heats, in 3m. 3s., but a cross being claimed against him he was drawn. On the 28th he won the Cockpit Stakes, beating Tarquin and Spectator in 3m. 1s. and 4m. 10s. The first heat 1½ miles, weight for age, the second two miles, weight for inches, and cantered over for the third heat, one mile, 9st. 7lbs. each. On the 3rd December he won the first heat of the Mhow Turf Plate, 9st. each, 1½ mile and a distance, heats in 3m. 21s., but was beaten the second and third by that celebrated Arab Boxkeeper in 3m. 17s. and 3m. 29s. He also, between the fourth and fifth days of the meeting, beat Tam O'Shanter a match, 1½ miles, winning in a canter; but, from his running throughout the meeting, it was evident that he was neither in wind or condition to run heats, though he proved himself an honest and first-rate horse.

After the Mhow Meeting he was sent to Baroda, and on the 9th February, at 8st. 10lbs., was beaten by Paul Pry, 8st. 3lbs., two mile heats, in 4m. 11s. and 4m. 14s. On the 14th he won the Baroda Plate, 600 rupees, 8st. 4lbs. each, three miles, beating Lottery, the two last miles run in 58s. and 56s.—1m. 3s.—1m. 5½s. —Total, 4m. 2½s. On the 16th February, at 8st. 5lbs., he won a plate of 900 rupees, 1½ mile and a distance, heats, in 3m. 14½s. and 3m. 17s., beating Paul Pry, 7st. 12lbs.; and on the 19th the Guzerat Turf Plate, 1400 rupees, 1½ mile heats, beating Jerry in a canter.

At the 5th Mhow Meeting on the 18th December, 1828, at 9st. 7lbs., he was beaten by Boxkeeper, 8st. 7lbs., heats R. C., in 3m. 7s. and 3m. 21s.; on the 20th, at 8st. 12lbs., he was again beaten by Boxkeeper, 9st., for the Asseer Plate, one mile heats, in 1m. 58s. and 1m. 58s. On the 22nd December he won the Artillery

Plate, 720 rupees, at 9st. 3lbs., beating Emigrant, 9st., 1 mile and a distance, heats, easily in 2m. 18s. and 2m. 13s.; on the 24th, at 9st., he won the Minister's Plate, 860 rupees, two miles, handicap, beating Emigrant, 8st. 6lbs., Lightly-beats, 8st. 7lbs., and Hermit, 8st. 5lbs.; and the 25th was beaten by Chapeau de Paille, 9st. each, 1½ mile and a distance, in 3m. 18s.

On the 26th January, 1830, he came out on the Bombay Course, and won the Great Stakes (12,000 rupees) of 100 gold Mohurs each, eight subscribers, 8st. 4lbs. each, 2 miles; beating Giraffe and Paul Pry, Post Boy, Blackfoot, Chapeau de Paille, Robinson Crusoe, and Enigma, the five last not placed; time, 4m. 1s. The winner scarcely thought of. The odds fluctuated a good deal, but at starting were about 3½ to 1 against Paul Pry, 4 to 1 against Giraffe, 5 to 1 against Post Boy, Chapeau de Paille, and Blackfoot, and long odds against the others. On the 29th, at 8st. 7lbs., he won a sweepstakes, two miles, in 4m. 2s., beating Blackfoot, 7st. 12lbs., and Giraffe, 8st. 7lbs. On the 5th February he won the Ladies' and Bachelors' Purse, 1525 rupees, 8st. 7lbs. each, 2½ mile heats, beating Paul Pry and Giraffe in 5m. and 5m. 4s. On the 9th, at 9st., he won the Byculla Stakes, 1100 rupees, 1½ mile heats, beating Paul Pry, 8st. 10lbs., Giovanni and Norman, 8st. 7lbs. each, in 3m. 5s. and 3m.

These are all his performances, having proved himself during the last Bombay Turf Meeting the best Arab on this side of India.

Yours faithfully,

MOOZAFUR.

INSCRIPTION ON THE TOMB OF A FAVOURITE TERRIER.

Foxes avaunt! ye yelping crew
Of jackal curs, avoid ye too!
Wild cats and tame—keep distance due,
"Vicky lies here!"

Thy master feels alone—forsaken—
His cheese by these cats are taken,
There's no one left to guard his bacon,
"Vicky lies here!"

Though soon thy mould'ring bones must rot,
He ne'er can cease to mourn thy lot,
And sigh—(on pointing—to the spot)
"Vicky lies here!"

SPORT NEAR ASSEERGHUR.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,

From my short residence in this part of the country, I have not as yet had many opportunities of witnessing the style of sport here. I will add my mite, however, in an attempt at description of three days' work at Boree, a small village within an hour's smart canter of Asseerghur.

Judging from the state of the weather, it being then very warm, that we might *snobble* a bear, on the — of May last we mounted our nags, in number eight good men, and in about an hour found ourselves at the above-mentioned village with appetites keen as a spear blade for feeding and sport. Having dispatched the former and began to fumigate, we waited impatiently for the arrival of the Bheels, who had been started early in the morning to look out for our hairy friend; the long wished for missionaries at length arrived and we perceived in a moment from the ghastly grin of the one-eyed Juan (the leader of the gang) that all was right. Upon our impatient inquiry of "how many," he held up in his most significant manner the foremost of his black digits. He gave the direction, we started our artillery, and in ten minutes were within two hundred yards of the scene of action, and, having loaded, began to consider the plan of attack. This being quickly arranged, five of the party were told off with a Bheel for their guide, to move direct upon Bruin and start him from his lair, and the other three took up a position upon the side of the nullah, directly opposite to where he was lying. In a minute or two the party of five came upon the sleeping brute. He started up and reconnoitred his visitors, who quickly made known their intentions by discharging, at a distance of 10 paces, seven or eight barrels in as many seconds. He now began to vociferate loudly at this treatment, and, with his black snout covered with blood, rushed at the party. His appearance at this moment was picturesque in the extreme, and he looked anything but harmless; one or two shots more from the *steady hands*, and a volley from those on the opposite bank, rolled him over into the nullah, carrying the bushes along with him in his descent. Here, to our surprise, he recovered his legs and began to ascend the opposite bank, which he was effectually prevented from succeeding in, by a fire from the party stationed there, which had (as a French friend of mine remarked) the *effect of a cup of grease.*

To show the extraordinary tenacity to life of these animals, we examined him, and he was found to have two balls in the head and five or six in the body, at the first two discharges; nor did he fall till he had received nine wounds. —So much for bear hunting.

We moved out the next day and killed another, which showed good sport, as we were much amused by his making his appearance with a sudden rush out of his den, like a close shorn sheep, from the effect of the fire which we had applied for the purpose of driving him out. The day after we moved out, but were unsuccessful, killing but two sombre, and wounding an enormous tiger, which, from the tremendous nature of the ground, escaped. Here ends the three days' sport, and if you find this trifle worthy of insertion, I shall be inclined next cold weather to send another, and, I trust, more deserving article.

Yours, &c., &c.,
S. E. R.

Asseerghur, 21st Sept.

P.S.—I wish, my dear Mr. Editor, you would make known to your correspondents that the *Sporting* Magazine was never meant to be a receptacle for *sour criticisms and lines on dead canary birds.*

LION HUNTING.

Grand and inspiring sport, of thee I sing,
Framing my song in wild and untaught measures—
Of wily panther, and the savage forest king,
To hunters, dearest of the forest treasures.

And now behold! the Indian comes in haste;
That haste speaks volumes to the hunter's soul,—
He bids us hurry to the jungly waste,
And slay the monster, ere we drain the bowl.

Down falls the untasted cup, and up we spring;—
The accoutred steeds now hastily appear:
From calls succeeding quick, the menials bring
The murderous rifle and the goring spear.

In haste they mount, along the road they wind,
Not as the snake, but as the falcon sweeps,
Quick and impatient; and near approaching, find
The monster's lair beneath the craggy steeps.

The leader's whispering voice and warning hand
To each assigns his post; they quick repair,
This to the narrow gorge, that to yon point of land—
Thus placed; he's roused and rushes from his lair.

Now, hunters, calm your hearts, for well I ween
Much you'll require a steady hand and eye;
See! just beneath yon rock he's lurking seen,
Foretelling scenes of blood before he die.

The rifle's sharp report then quick succeeds,
His tawny sides are streaming now with gore;
Ere this a victim by his fury bleeds—
Ere this a hunter's death we must deplore.

Close to the spot the leader has his stand,
The monster rushes—the deadly tube is raised—
Swift hissing flies the lead, that steady hand
Was never known to fail, he rolls upon the sand.

Thus daring war we 'gainst our tawny spoil,
And by our danger give a zest to mirth,
These are thy sports, oh, Ind! and thus thy soil
Gives nerve and heart for deeds of greater worth.

S. E. R.

Doliah, 21st October, 1830.

SELECTIONS.

BOXING.

The SHAMROCK and the THISTLE; or, IRELAND versus SCOTLAND.

MATCH BETWEEN SIMON BYRNE AND SANDY M'KAY.

The long-pending match between Simon Byrne, "the tight Irish Boy," and Sandy M'Kay, the Champion of "the land o' cakes," for two hundred pounds a side, was decided on Wednesday last, without the most distant suspicion of the integrity of either of the men, and without interruption, although some alarm was excited on the morning of the mill. Fame has already recorded the merits of the men, and it will be recollected they once before entered the pugilistic lists together, when Byrne was victorious, although the prejudices of the "gude men o' the North" led them to think that Sandy, had the battle been prolonged, would have produced a contrary result. This feeling, added to Sandy's additional experience, led his friends to gratify him by giving him another chance, and thus the new match was made, both men being backed by *Corinthians* of the first order, whose only object was to preserve the sports of the ring, and to give encouragement to athletic exercises. Sandy was kindly taken in hand by the celebrated Captain Barclay, whose patronage and hard training of Tom Cribb will long live in the pages of Boxiana. He was invited to Ury, the seat of the gymnastic hero, and there underwent that strict discipline which was calculated to improve his stamina, and render him fully competent, as far as constitution went, to the task he had in contemplation. It was impossible, in fact, for a man to have been brought into better condition, or to have felt more perfect confidence in success. Byrne, who was backed by the *swells* of the "Sooth," trained at Brighton, in company with his old friend, Tom Reynolds, and up to Friday three weeks was all his friends could wish. Unfortunately, however, on that day, while playing ball with Reynolds in the barrack-yard, he sprained his ankle, and, ever after, almost to the eve of the all-important struggle, was under surgical advice. To the sprain was added a slight cold, which rendered it necessary to apply a warm plaster to his chest; but notwithstanding these disadvantages, such was his personal confidence, that he withheld the secret from the greater part of his friends, and "stole away" towards the scene of action without subjecting himself to close observation, although rumours were afloat that he was not exactly up to the mark.

The match, we have said, was made among the *nobs*, and a gentleman was appointed to name the place of meeting, whose knowledge of localities, it was thought, would enable him to select a spot free from objection. Various spots were mentioned, and at length the "office" was given in for Salcey Forest, on the borders of Northamptonshire and Buckinghamshire, about sixty miles from London. This fixture was kept a secret among a select few till the Monday before fighting, from a design to defeat the machinations of certain *honour-*

able members of the ring, who had repeatedly threatened to spoil sport; and this plan had the desired effect, although an attempt of a very suspicious nature was actually made, as we shall hereafter describe, to *grab* Sandy M'Kay on his way to the scene of action.

About a week before the appointed day, M'Kay set out from his training quarters to the seat of one of his backers in the South, and on the road was greeted by the good wishes of his countrymen. He was accompanied by George Cooper, who quitted Edinburgh for the purpose, and on Tuesday morning he was seated comfortably at the Watt's Arms, in the village of Hanslope, Bucks, close to the field of battle, where he was joined by the veteran, Tom Cribb. On Monday Simon Byrne and Tom Reynolds set out from London in the same direction, making their first rest at the Star, at Hockliffe, and proceeding the next day to the Cock, at Stoney Stratford, where they were joined by several of their friends, and all was pleasing anticipation of the forthcoming sports. At Stoney Stratford, as well as elsewhere, the secret was kept, and thus the muster of ordinary ring-goers was extremely thin, the arrivals principally consisting of a few fours and pairs, and an occasional *humane* "set out" of "three in a gig," in which it may be supposed the poor hired nags had the worst of the amusement. Phil Sampson and Young Dutch Sam arrived together at Stoney Stratford on Tuesday night, where they remained till the next morning. Bob Avery, from Glasgow, who had been defeated by Byrne, was also among the arrivals, as well as Ned Neal, Harry Holt, Peter Crawley, Reuben Marten, Arthur Mathewson, Dick Curtis, Perkins, the Oxford Pet, Jem Ward, Jack Carter, and other members of the London ring.

At ten o'clock on Wednesday morning, Byrne started for Hanslope in a chaise with some of his backers, and took up his temporary residence at the Green Man, and was there relieved with some difficulty from his warm plaster—after which he lay down to wait the signal for his march to action. He was in tolerable spirits, but his conscious deficiency in condition seemed to prey a little on his mind, and had a similar effect on the feelings of those who wished him success. We have already stated that Salcey Forest was named for the point of rendezvous; this, we believe, belongs partly to the Duke of Grafton, and also comprises a considerable portion of Crown lands; but it turned out that this was "sacred sod," for the noble duke having heard of the honour intended for his estate, his son, Lord Euston, sent a letter to Mr. Kent, the officer who has charge of the Crown lands, requesting him to prevent the affair from taking place either on the Grafton estate or the lands of the Crown, for which purpose he was desired to obtain the attendance of the constables in the neighbourhood, and, as a further assistance, Ledbetter, the active and intelligent officer of Bow-street, was sent down by Sir Richard Birnie to give all the aid necessary. No orders were given, however, to prevent the meeting in any other place. Mr. Kent, Ledbetter, and the *posse comitatus* were accordingly early on the alert, and, having had an interview with the Commissary-in-chief and his Deputy, an understanding was immediately come to that the most perfect obedience should be paid to their directions, and under

proper guidance the ring was formed on the "poor lands" of the parish of Hartwell, on the edge of the county of Northampton, for which purpose abundance of waggons were obtained from the surrounding farmers, and everything was conducted with perfect order and regularity.

All now looked well for the sport, and the Watt's Arms, where Sandy M'Kay was stationed, became the centre of attraction. Sandy was in company with George Cooper and Tom Cribb, and held a sort of levee, which was attended by his friends, and the friends of the ring who could obtain admission. He was in the most buoyant temper, and his colossal stature and determined aspect produced a strong prejudice in his favour. The throng now gradually thickened in the village, while others proceeded to the field of action.

In the midst of a general belief that "all would go on well," and without interruption, the sudden arrival of Mr. White, the chief constable of Newport Pagnell, and several assistants, excited some apprehensions, which were still further increased when they avowed their intention, under magisterial authority, to *grab* the Scotch Champion on his way to battle, for which purpose they stationed themselves at the foot of the stairs leading to his chamber, and at the front and back door. This was indeed a poser; but still a hope was entertained that the *swell* backers of Sandy would on their arrival make "all right."

In the interim, Byrne, to avoid similar kind intentions, was conducted by his friends along a back road to the appointed spot in safety, where he awaited the approach of his antagonist.

During the interval inquiries were made as to the inducement to "magisterial interference," when it was discovered that a letter had been sent off from Stoney Stratford in the dead of Tuesday night to Newport Pagnell, either to a magistrate or to the high constable, and suspicions naturally turned on persons known to have been at Stoney Stratford, who had not only indulged in threats, but had proved themselves decided enemies to the "sports of the ring." Whether these suspicions were well founded, we had no means of ascertaining; but they were evidently indulged not without "good and probable cause."

At twelve o'clock the expected "nobs" reached the Watt's Arms, and were as much surprised as mortified at the threatened interruption. Their eloquence was, of course, exercised to "stall off" the *traps;* but it was all in vain—these persons had their instructions, and expressed their determination to perform their duty. As it was known that the power of these *inexorables* did not extend beyond the county of Bucks, it now became a question for consultation how their vigilance was to be defeated so as to get M'Kay into Northamptonshire; and after due arrangement the following *ruse* was practised:—A stranger was dressed up in a Scotch cap and rough coat with instructions to make a rush through the phalanx of officers, and thus occupy their attention, while the real "Simon Pure" bolted through a back window, down a ladder into an adjoining meadow, and then to a carriage at a little distance, in which he was borne from pursuit. This masterly move was admirably effected throughout, and thereby the Caledonian and his friends reached the ring without further interruption, having no longer the fear of the *beaks* before their eyes.

The hour of one had now nearly

arrived, and M'Kay, accompanied by Tom Cribb and George Cooper, approached the arena, into which M'Kay flung a broad Kilmarnock cap, ornamented with an eagle's feather and orange tassel, which had adorned his pericranium. Simon Byrne at the same moment threw in his *castor* from the opposite side, and both, on entering the ring, shook hands with great good humour, M'Kay again mounting his cap with conscious pride, and no small self-consequence. The colours sported were green and yellow for Byrne, and blue bird's-eye for Sandy, which their partisans ostentatiously displayed.

The seconds and bottle-holders now busied themselves in preparing their principals for action. Tom Cribb and George Cooper for M'Kay. The moment the men were stripped their disproportion in point of size was visible to the spectators. M'Kay, although not above five feet ten in height, exhibited a frame of the most gigantic dimensions. His weight was allowed to be fourteen stone ten pounds, while his bone and muscle seemed, like those of Atlas, sufficient to bear the globe itself. His legs and arms were of prodigious bulk, the former encased in white silk hose, and his hands looked like a pair of sledge hammers. His chest was expansive, while his shoulders bore a hump like that of a dromedary, although not quite so protrusive. In his countenance there was a broad cast of Scotch humour, which, however, was intermingled with a fierceness of aspect, rendered more imposing by divers deep scars and gashes, the effects of former rencontres in the ring, some of which had been kindly administered by Byrne in their first battle. From his demeanour, victory was already in his grasp; and such was the effect produced by his appearance, that the friends of Byrne seemed to be almost paralyzed, and those who would previously have betted 5 and 6 to 4 on their favourite now became silent. Little betting in consequence took place, and that little at even. This state of doubt was further confirmed by the unpromising features of Byrne, whose countenance was pale and somewhat agitated, whose weight was scarcely 13 stone, and the colour of whose flesh wanted that clearness and freshness which are the true indications of good training. Little time was left for these comparisons before the seconds tossed for choice of position, and Reynolds was the winner. The ring was then well beaten out by ten pugilists, to be paid by the funds of the F. P. C., and, two umpires and a referee having been chosen, operations commenced.

The Fight.

Round 1. According to the Articles, the moment the men were brought to the "scratch" the seconds and bottle-holders retired to their respective corners. Sandy stood with his hands well up, waiting for attack, when Byrne made a slight feint with his left to draw him, but it would not do. Sandy was steady. Byrne now played round him *à la distance*, but at last went in and hit slightly with his left; Sandy countered as slightly with him. Byrne, all anxious for work, went in and jobbed with his left. Sandy returned the compliment; and after a rambling rally, in which no mischief was done, Byrne fell, Sandy falling over him (shouts for the Scotchman, and cries of "He'll win it").

2. Both to the scratch steady, Byrne again played round his

gigantic antagonist, and watched for an opening. Slight counter hits with the left, Byrne on the retreat, and M'Kay after him. Byrne popped in a job with his left and got away; he then put in a right-handed body-blow and jumped back. Sandy followed him manfully, when Byrne delivered a right-handed chopping hit on the side of his head. Sandy hit short, but in the next effort countered with the left, receiving a slashing job on his *crowdy* trap, which drew first blood (shouts for Byrne). Sandy then rushed in and caught Byrne in his arms with giant force; a severe struggle took place for the fall, which Byrne got, and threw his man a beautiful cross buttock. Byrne the favourite.

3. Byrne kept out, and tried to draw his opponent; at last he went in and again jobbed Sandy with his left. Sandy rushed to in-fighting, but his right-hand delivery passed over Byrne's shoulder, while his left was stopped. In the close there was a desperate struggle for the fall, but Byrne was unable to get the lock, and, after mutual fibbing, Byrne dropped to save further trouble.

4. Byrne again planted a right-hand chopper on M'Kay's nob, and stopped his left. He then broke away, and retreated. M'Kay followed him up, and forced him towards the corner of the ring. Simon broke ground, and got away; but M'Kay would not be denied, and went in to work, when he was met with a left-handed job, which he returned but slightly. Byrne was again busy with his right at the nob, when M'Kay closed for the fall. Byrne, who seemed powerless in his grasp, fibbed, and M'Kay played the same game. At last Byrne, finding he could not get the throw, broke away, jobbed with his left, and went down.

5. Byrne on the out-fighting system, kept his distance, and retreated before his man. At last, retreating to the ropes, M'Kay rushed to a close, caught him in his arms, and slightly fibbed him. Byrne, finding he had no chance to extricate himself from this state of peril, went down amidst loud *chaffing* from Sampson, Sam, and others, who called him *cur*, and other opprobrious epithets, and cheered on Sandy.

6. Byrne showed symptoms of weakness, and piped, while Sandy, in whose favour the *flash* side was uproarious, was as strong as a horse. Byrne made play with his left, and received a slight hit in return. Sandy rattled in to a rally, and in an interchange of hits Byrne received a right-handed slap on his left eye, which drew blood, and raised a slight swelling. A short rally, and exchange of hits, when Byrne again went down to avoid, amidst cries of disapprobation from M'Kay's friends. Byrne was evidently fighting the "old soldier," from a consciousness of his weakness and inability to cope with the strength of his opponent.

7. At the commencement of this round George Cooper offered to bet 10 to 5 on M'Kay, but no takers. Byrne kept out, and dodged the Scotchman, who, with hands well up, was anxious for the affray, and followed his man as he retreated. Byrne at length plunged in, popped his right-handed chop on Sandy's pimple, and retreated. He again watched for an opening, and put in a slashing left-handed job on the Scotchman's *ogle*. Good counter hits, when Sandy again caught Simon at the ropes. Byrne clung close to him, and though Sandy kept hitting with

his right over his shoulder, he was unable to make any impression. After a short struggle Byrne, finding he could do nothing, dropped from danger, and Sandy fell with his knee upon him, amidst the cheers of his *chaffers*, and loud shouts in prejudice to Byrne.

8. Byrne cautious, and still on the pipe. He kept away; M'Kay would not be denied. He rushed in, delivered a slight left-handed job, and closed. A sharp tussle for the fall, which Sandy got, and fell heavily on Simon. The Thistle the favourite.

9. The blood was now seen flowing from Sandy's scalp, giving evidence of the severity of some of Simon's right-handed choppers. Byrne, on the out-fighting system, then, followed by Sandy, who, on receiving a muzzler, closed at the ropes, meaning mischief; but Byrne went down, Sandy slightly upon him. Byrne fell out of the ring, and was again loudly "chaffed," and called cur and coward by some of the old pugilists.

10. Byrne, cool and collected, waited his opportunity, and delivered a terrific left-handed job on the cheek; this he repeated with additional severity, when Sandy closed, and a fine struggle took place for the fall. Sandy was immovable, and kept well from Byrne's crook, when Byrne went down—Sandy upon him.

11. Byrne, after a little outmanœuvring, put in a chopping hit on Sandy's head with his right, and visited his ribs with the same hand. On M'Kay rushing to return, Byrne went down on the cautious lay.

12. Byrne ready, but on the defensive; stopped Sandy's left, and jobbed him in return. A rally, in which hits were exchanged—both down.

13. Simon jobbed prettily with his left, and broke away; Sandy rushed to him, missed his right-handed blow, which went over Simon's shoulder. Simon, by way of return, hit him tremendously with his left, and cut a gaping wound in his cheek. This dose he repeated, and closed, when, after a stout struggle, he succeeded in throwing Sandy, and falling heavy upon him. (Simon's friends again all jollity, and the magsmen a little down on their luck.)

14. Simon popped in a right-handed body blow, and broke away. In retreating, M'Kay followed him up, and caught him at the ropes, when there was mutual fibbing. After a severe struggle Byrne down, M'Kay full upon him. (Here Reynolds seized M'Kay by the drawers, and pulled him off his man, amidst loud cries of disapprobation).

15. Simon jobbed his man, dreadfully cutting his right cheek, as well as his left, which bled profusely. He then fell as if from the force of his own blow (more chaffing).

16. Byrne retreated before his man, and drew him towards the corner of the ring; suddenly springing forward, he jobbed him dreadfully with his left, drawing more claret. Sandy bored in, and caught him in his powerful grasp against the ropes—as if in a vice. Tom Reynolds here threw himself on the ropes, and thus forming a sort of inclined line, Byrne slipped down, amidst more shouts from Sandy's friends—many of whom rushed to the side of the ring, and great confusion prevailed. Among others, the persons intrusted with the whips were most active in *rowing*, and they were with difficulty forced back.

17. Time was called during the row, when Simon threw in a heavy right-handed body blow. M'Kay returned, but without effect, with his left, and Byrne went down.

18. Byrne again cautious, and husbanding his strength. M'Kay, though a frightful figure, ready with his hands well up. Byrne at last went in, and heavy hits were exchanged. A tug for the fall followed, when Simon succeeded in getting his lock, and down went Sandy on the broad of his back (shouts for Simon).

19. Simon threw in a terrific job with his left between Sandy's eyes, and cut him to the bone. Sandy's left went over Byrne's shoulder. Simon planted another left-handed jobber on the new wound, and went down.

20. Byrne hit short at the body with his right, but planted a muzzler with his left. Sandy's blows seemed to fall powerless, and made but little impression. Simon jumped in with his left, giving a heavy snorter, and went down. The chaff-cutters again at work, but nothing unfair.

21. Byrne now scarce exhibited a mark, save the cut on his left eye, and the consequent puffing. M'Kay missed a left-handed job, but caught a dreadful counter hit. A rally, in which slight hits were exchanged, and Byrne went down.

22. Some good fighting on both sides; but M'Kay's blows seemed feeble. In the close M'Kay caught Byrne in his arm, and actually lifted him up at the ropes, while he fibbed him over the shoulder; at last Byrne got down.

23. Byrne put in two left-handed jobs in succession; but in return received a flush left-hander on the nose, which dropped him and drew his cork (again were the Caledonians in uproar, and their champion was loudly cheered).

24. Sandy had another chopping visitation to his noddle. Counter-hitting severe for the Scotchman, when Byrne went down, M'Kay upon him.

25, 26, 27, 28. The hitting all in favour of Byrne, who punished and went down, amidst loud cries of disapprobation from the Scotchman's friends.

29. Byrne jobbed his man dreadfully with his left, and then went to in-fighting, when he delivered more pepper. In the close he caught his man in a favourable position, and gave him a terrific fall.

30. Sandy's blows missed, while Simon's told severely. Byrne down.

31. Sandy came up as game as a lion, but, from the punishment he had received, was rather abroad. Simon jobbed him terrifically in the sore places; and in the close, catching Sandy's head under his arm, he fibbed him in the ribs with his right hand with killing severity. In the struggle both went down.

32. M'Kay came up a dreadful spectacle, bleeding from every pore, but still his noisy supporters urged him to additional exertions, and a braver fellow never breathed. Byrne, steady and cautious, waited upon his man; and, drawing a little back, plunged in with his left, and got away. M'Kay shook his gory nob, but kept his hands well up. Byrne made his right-handed chop, and again drew back. M'Kay went to him as bold as a true Scot; but, as he advanced, Byrne met him with redoubled force, with a flush hit on the nose: and, on repeating the dose, turned round with the force of the blow. M'Kay stood confused; when Byrne at him again, hitting heavily, and falling rather weak himself, while M'Kay was quite groggy.

33. Byrne jobbed with his left, and put in a body-blow with his right. M'Kay caught him a short lunge with his right in the body, and rushed in, when Byrne went down stopping.

34. Six to four on Byrne. Byrne threw in his right hand chopper. Mac missed a well-intended return, and Byrne went down in avoiding.

35. M'Kay jobbed with his left, but made little impression; again hit short with his right, and received a swinging hit from Byrne's right, who went down.

36. Jobbing hits from Byrne, which M'Kay stopped with his head. In the close, Byrne threw his man, and rolled over him.

37, 38, 39. All of the same character, heavy punishment from Byrne, who went down in every round. M'Kay repeatedly missed his blows, and could do no execution.

40. Simon jobbed his man dreadfully with the left. M'Kay returned, but there was no force in his blows. Simon planted his right on the head, and fell; M'Kay bleeding at all points, but still firm in purpose, though evidently with but slight chance of success.

41. A slogging round, tremendous jobs, and weaving hits with the right and left on both sides; both groggy and down side by side.

42. Sandy's hands still well up, and his eyes good; many hits missed on each side; Byrne popped in a heavy crack with his right and fell.

43. This was a terrific round; both fought with desperation, but the hits of M'Kay made no impression, while those of Byrne told severely. The round continued till both fell from weakness and exhaustion with their exertions.

44. Simon put in his right on the body, and fell (shouts of "shame," "stand up," "cur," &c). Byrne pointed to his left leg, and said he could not help it.

45. Sandy came up reeling. Byrne went to work, and jobbed him with stunning force right and left; the punishment was terrific. M'Kay was beat to a standstill. Byrne closed and threw him heavily on his head.

46. Loud cheers for Sandy, who was a dreadful spectacle; still he came up and stood well to his man. Byrne retreated to the ropes, and M'Kay after him, Byrne jobbing as he came in. A close at the ropes—both weak and incapable of doing much mischief. Both fell exhausted, but Byrne the fresher.

47 and last. Poor Sandy came up to make a last brave effort; but he was quite abroad. Byrne summoned all his remaining strength, hit away right and left, delivered the upper cut, and at last put in a heavy left-handed hit on Mac's throat, who dropped, not to come again. The unfortunate fellow, on being lifted on his second's knee, was quite senseless, and on time being called, he slipped down, incapable of stirring. Byrne was, of course, proclaimed the victor, after fighting fifty-three minutes, and after trying to shake hands with his game antagonist, left the ring. A surgeon immediately attended, and bled M'Kay, who exhibited a painful spectacle, with his head supported on a hat; and, after fruitless efforts to restore him to consciousness, he was carried to a carriage, and from thence back to the Watt's Arms, where every possible attention was paid to him; but unhappily without effect.

Remarks.

The fight, though desperate in its result, and although no glutton could have taken more punishment than the Scotchman, did not give general satisfaction. Byrne's repeatedly going down excited a strong prejudice in the minds of the spectators, who were not probably aware of the ill state of his

health, and the weakness of his left leg. He evidently felt that he had not a chance in struggling with a man so far superior in strength, weight, and condition, as the brave Caledonian was, in comparison with himself; and as "winning" was his game, he found it necessary to have recourse to stratagem, when open attack was not likely to succeed. This every man acquainted with the usages of the ring knows is fair —and therefore the abuse which some of the pugilists heaped on Byrne was unjustifiable, though certainly his mode of fighting was anything but popular. It is to be regretted that many of those who were employed to keep the ring were the first to set the example of disorder, and to do the very thing they ought to have suppressed. If chaffing could have lost the fight for Byrne, the fate of the day would have been different; but he maintained his temper to the last.

M'Kay, notwithstanding his bulk and courage, was a bad fighter. He was slow, and did not hit out from his shoulder. His blows, in fact, were more like shoves than hits, and then, when he did reach his man, he made but little impression, being always hit first in the counters. In fact, when Byrne came to be washed, he showed no visible marks of punishment beyond that on his left eye, which was slightly cut, swollen, and black. On his return to his inn at Hanslope, he ate and drank heartily—dined at Stoney Stratford, and was at the Castle Inn, Holborn, on Wednesday night at ten o'clock, having posted up with four horses, and flying colours. His hands were a good deal injured, especially the left, which was cut to the bone with M'Kay's teeth, and greatly swollen. The only surprise was, how, with his hands in such a state, he could have done so much execution.

Great credit is due to Tom Reynolds and Marten for their attention to their man; and the veteran Tom Cribb and Cooper did all that zeal could effect for one who was doomed to fall before the superior tactics of his antagonist.

Reynolds, in dragging M'Kay from his man, and in throwing himself on the ropes, produced a strong excitement against him, but the circumstances were not deemed unfair by the umpires, to whose judgment, of course, the whole affair was left. There certainly was no violation of Broughton's rules, nor was there any appeal to the referee. Strictly speaking, Byrne only acted the part of a good general determined to make the most of his physical resources.—*Life in London, June* 13.

Brown and Sampson.

This match, which our readers will recollect was made in February last for £200 a side, was to have been decided on Tuesday, according to the articles, within one hundred miles of Birmingham, and we ventured to hope that it would have come off in a fair and honourable way, stripped of all circumstances of suspicion or disorder, which might tend to excite new prejudices towards the already fast declining sports of the ring; but, unfortunately, we "reckoned without our host," and a new proof has been given of the degraded state to which certain classes of the Fancy have been reduced. From the concoction of the match but little interest was excited in the sporting circles, and but little betting took place—that little being in favour of Sampson,

who, we understood, was backed 5 to 4. This feeling in his favour was ascribed to his having defeated Brown in his last battle, and to Brown's increasing age, as well as to the injury which he received in his shoulder, and which, it was calculated, might operate to his disadvantage in any new exertion he might have to make with so determined a *miller* as the "Brummagem Youth." There might be other causes arising from *private* speculations, which, of course, remain secret; but whatever these causes were, they do not seem to have operated favourably towards bringing the fight to an issue; for, notwithstanding Sampson's vaunted superiority, he did not think fit to put the point to the test on the day named, thereby saving those friends who had backed him, at least from the risk of losing their money, as all bets were, of course, off. That there were good reasons for this resolution, we have no doubt; but that they will be explained, we think very improbable.

The match, we have already stated, was made at Birmingham in February, but the articles were drawn up, as we noticed at the time, with great looseness, and by a person who did not seem to understand the necessity of guarding against the subsequent objections, or, probably, who thought, if a fair and honest fight was meant, no advantage would be taken of verbal errors. Had he been dealing with the Fancy of the old school he would have been right in his conjectures, but in modern times "trickery and special pleading" have been substituted for manly feeling, and neither he nor the world must be surprised at the adoption of contemptible and fraudulent subterfuges. That Sampson and his friends were aware of the imperfection in the articles from the first is evident, and they, therefore, went on in their career with the full persuasion that, if things were not likely to come off according to their inclinations, they had it in their power at the last to creep out, as they did, and thus leave nothing to chance.

Brown, on the match being made, went into close training at the New Inn, Shipley; and Sampson, to all appearance, followed his example, by betaking himself to an inn at Perry-Bar, near Birmingham. The deposits were all duly made, and at last came the important question—not "where shall we dine?" but "where shall we fight?" By the articles it was provided "that on Saturday, the 8th of May, the place of fighting was to be named and agreed upon, at the Peacock, at Wolverhampton, at two o'clock in the afternoon, by a friend of each party," and upon this provision arose the "*mull*" to which the "no go" in the match is to be attributed. It will be seen by this stipulation that a positive duty is assigned to two mutual friends "to name and agree upon a place;" but if they cannot agree, there is no stipulation as to what is to be done to get over the difficulty—so that, in fact, they might debate for "a blue moon," and come to no agreement at all; and this, in fact, turns out to have been the case. Had the articles specified "that in the event of not agreeing, a toss should decide the difference," all would have been right; but this being omitted, it was at the option of either party to be as obstinate as he chose, and fight, or not fight, as might be agreeable to his interests or inclination. Appended to the articles was the further agreement—"Should any money be obtained for the advan-

tage of the fight in a particular place, that money to be equally divided between the men;" but this was, of course, subservient to the mutual agreement as to where that place was to be. On Saturday, soon after two o'clock, a Mr. Sankey, on the part of Sampson, met a Mr. Marshall (Clerk of the Course), on the part of Brown, at the Peacock, Wolverhampton. Mr. Beardsworth, the stakeholder, was not present on his behalf. The business was immediately opened by Mr. Marshall, who stated that Brown had been offered £50 to go to Ludlow, and asked if Sampson had any place to mention where the advantage would be equal. Mr. Sankey answered in the negative; but said that Sampson would not consent to go to Ludlow for less than £50. This was deemed unreasonable, and Mr. Marshall said if Sampson would give Brown £20 he would go to whatever place he might name. No proposition of this sort, however, was tendered; upon which Mr. Marshall said Sampson should have £30 of the £50 to be received at Ludlow, leaving Brown but £20 for his share. Still Sampson's party were inexorable—£35 out of the £50 was next mentioned; and at last Mr. Sankey, although he said he felt he was acting in violation of his instructions, offered to take £40. To this demand Mr. Marshall felt, in fairness to his principal, he could not accede; and thus the negociation broke off, no place being agreed upon, although Ludlow was named. An offer was made to toss for choice of place, whether by Mr. Sankey or any other person present does not appear; but that course not being provided for in the articles, nothing was done. From thenceforth all was doubt and uncertainty. The fancy of Birmingham and Wolverhampton were at a standstill, and rumours were pretty generally circulated that there would be no fight. Brown, Baldwin, and his friends had proceeded to Ludlow —but Sampson remained at Birmingham the whole of Monday, declaring in several sporting houses that he would not go to Ludlow unless he first received £50, alluding broadly to the imperfection of the articles of which he could take advantage, and saying that unless he received the £50, as the articles stated "that the stakes were not to be given up till fairly won or lost by fight," they should remain in the hands of the stakeholder for two years, by which time the recognizances in which he had been held at the Retford Session, for his connection with the fight between Hill and Mapping, in Nottinghamshire, would have expired. To this resolution he adhered throughout the day, and as at a late hour no new proposition arrived from Brown, he mounted his horse and returned to Perry-Bar, whither he invited his friends to dinner the next day. All idea of the fight coming off was now given up. Young Dutch Sam, Dick Curtis, Stockman, and other friends of Sampson, betook themselves to the joys of the table instead of those of the ring, and on Tuesday all remained stationary at Birmingham.

In the interim Brown and his friends arrived safely at Ludlow, where all was expectation and uncertainty; but as there was no distinct pledge on Sampson's part to come, few were sanguine in their belief that the fight would come off. On Tuesday morning at nine o'clock the Commissary and his *aide-de-camp* arrived at Ludlow, with the F. P. C. ropes and stakes, and, having reported themselves at head-quarters, were immediately ordered to form a ring in a meadow close to Ludlow

Bridge. This was done, and at a quarter to one Brown threw his hat into the arena, and having followed it accompanied by his second and bottle-holder, he remained till after one, when he announced his intention to claim forfeit. Before he returned to his inn he said, if Sampson came any time during the day, he would waive all objections to technicalities and fight instanter. Great indignation was expressed at Sampson's conduct, and maledictions "loud and deep" were poured upon him. The day passed without any further news from Birmingham, and thus the bubble ended. It has been asserted in a daily paper that no money whatever was put down for this fight. This we know, from the best authority, to be false, but as it casts an imputation upon Mr. Beardsworth, the stakeholder, who must of course have lent himself to the alleged deception, he will best know how to repel the attack; and it will be for him, acting fairly, dispassionately, and honourably, to say whether the claim of forfeit by Brown is not perfectly just. It is clear that on Brown's part there was no objection to fight—that he named a place, and most liberally offered to give two-thirds of the money he was to have received for Sampson to meet him. It is also clear that Sampson did not name any place himself, and wilfully avoided meeting his antagonist, to give him that fair and manly chance for which the match had been made, and this without any reasonable cause assigned. In an equitable point of view, this would entitle Brown to forfeit; but, as we before said, these are times when *milling* is conducted according to the niceties of *special pleading*, and it may, therefore, be expected that the fancy are again to be indulged in a display of *logic chopping* instead of *noddle chopping*. One thing is clear, however, and that is, that this additional dose of disappointment has increased the disease with which the friends of pugilism have been afflicted, and to all appearance must quickly hasten that dissolution — which by many is so "devoutly wished." Whether Sampson means or can give any explanation of his conduct, remains to be seen; but we have heard no more from Birmingham on the subject. When we left that town on Tuesday, we were informed Mr. Beardsworth was at Holyhead. Should this gentleman attempt to act in opposition to Sampson's party, he will, of course, incur great personal risk, and must, at least, calculate upon an action at law. At whatever cost, it is his duty to act honestly and fairly between the men.—*Life in London, May* 16.

EPSOM RACES.

When Mr. Maberley took these races in hand, there were but three days of indifferent—now there are four of capital sport; the Grand Stand held but forty —now it holds four thousand spectators; the pigeons were then few—now they assemble in flocks. We grieve to add, that the plucking has not proved productive in a similar ratio, for the rooks have increased at a still more rapid pace; no blame to Mr. Maberley for that, whom we strongly recommend to the patrons of York Race-course as the best qualified to raise its fallen honours.

The runs at Epsom this year were superb, and would have been more so, had it not been for the showery weather. The Derby went in the way that most of the calculators, always excepting

the losers, thought it would. Among the company on the occasion were the following :—

Duke of Portland, Duke of Leeds, Duke of Richmond, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Sefton, Lord Mountcharles, Lord Chesterfield, Lord G. Bentinck, Lord Lowther, Lord Jersey, Lord Surry, Lord Ranelagh, Lord R. Manners, Lord Errol, Lord J. Fitzroy, Sir M. Wood, General Grosvenor, Hon. E. Petre, Hon. Mr. Kennedy, Col. Udny, Mr. Fox, Capt. Byng. The Duchess of Richmond, Lady Lennox, and several other ladies, were also on the course.

TUESDAY, MAY 25.—The *Craven Stakes* of 10 sovs. each. Mile and a quarter. Thirteen subscribers.

His Majesty's ch. h. The Colonel, 5 yrs. 1
Mr. Roger's Harold, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. Gully's Clio, 3 yrs..... 3

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge :—Sir G. Heathcote's Lyric, 4 yrs. ; Mr. Petre's The Major, 3 yrs. ; Mr. Day's Busk, 6 yrs. ; Sir M. Wood's Cotus, 3 yrs. ; Sir M. Wood's Haji Baba, aged ; Mr. Grant's ch. f. Balchin, 3 yrs. ; Mr. Wagstaff's Jay, 3 yrs. ; Lord Sefton's Juryman, 5 yrs.

Won by two lengths with perfect ease.

This is the second year His Majesty has won the Craven Stakes at Epsom, Fleur-de-Lis having beat a large field in the last Spring Meeting. The odds were 2 to 1 against the Colonel, and 5 to 1 against Balchin.

The *Shirley Stakes* of 25 sovs. One mile.

Mr. Crouch's Jenny Vertpre..... 0 1
Mr. Cooper's b. c. by Bustard or Orville—Prima Donna ..... 0 dr.

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge :—Mr. Sowerby's Amorst ; Lord Warwick's f. by Partisan, out of Niobe ; Duke of Richmond's Confederacy ; Mr. Gardner's c. by Rubens, d. by Cracy ; Mr. Maberley's Eyrmus ; Mr. Scaith's b. f. Harmony, by Reveller ; Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. by Figaro, d. by Dick Andrews.

Produce *Sweepstakes* of 100 sovs. each, h. ft. One mile. Five subscribers.

Mr. Griffith's b. c. Thorngrave, by Smolensko 1
Mr. L. Charlton's f. by Master Henry —Dimity..... 2
Mr. Maberley's b. f. Salus, by Figaro 3

Three to one on Thorngrave ; a very poor race, and won by two lengths.

The *Tankard Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 30 added by the owner of Tankard. One mile.

Duke of Richmond's Juvenis, out of Pranks..... 1
Mr. Apperley's b. f. School Girl..... 2
Col. M'Douall's b. f., out of Peablossom 3

Three paid forfeit ; this was even a worse race than the last, Juvenis winning by ten lengths. No betting.

The *Middleton Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, Woodcot Course ; with 100 sovs. added by the owner of Middleton.

Mr. Young's ch. f. Alexandrina, dam by Buttercup 1
Mr. Maberley's ch. f. Antigona—Ambiguity 2

The following also started, but were not placed :—General Grosvenor's ch. c. out of sister to Idle Boy ; Duke of Richmond's ch. c. Shirley, out of Favourite ; Mr. Bogbie names out of Electress. 2 to 1 against Idle Boy ; a pretty race, terminated in favour of Alexandrina by half a length.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 26TH.—The *Surrey Stakes*, 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared

by the 18th of April. Derby Course.

Mr. Griffith's Musquito, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lbs. 1
Mr. W. Day's Augur, 4 yrs. 7st. 12lbs. 2

The following also started, but were not placed:—Mr. Maberley's Palemon, 5 yrs., 8st. 6lbs.; Duke of Richmond's Refugee, 3 yrs., 6st. 13lbs.

Mr. Sowerby's Toso, 6 yrs. 9st.; Mr. Maberley's Howard, 4 yrs., 7st. 6lbs.; Colonel Standen's Conrad, 6 yrs., 9st. 4lbs.; and Mr. Lucas's ch. f. "Maiden of the Mist," 4 yrs., 7st. 2lbs., paid 15 sovs. each; and four others only 5 sovs. each.

Betting—5 to 2 against Refugee (taken), 4 to 1 against Palemon, and 5 to 1 against Musquito. Won very cleverly by two lengths.

The *Gold Cup*, value 170 sovs. in specie, by subscribers of 10 sovs. each, and 20 added by the Racing Fund. The winner to be sold for 250 sovs. if demanded. Two miles.

Mr. Cooper's Merman, 4 yrs. 1
Mr. Bogbie's ch. c. Aaron, 4 yrs. 2
Mr. Brown's b. c. Watchman, 4 yrs. 3

Won by half a length.

The following also started, but were not placed by the Judge:—Lord W. Lennox's Miss Craven, 5 yrs.; Mr. Saddler's ch. g. Popinjay, aged; Mr. Scaith's b. f. Yelvs, 4 yrs.; Mr. Denison's Dolly Spicer; Mr. Ladbrooke's Link-boy, aged; Mr. Maberley's ch. c. by Middleton, out of Nanine.

The following paid:—Mr. Harris's Mazurka; Mr. Hedley's Blinker; Mr. Gully's Bigottini filly; Mr. Robert's Verderer; Mr. Sowerby's Gas; and Mr. Harris's John de Bart. Betting—5 to 2 against Merman, 5 to 2 against Aaron, and 9 to 1 against Dolly Spicer. The winner was claimed by Mr. North.

The *Woodcot Stakes* of 30 sovs. each, h. ft., half miles. Eleven subscribers.

Lord Lowther's f. Partisan, dam by Rubens, out of Penny-trumpet ... 1
His Majesty's b. c. by Mustachio ... 2
Mr. Lawrence's b. f. Fancy, sister to Fashion 3

Won by a neck only.

The following also started, but were not placed:—Duke of Richmond's Ardelia; Mr. Maberley's ch. f. Muley, out of Harriet; Lord Warwick's f. Partisan, out of Niobe; Mr. Rush's f. by Phantom, out of Discord. Betting—5 to 1 against Lord Lowther's, and 5 to 2 against his Majesty's.

THURSDAY, MAY 27.—The *Derby's Stakes*, of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; for three-year-old colts, 8st. 7lbs., and fillies, 8st. 2lbs.; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes. Mile and half. 89 subscribers.

Mr. Chifney's Priam 1
Mr. Ridsdale's Little Red Rover 2
Lord Exeter's Mahmoud 3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Lord Exeter's ch. c. Augustus; Mr. Petre's b. c. Brunswicker; his Majesty's b. c. Sir Harry Beagle; Sir M. Wood's ch. c. The Mummer; Sir M. Wood's b. c. Cotus; Lord Lowther's ch. c. Firman; Lord Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius; Mr. Tome's Port; Lord Sligo's br. c. Brine; Lord Cavendish's c. by Godolphin; Lord Exeter's ch. c. Red Rover; Mr. Ramsbottom's Zucharelli; Mr. Griffith's b. c. Thorngrove; Mr. Rush's b. c. by Comus; Sir D. Bird's Snooks; Colonel Wilson's Brother to Lamplighter; Lord Egremont's Brother to Grampus; Lord Grosvenor's Thermometer; Mr. Gully's Prima Donna; Lord Sefton's Captain Arthur.

Betting before starting—4 to 1 against Prima, 6 to 1 against Little Red Rover, 6 to 1 against Brunswicker, 6 to 1 against Sir Harry Beagle, 9 to 1 against Captain Arthur, 12 to 1 against

Augustus, 13 to 1 against Mahmoud, 16 to 1 against the Mummer, and 30 to 1 against Firman.

The race was appointed for two o'clock, and by that time the jockeys were ready at the starting post; but the delay occasioned by the extraordinary number of false starts (about fourteen) made it near a quarter to three o'clock before it was decided; and, to make the matter worse, the riders were exposed to a drenching storm for near an hour. The last start was beautiful: Prima Donna took the lead at a sound pace, followed by Lord Exeter's Red Rover, his little namesake lying next, with Port and Mahmoud, the others being well laid up in a body, Priam outside, nearly the last horse in the race. Prima Donna continued the running up the hill, when Lord Exeter's Red Rover challenged and went to the front; he kept there till just before the turn, and then Little Red Rover took the lead. Augustus coming up at the same time, these two maintained the running to the distance, where Mahmoud joined them; Priam had been in the rear till past the rubbing house; there Sam Day (the rider of the Priam) began to draw upon his horses, and at Tattenham Corner he was in the foremost ranks with Sir Harry Beagle, Brunswicker, Mummer, Thermometer, Brine, &c., but he waited with great patience till they got to the Grand Stand, where Augustus gave up, Mahmoud, at the same time, beginning to flag; Day then made a rush *à la* Chifney, shook off Little Red Rover after a short struggle, and won very cleverly by two lengths. Augustus was fourth, Brunswicker fifth, Sir Harry Beagle sixth, Mummer seventh, Thermometer being close with them, but all beat clear off. The Chifneys are great winners; so are Mr. Justice, Mr. Bland, Mr. Gully, Mr. Ridsdale, &c. Value of the stakes £2100. After the races, Priam rose to 4 and 5 to 1 for the St. Leger.

A *Silver Cup*, value 50 sovs., given by the Stand Committee, added to the sweepstakes of 5 sovereigns each; 3 yrs. old, 6st. 10lbs., 4 yrs. 8st. 8lbs.; 5 yrs. 9st. 2lbs.; six and aged, 9st. 5lbs. Mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. The winner to be sold for 500 sovs., &c. Two miles.

Lord Mountcharles's Rasselas, 5 yrs... 1
Col. Wilson's ch. c. by Emilius, 3 yrs. 2
Mr. Langham's b. f. Harmony, 3 yrs. 3
Lord Egremont's c. by Whalebone, 3 yrs..... 4

The *Durden Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 10 added: three years old, 7st.; four, 8st. 10lbs.; five, 8st. 2lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. A winner once in 1830, carrying 3lbs. extra; twice, 5lbs.; thrice, 7lbs. extra. The winner is to be sold for 150 sovs. &c. One mile.

Mr. Lumley's Goshawk, aged..... 1
Mr. Scott's Discovery, 4 yrs..... 2
Mr. Walker's Netherby, 4 yrs..... 3
Mr. Dockeray's Pilot, 6 yrs..... 4

Won easy by two lengths.

The *Denbies Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 10 added, for maiden horses; three years old, 7st.; four, 8st.; five, 9st. 2lbs.; six and aged, 9st. 5lbs. The winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c. Horses that have started four times allowed 7lbs. One mile.

Mr. Howes's Janette, 3 yrs..... 1
Duke of Richmond's Juvenis, 3 yrs.... 2
Mr. Lumley's ch. c. Miletus, 3 yrs... 3
Mr. Smith's Tancredi, 4 yrs..... 4
Mr. Young's b. f. Schoolgirl, 3 yrs..... 5
Mr. Crouch's b. g. by Anticipation, 3 yrs..... 6
Mr. Dickenson's Pauper, 4 yrs..... 7

Won by two lengths, after an indifferent race.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, and 50 added by the County Members;

for three years old, 7st.; four, 8st. 7lbs.; five, 9st.; six and aged, 9st. 3lbs. The winner to be sold for 300 sovs., &c. The owner of the second horse to save his stakes. Two mile heats.

Mr. Tomes's Foxcote, 4 yrs. (Darling)	1	1
Mr. Hadley's Blinker, 4 yrs	4	2
Gen. Grosvener's Tantivy, 3 yrs.	2	3
Mr. Colman's Bunter, 4 yrs	3	dr
Mr. Smith's Esperance, 3 yrs	5	br

Won cleverly.

FRIDAY, MAY 28th.—The *Oaks Stakes* of 50 sovs. each, h. ft. for three-year-old fillies, 8st. 4lbs. The owner of the second horse to receive 1000 sovs. out of the stakes. Last mile and half. Seventy-seven subscribers.

Mr. Stonehewer's f. by Bustard, out of Leeway's dam	1
Lord Sefton's Mouche	2
Mr. Benson's Jenny Vertpré	3

The following also started, but were not placed:—Lord Jersey's ch. f. Charlotte West; Lord Queensberry's Maria; Lord Anson's Zillah; Mr. Benson's Lady Blanche; Duke of Grafton's Brambilla; Mr. Greatorex's Citron; Duke of Richmond's Janette; Mr. Sadler's Design; Mr. Payne's by Bustard, out of Brown Duchess; Lord Exeter's Schumla; Lord Lowther's Victorina; Lord Lowther's Verdict; Mr. Thornhill's Carmine; Mr. Boston's Recovery, by Centaur (Harriett); Sir G. Heatcote's by Comus, out of Jane Shore.

The delay on the Derby was at least equalled by that for this race, which was not over till twenty minutes past three o'clock.

The betting fluctuated considerably before starting, the odds closing thus:—3 to 1 against Charlotte West; 7 to 2 against Mouche; 4 to 1 against Brown Duchess; 11 to 1 against Maria; 12 to 1 against Zillah; 12 to 1 against Victorine; 20 to 1 against Brambilla; 24 to 1 against Jenny Vertpré; 25 to 1 against Frederica; and '30, 35, and, in some instances, 40 to 1 against the winner.

The running was made by Jenny Vertpré, followed by Zillah, Mouche, Leeway, and Brambilla, the others beginning to tail off very early. Jenny kept up the running with great spirit till within the distance, but two or three changes had taken place in the mean time. Brown Duchess was beat at starting, and was soon after followed by the crack Yorkshire mare. Maria, Frederica, Citron, Jane Shore, Janette, and Design, were also beat early; nor did Lord Lowther's two make much show in the race. Charlotte West ran pretty well for a mile, and then cut it. At the turn, Leeway took the third place, which had been previously occupied by Zillah; who hung upon Carmine, forced her against a bank, and threw her down, her rider being much bruised. At this point, too, Mouche seemed to be quite done up. Jenny Vertpré kept in front till the Stand, as above stated; Leeway then went up to her, Mouche having now gained upon Brambilla, and coming up to Jenny in the last three strides, just in time to see Leeway win by two lengths, and to beat Jenny by a neck. Brambilla ran fourth.

The result was as great a surprise as the Derby last year, and particularly to Mr. Stonehewer, who testified his admiration of Edwards's riding by presenting him with five hundred pounds. He also received other presents before he dismounted. Immediately after the race, the mare was christened "Variation." Sir M. Wood, Mr. Gully, Mr. Justice, &c., are reported to be good winners on the race. Value of the stakes, £2275.

The *Woodcot Park Stakes* of 10 sovs. each, and 10 sovs. added, for three years old and upwards. Last half mile.

Mr. Maberley's Erymus, 3 yrs., 6st. 12lbs..... 1
Mr. Gardner's ch. c. by Rubens, 3 yrs., 6st. 7lbs. 2
Mr. Moot's Naughty Tommy, aged, 8st. 11lbs..... 3
Mr. Rush's Jenkins, 5 yrs., 9st. 4lbs. 4

One paid. Won cleverly by a length.

The *Union Stakes* of 10 sovs. each; for colts, 8st. 6lbs., and fillies, 8st. 3lbs., by Middleton or Cydnus, the owner of the latter adding 52 sovs. Woodcot Course.

Mr. Maberley's Antigone, by Middleton..... 1
Mr. Young's ch. f. Alexandrina..... 2
Mr. Farrel's c. by Middleton—Naughty Girl 3
Mr. Theobold's Half-pay, by Cydnus 4

One paid. Won cleverly by a length.

Match—50 sovs. Two miles.

Lord W. Lennox's Miss Craven, 9st. 4lbs. 1
Lord Ranelagh's Queen of Heats, 7st. 4lbs. 2

Won by four lengths.

Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each, and 50 added by the town; for three years old, 6st. 7lbs.; four yrs., 8st. 2lbs.; five yrs., 8st. 9lbs.; six and aged, 9st. Winners extra. Heats two miles. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs., &c., and the second horse to save his stake. Four subscribers.

Mr. Sadler's Popinjay, aged (Chapel) 1 1
Mr. Hedley's Blinker, 4 yrs..... 2 2

Won by a neck, after two severe heats.

St. Leger.—Priam is now at 7 to 3, Raby at 10 to 1, and Brunswicker at 33 to 1. Maria's running is expected to send Hassan back.—*The Spectator, May* 29.

ASCOT HEATH RACES.

In the course of the last two or three weeks various reports have been circulated respecting these races, taking their origin from the lamented illness of his Majesty. Their purport has been that the meeting would be postponed till his Majesty was sufficiently recovered to visit them. That such a thing was meditated by two or three noblemen connected with the Court, we have reason to believe, but the intention was negatived by the King himself, who at once declared that it not only should take place at the time affixed, but that his own horses should run, and all the other arrangements be carried on in the same spirit as if sufficiently well to attend personally. It was a proper compliment to pay to the sovereign, to whose special patronage and support this meeting is so highly indebted, and there can be no doubt that most of the noblemen who stand engaged in it would have consented to a postponement; but it is clear that the meeting could not have been put off, for racing engagements are positive, and any adjournment without the consent of all the parties would have been invalid—it would have opened a door to serious evils, and have enabled every person, whose horses were entered in stakes for which they had little or no chance of success, to declare their engagements off, or they might have brought them to the ground on the day fixed, walked over the course, and claimed the stakes. We believe that, in either case, the Jockey Club must have supported them; nor do we think that anything would justify the postponement of a racing meeting, without the approbation of every subscriber to the stakes. Since the last meeting, Lord Maryborough has turned his attention to the improvement of the racecourse, and has succeeded in rendering it one of the most complete

in the kingdom. Under his directions the course has been underdrained in all directions, and about £200 expended in forming a new gallop for the horses all round, to avoid having them on that part of the heath appointed to the running; it is now in the best possible order. His lordship meditates other alterations, which cannot fail of being beneficial to the sport. In the stakes appointed for decision there is a marked improvement, their aggregate value exceeding that of any former meeting by £2000 or £3000, and in this respect we would notice a superiority over most other places. The stakes are not only well filled, but also by those who can pay, most of the nominations being of the highest respectability. At other meetings it is sufficient to get plenty of names to a stakes without any care whether they are available ones. In fact, Lord Maryborough has purged Ascot Races of many of the evils that had been complained of previous to their coming under his stewardship, and is unceasing in his endeavours to promote their interest and respectability. The great attraction of the meeting, however, is lost, and there can be no doubt that the lamented illness and consequent absence of the sovereign will have a material and prejudicial effect on his attendance, for thousands have been in the habit of visiting Ascot Heath races as much to see the King as from any desire to enjoy the sport. The royal stand presented a woeful change. There was no anxious look-out for the approach of the royal procession—no grouping of spectators in front of the stand —no enthusiastic cheering on the appearance of his Majesty at the window! In fact, none of the wonted attributes of a meeting which for many years has had almost the exclusive patronage of Royalty.

The race-course presented the same regular appearance as usual —the old regulations for the preservation of order having been strictly enforced. As a proof of Lord Maryborough's admirable discipline, we may state that the Marquis of Worcester was very politely handed across the course just before the last sweepstakes— —a constable holding each arm, and several noblemen and gentlemen in the Jockey Club stand giving additional effect to the scene by crying out, "duck him," "mind your pockets," and divers other advices of a similar nature, much to the amusement of the spectators. The Marquis bore the joke with perfect good humour. The course was kept excellently. The attendance of general company was certainly less numerous than we have seen on a first day, nor did we perceive many of the nobility who have have usually been present when the King has graced the Heath with his patronage. To the melancholy illness of his Majesty must be attributed the shortness of the following list of fashionables:—Duke of Grafton, Duke of Leeds, Duke and Duchess of Richmond, Duke of Portland, Duke of Rutland, Marquis of Graham, Marquis of Cleveland, Marquis Clanricarde, Marquis of Worcester, Marquis of Tavistock, Marquis and Marchioness of Exeter, Lord Normanby, Lord Maryborough, Lord Jersey, Lord Anson, Lord Durham, Lord Sefton, Lord Uxbridge, Lord Cavendish, Lord G. Bentinck, Lord Ranelagh, Lord H. Bentinck, Lord Mountcharles, Lord Jersey, Lord Wilton, Lord J. Fitzroy, Lord F. Cecil, Lord Warwick, Lord Chesterfield, Lord C. Manners,

Lord C. Somerset, Count Montrond, Hon. Col. Anson, Hon. Capt. Rous, Col. Russell, Col. Udny, Col. Standen, Col. Clinton, Sir I. Shelly, Sir M. Wood, Sir D. Baird, Col. Peel, Col. Crawford, Col. Clifton, Messrs. D. Radcliffe, Payne, Holyoake, Byng, Hungerford, J. Mills, F. Mills, Poyntz, Dowdeswell, Stanley, Hunter, Rush, Benson, Bulkeley, &c., &c.

The races finished at a late hour as follows:—

Match, 100 sovs. each, h. ft. Old Mile.

Lord Mountcharles' Coronet, 5 yrs. 8st. 5lbs. 1
Mr. W. Day's Augur, 4 yrs., 8st. 2

Even betting. Coronet made all the running, and, although pressed close at the finish, was never headed, winning the match by a neck only. Rode by G. Nelson; Augur, by C. Day.

The *Oatlands Stakes*, of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft. for all ages. Two miles and a half.

Mr. Cooper's Merman, 4 yrs., 7st. 4lb. 1
His Majesty's Hindostan, 5 yrs., 8st. 7lbs. 2
Lord Worcester's Maresfield, 6 yrs., 8st. 9lbs. 3
Capt. G. Bulkeley's Bustle, 3 yrs., 6st. 4lbs. 4
Duke of Portland's Theban, 4 yrs., 8st. 5
Mr. Crosby's Masaniello, 5 yrs., 8st. 2lbs. 6

Five paid forfeit; 2 to 1 against Merman; 7 to 2 against Theban; 4 to 1 against Maresfield; 5 to 1 against Hindostan. Masaniello took the lead, followed by the others at a moderate pace to the first turn, when Merman went at once to the front, was three or four lengths before the others during the remainder of the race, and won very easy by three lengths; rode by Pavis, Hindostan by Nelson, Maresfield by Robinson, Bustle by a lad, Theban by J. Day, and Masaniello by C. Day. Merman has been sold to Lord Warwick, to be delivered after this day's races. The price was £400, considerably below his real value.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs., h. ft., colts, 8st. 8lbs. The winner of the £2000 to carry 5lbs. extra; of the Derby 7lbs. extra; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lbs. Old Mile.

Mr. Chifney's Priam (7lbs. extra) ... 1
Lord Cavendish's Mouse colt 2
Lord Exeter's Mahmoud 3

Fifteen others were frightened out of the field by the mere terror of Priam's name. The race created no inconsiderable degree of interest, as much from the deserved celebrity already obtained by Priam, as from the influence his running must necessarily have on the St. Leger betting. With 7lbs. extra a defeat would not have been extraordinary; but a victory with such a drawback proves him to be a horse infinitely superior to anything of his years that has appeared in public. The opinion entertained of him may be imagined from their betting 3 to 1 on him; 7 to 2 against Mahmoud; and 14 to 1 against Mouse. It was what jockeys term a "short run race," Priam got off first, but Sam Day instantly drew back, and let Mahmoud take the lead, Mouse lying third; they maintained their respective places till just past the betting stand, when Priam made a slight increase in the speed, Mouse at the same time getting up to Mahmoud; the rest of the ground afforded a pretty race for *second* between Mahmoud and Mouse (which the latter won by a head only), but Priam, in three or four strides, gave them a second edition of his Derby running, and, with nine stone on his back, won by a length with perfect ease to him-

self. Chifney intended to ride him, and had actually weighed; he subsequently changed his mind, and put Sam Day on him; he rode quite as well as at Epsom. The Mouse colt was ridden by Arnull, and Mahmoud by Dockery. Value of the stakes, £1050, including the winner's stakes. The result of this race will give a pretty correct notion of what may be expected at Doncaster.

His Majesty's Plate of 100 guineas; 4 yrs., 10st. 7lbs.; 5 yrs., 11st. 12lbs.; and aged, 12st. Four miles.

Lord Warwick's Merman, 4 yrs. 1
Lord Mountcharles's Gayhurst, 4 yrs 2
Duke of Portland's Theban, 4 yrs..... 3
Mr. Grant's Navarin, 4 yrs. 4
Mr. Boast's Fair Play, aged 5

Gayhurst and Merman were at evens to 2 to 1 each. The former made all the running in the first round at a slow pace; at the second turn Merman took up the running, with about the same lead as in his first race; Gayhurst kept second to him to the distance, and then made his push, but was defeated rather cleverly by half a length. Rode by Paris; Gayhurst by Nelson; Theban by J. Day; Navarin by Forth; and Fair Play by W. Boast. Merman became Lord Warwick's property after the Oatlands.

Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for fillies, 8st. 5lbs.; untried stallions or mares allowed 3lbs. Old Mile.

Duke of Grafton's Brambilla 1
Lord Sefton's Mouche 2

Only these two came to the post out of an entry of eighteen. Betting—7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Mouche, who, it will be recollected, beat Brambilla easy in running for the Oaks. Mouche made the running at a smart pace to the distance, when Brambilla came up; a very fine race followed, and terminated in favour of the Duke of Grafton, by a head. H. Edwards rode Mouche. Value of stakes, £1000.

Match—100, h. ft. Half mile.

Mr. Gardener's b. c. by Abjer, dam by Cervantes, 8st. 3lbs. (Pairs) 1
Mr G. Bulkeley's ch. f. Cherrymoya, 8st. 2

Won easy by two lengths. No betting.

Match—100, h. ft. 8st. 4lbs. each. New Mile.

Mr. Charlton's b. f. Inexpressible recd. Mr. Theobald's ch. f. Celerity pd.

Match—50, h ft. Old Mile.

Mr. Scaith's Wigwam (late Convert), 7st. 4lbs. (Pairs) 1
Lord Ranelagh's Queen of Hearts, 8st. 10lbs..... 2

Won easy.

After the race to-day, Priam was backed for the St. Leger, at 9 to 4, and at last at 2 to 1, to a large sum.

The accounts given on the Heath of the King's health were of the most gloomy kind, and induced apprehensions that he could not survive the day.

HORSE RACING.

The people of England, according to Fitz-Stephen, took great delight in horse-racing even so early as the time of Henry II. The citizens of London, he informs us, would go in crowds to witness the diversion. In the days of good Queen Bess, races appear to have been greatly in vogue; and it is said that the nobility expended immense sums in endeavouring to improve the breed of horses. It is recorded that the famous George, Earl of Cumberland, wasted great part of his estates "by his extreme love of horse-races, tiltings, and other expensive diversions." About the year 1600, private matches by gentlemen, who always rode upon their own horses themselves, were very common. In the reign of

James I., many public races were established in different parts of the kingdom. Races were run in Hyde-park at the latter part of the reign of Charles I.; but it was in the time of the second Charles that this species of amusement was most patronized. Newmarket, though it had been formerly famous only for hunting, now first became a place of great racing notoriety, which it has ever since maintained. Charles frequently attended this place in person, and so fond was he of the sport, he established races for his own amusement at Dacket Mead when he resided at Windsor. He also gave a silver cup, to be run for on the different courses in the kingdom, the value of which was 100 guineas. William III., who was remarkably fond of horses, was a great patron of racing. He confirmed the gift of the plates, and enacted some new regulations for the turf. George I. discontinued the plates, and gave in their room 100 guineas. In the 30th year of George II. an act was passed for putting down races by ponies, &c., "by which all matches for any prize under £50" are prohibited, under a heavy penalty. It is also there ordained that every race must be begun and ended on the same day. There are at Newmarket two courses, the long and the round; the former is four miles 380 yards, the latter three miles 1360 yards. Childers, considered the swiftest horse ever known, has passed over the long course in seven minutes and a half, the round in six minutes and forty seconds, which is at the rate of nearly fifty feet in a second! No other horse has gone over the long course in less than seven minutes and fifty seconds, or over the other in less than seven minutes. It is supposed that a racehorse passes twenty-five feet at every spring. It has been said that the celebrated horse Eclipse used to cover twenty-seven or thirty feet at each bound.—*Liverpool Albion.*

WRESTLING.

The great match, for £50, between Francis Oliver, a Cornishman, and Philip Pyle, a Devonian, was decided on Monday last, at the Eagle Tavern, in the City-road; and, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, such was the interest it excited, that from 600 to 700 spectators were present. About half-past five, the rain having abated, the men entered the ring, commenced play, and in a few minutes Oliver succeeded in gaining the first fall. In the next bout Oliver displayed one of those feats of strength and dexterity which, from their imposing appearance, always gain him so much applause. Seizing Pyle by the middle, he turned his heels over his head, considerably above his own, and then laid him rather gently on the grass; but he (Pyle) not falling precisely on his back, the exertions of Oliver were only rewarded by the applause of the spectators. In the next bout both men fell on their knees, owing to the slippery state of the grass; but Oliver quickly regained his footing, and shoved Pyle, while yet on his knees, on to his back, and, conceiving he had won the match, which was to be decided by the first two falls, quitted the ring, and refused to return, although the umpires decided the act to be unfair. The clamours of the spectators, however, became so general, that he at length thought proper to return and again set-to. Pyle, in this bout, was near making a tie with him, but it turned out to be only a foil. Pyle then commenced kicking

tremendously, which Oliver but slightly returned, and it was pretty generally thought that Oliver was getting weaker, while his opponent appeared to be improving both in strength and confidence, animated by the cheers of his friends, many of whom called out "Go it, Pyle—kick away;" and so he did, for a considerable time, and then took the inner crook upon Oliver's left leg, and clung to him like a leech, but was unable to move him. At this critical moment, Oliver shifted his hold lower down, to give him a greater purchase to effect what he was about to do, placed himself firmly on his right foot, and, raising his left leg, disengaged himself from the crook, and threw Pyle a most decisive fall, which terminated the match in his favour. The company then separated. The stakes were paid over to Oliver on the following night, at the house of Mr. Brown, the John o'Gaunt, Duke-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Another match was to have been played on the same day at the Golden Eagle, in the Mile End-road; but, owing to the interest excited by the above match, we understand it was relinquished by consent of both parties.

The annual Cornish match, the greatest in the kingdom, being patronized by the nobility and gentry of the counties of Cornwall, Devon, &c., will commence to-morrow (Monday), and be continued for three days, at Wellington Cricket Ground, Chelsea. Seventy guineas and upwards are already allotted in prizes, to be divided amongst the must successful players. Great exertions are said to have been made by the managers for some months past to procure the best players from both counties, to gratify the noblemen and gentlemen who usually attend this match, so as to exhibit the game in its greatest perfection. —*Life in London, May* 16.

MR. KEAN'S SEVENTH ANNUAL MATCH.

Thursday last may be considered as the commencement of the Aquatic Season (and perhaps on no former occasion was it opened with greater *éclat*), it being the day on which the annual prize wherry, denominated the "Shakespear," given by Edmund Kean, Esq., who, it would appear, spared neither expense nor trouble in rendering the match in every respect worthy the attendance of those amateurs of distinction and respectability, who have generally honoured it with their presence. The prize has hitherto been contended for by seven pair of oars, but on this occasion the custom was deviated from (and, as the result proved, with great success and gratification), it being rowed for by fourteen pairs of sculls—seven boats, two pairs in each. Such distribution being unprecedented in the annals of the sports on the river, the novelty of circumstances drew together, notwithstanding the chilly and lowering weather, an assemblage of aquatic respectability, in every denomination of boats, that has been seldom equalled, certainly never surpassed, at so early a period of the season. The Emerald, manned by eight of the British firemen (the lines being taken by the able conductor of this and all previous matches—Mr. White), was again in requisition as the starting galley, and Mr. Kean and Mr. Lee having taken their seats with the well-known banner of the former gentleman flying over their heads, she was pulled up to Westminster Bridge. Several other gentlemen

followed in Mr. White's wherry, with the Union Jack hoisted in her; amongst whom where Messrs. Barrymore, Seymour, Stanfield, Tilson, and Webster. Having recently specified the conditions of the match in our paper, it will be unnecessary again to enumerate them; suffice it to state that the following men took their stations at Westminster Bridge.

SCARLET—
John Williams, Waterloo Bridge;
James Gregory, Bankside.

WHITE—
Charles Brumwell, Bankside;
Thos. Dodd, Hungerford.

PURPLE—
Wm. Rayden, Waterloo Bridge;
John Harris, Bankside.

LIGHT BLUE—
Wm. Byford, Lambeth;
Edmund Brumwell, Old Swan.

PINK—
John Becket, Westminster Bridge;
James Crawley, Hungerford.

GREEN—
James Dodd, Hungerford;
Samuel Stubbs, Waterloo Bridge.

YELLOW—
Thomas Jones, Whitehall;
James Jones, Hungerford.

On the signal being given, the whole went away in a manner as admirable as it was interesting, and afforded to the "thousands" present a treat of no mean description. Scarlet, Green, White, and Yellow were so close together in passing the Penitentiary, that one of the many sails which were unreefed on this attractive day would have encompassed the whole, and even on their shooting the bridge it was difficult to ascertain which had the lead. White, however, managed to pop the nose of their boat through a few seconds before Green, Scarlet being close on the quarter of the latter, and the Yellow boys near him. In going up, a change took place, Scarlet passing Green off Nine Elms, and eventually taking the lead from White, and the Purple heroes, who were sixth through Vauxhall Bridge, following close in rear of the lads of the Green emblem, who were third off the Red House. Light Blue had a tinge of their colour on their mugs at Battersea, and instead of overheating themselves at rowing, they pulled in at Swayne's, and perspired over the good things there provided. The others gallantly kept at their work without any alteration in position, until going round the boat off Lawn Cottage, when Purple succeeded, by dint of exertion, in cutting off Green, thus placing themselves in a situation which entitled them to contend in the grand heat. They arrived at the Red House as follows:—Scarlet first, White second, Purple third, Green fourth, Pink fifth, Yellow sixth. At the conclusion of this heat Mr. Kean and his friends proceeded to a private room, and partook of refreshments, while the men enjoyed themselves below. The light-fingered gentry made several grand and simultaneous rushes among the dense crowd, and the policemen and the disorderlies had several skirmishes. After two hours had elapsed as above described, the signal was given for preparation, when Scarlet, White, and Purple took their respective stations for the concluding heat. The tide having turned, they were started downwards. On going off, White if anything had the advantage, but Scarlet manfully exerted themselves, and shortly went ahead, going through Vauxhall Bridge about two oars' lengths in advance. Purple and White, having shot contrary arches, came in contact when rounding the pier, and before they could disengage themselves Scarlet had the lead considerably. The interest of the heat was consequently in a great measure lost,

although there could be but one opinion of Scarlet continuing the lead, even if the delay had not taken place between Purple and White. After Scarlet had rounded the boat off Lawn Cottage, they came down to the Red House, rowed alongside the excellently-built prize, when Williams jumped into her, and rowed off amidst deafening cheers, the band playing "See the conquering hero comes." Among the betting gentry, Williams and Gregory were decidedly the favourites, from the period when it was first ascertained they were to row together, and after the first heat as high odds as 6 to 1 were offered on their winning the boat. Charley Brumwell's arms were much swollen at the conclusion of both heats. Rayden and Harris did more than was expected of them on this occasion, and, by their coming in so gallantly in the first heat, proved their stamina to be of the right sort. The winning men rowed in a beautiful boat, lately built by Honey and Archer, for an amateur. Mr. Kean's celebrated canoe was paddled ahead of the match in excellent style, by Messrs. Easton and Storey, of Strand-lane, attired in uniform, and had a good effect. We never witnessed a match which gave greater satisfaction, or one more efficiently conducted throughout. It will, no doubt, be the precursor of many similar ones.

On Friday afternoon the new wherry, with the winning men in her, was placed in a four-wheeled van, and conveyed from Waterloo Bridge, preceded by a band of music, to the cottage of Mr. Kean, in the Regent's Park, when Williams and Gregory returned thanks for the patronage so liberally bestowed on them. Mr. Kean having again showered forth his bounty on the men, the whole party returned in high *spirits*, giving a call on their way back at the stage door of Old Drury, where three cheers were given in grand style. The boat at present remains within the railings of Waterloo Bridge, it not as yet being decided which of the men will take her.

THE

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ANTELOPE COURSING.

SIR,

Having frequently observed in your valuable Magazine allusions to the impracticability of running down antelopes with greyhounds, and conceiving that any communication on the subject will be acceptable, I have determined to offer you a few lines for the O. S. M., should you think them worthy of insertion. Mr. K——, well known as one of the best sportsmen on this side of India, during a residence of about three months at Point Calymere in the Tanjore Province (a place resorted to by many during the hot season), killed upwards of *eighty* antelopes with his dogs this year. Start not, gentle Editor, but check your incredulity whilst I give you the particulars, after which, should you still have any doubts on the subject, I don't mind betting you the amount of the profits of the "Magazine" (and those I take it are no trifle*) that he would do the same next year. Being much of the same opinion as most other people regarding the impossibility of catching them, he had, of course, never thought of slipping his dogs at them, until one day, whilst coursing a fox, his dogs took after a buck antelope and pulled him down. This being repeated a second time, and thus finding that they were "to be had," he made a practice of going out after them; and the same success attending him during the time he remained there, the result in the end was, as I have stated above, more than eighty killed. Many (I should think one-third) were black bucks, and the remainder full-grown does, with a few fawns. His dogs, although of the best English blood, bred in the country, are not, of course, superior to those of many other gentlemen who have often experienced the fruitlessness of slipping them at these animals, nor is the nature of the ground unfavourable to them (the antelopes), for, although the soil is sandy, it is hard and covered with grass, and they scarcely leave a mark on it with their feet. The sport is upon the whole very pretty, being a complete race, tail on end, generally for about a couple of miles, though frequently they are caught almost immediately, and as frequently beat the dogs altogether; and, as there is no turning, any number of dogs may of course be

* If our subscribers would but pay their subscriptions.—ED.

slipped. The inferiority in speed and bottom of the antelope at this particular place is only to be accounted for by the peculiar nature of the situation acting on their general *condition.* The plain on which they are caught is between the sea and a very deep jungle, and beyond that again is the broad salt swamp (as may be seen in any map of India) which runs along the whole part of the coast, lying east and west for about forty miles. The antelopes are found for a long distance up the small strip of dry land which lies between the sea and the swamp, and which, I believe, they never quit; and a very curious fact regarding them is that in these places there is not a single drop of fresh water to be found. So much is this the case, that the people who resort there for the purpose of carrying salt fish are obliged to take water with them from a very great distance. The only moisture which they can get must be, therefore, derived from the herbs which they eat, and they may in that respect be similar to rabbits, which never, I believe, require to drink. Notwithstanding this, their meat is very juicy and good to eat, and this perhaps is as marked a particular in which they differ from other antelopes as can be adduced, for in most parts of the country their flesh is generally black, dry, and scarcely eatable. In connection with this fact it may not be out of place to notice that one Strabo, speaking of the "*Kolas*" or ("*Antelope Scithica*"), says "it draws through its nostrils a great quantity of water, which it retains in its head, and which serves to supply it with moisture for many days in the desert." Concerning this fact, I don't pretend to offer and opinion. I can only say that I have seen many heads opened, but never found any water in them, and as probably Mr. Strabo never caught one himself, it may safely be conjectured that his informant was *a humbugging of him.* In conclusion, I would recommend any of your readers who may think it worth their while, when they have an opportunity, to try the antelopes which they found on the coast, which, like coast foxes, may be slower than their inland brethren.

Your obedient servant,

B.

Tanjore, Dec. 17th, 1830.

SNIPE SHOOTING.

SIR,

Snipe shooting in India may generally be said to come in about the middle of May, and of all shooting it is universally allowed to be the best. In some parts, however, these birds make their appearance nearly a month before this time, as for instance in all rice countries like the Konkan, whence, as the hot season advances, and the rice fields become parched, they are driven to the more permanent bogs and tanks, for boring ground, where they will be found merely up to the time of the setting in of the Monsoon. At the latter end of the season they are rarely to be found in the Konkan, save in a few instances, and should any sportsman feel inclined to rusticate a short time, I shall mention one, and recommend him, for snipe shooting, to take up his quarters in the southern Konkan, at Malwa, within five miles of which place is Kundlegown, the name of a village well known to most of the Konkanney shots, its neighbouring marshes affording

the very quintessence of snipe shooting. The nature of the ground consists of well-flooded rice fields intersected by small canals or ditches, which are well filled by the sea at high tides only, but never so deep as to prevent the sportsman from crossing them, unless, indeed, he be of that dissoluble nature and so indifferent in the pursuit of game as to object occasionally to wading up to his middle after it, and even for such a description of shooter there is abundance of sport. The ground being plentifully supplied with springs of fresh water, and the sea flowing into the creeks, it consequently becomes the object of attraction to all aquatic game, and more particularly the boring tribes (*Snipes*, &c.), which are seen earlier and depart later in the year from this place than any other country I ever visited. The distance of marsh extends about two miles. There is another extensive snipe ground about the same distance from Malwa, called Aari, nearly in the same direction as Kundlegown; both together, I should say, were capable of affording two days' first-rate sport per week, and throughout the season. These hints may not be unacceptable to those sportsmen who visit the Southern Konkan; and, trusting that those who avail themselves of what I have here stated may not be disappointed, I wish them every success, and remain yours,

A Subscriber.

TOUR BY NOSING TOM.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Towards the close of last month I had occasion, more from necessity than choice, to undertake a journey of some length; and although I saw nothing on my *beat* which can, from its sporting stamp, lay claim to insertion in your Magazine, you may yet, perhaps, find it convenient to set aside a column or two, if it be only for the making known that I did not travel with my eyes in my *pocket;* At last we discovered three reposing upon a ledge on the north-for I have a sad horror of your rubbish basket.

Asperæ facetiæ, ubi nimis ex vero traxere, acrem sui memoriam relinquunt, is a scrap of Latin which I have good cause to recollect, since it brought me many a sound flogging in my school-days; and it would not perhaps form a bad motto to my present letter. You can give a better translation of it than I can, so I shall proceed without further ado to my journey, the commencement of which gave promise of subsequent misfortune; for, from some mismanagement, I found myself seven hours on the back of my old gelding, by which time, the "funny" being all expended, I reached K— at "Mirk midnight," in that bungling sort of shuffle yclept "*the Woolwich.*" This was the first place with any pretension to *respectability* in the map I had adopted—a muster of miserable thatched cottages, the smoke-dried inmates renowned only for their growth of *grapes* and *cabbages*. But I had contrived to hit the wrong time of the year, and found the *grapes were sour;* as for the cabbages, they are much like their neighbours, with the disadvantage of being five times as big.

K— is not more than a morning's breathe from *Aurungabad*, a famous populous city in days of yore, but falling fast to decay for want of a little *rhino*. On the road is a ruinous old castle on the top of a high hill, and I was curious to see it; but the good people

at the gate, observing "the screw" to carry a little less meat on his bones than he might have done, and to be a trifle painted about the flanks, refused me admittance without an order from *Mr. Martin*, of humanity-act notoriety. On second thoughts I was not sorry for it, for the folks inside might with the like condescension have objected to let me *out again*.

I journeyed hence, with all the dispatch my grunting quadruped was master of, to *Nuggur;* and it is with unfeigned sorrow I am compelled to record the utter extermination of the sport which once rendered that neighbourhood so congenial to all true lovers of such scenes. The far-famed supporters of *artificial scent* have, as it were, dropped off one by one, and no one has risen up to supply their place. I visited the kennel where my ear had oft been greeted by the enchanting music of a well-disciplined pack, but, alas! denuded brats ran riot in its broad area, and sullen pestilential curs grinned at my unwelcome approach. The late spirited *owner* has selected a new "line of country" and a new "cover," and the *Priory* alone remains, as the last apple on a tree, to remind us of the days gone by.

During my sojourn here I had occasion to pass the filthy *Den* in which the *Pot Hunters* conceal their four-footed accomplices in iniquity, and was greatly surprised to observe a display of the handicraft of some *country chip*, in the shape of a huge gallows right opposite the doorway, with a "spick and span new" hempen *twist* dancing at the extremity, and altogether looking vastly mischievous and foreboding. Moreover, from the inner recesses of the den did proceed the most fearful howls and deafening clamour. Indeed, thought I, these gentlemen have at last come to a sense of their enormities, and are certainly preparing to treat *Crooked Pins* to a *Tyburn tippet*, after he has been worried into fits. But no such luck, for in a little the door opened, and a stiff unyielding bandy-legged devil of a dog was shown out by a yard of tow, and the judicious application of a little *argumentum baculinium*, by which we understand *club law*—"no compulsion, only you must"; and malgré his very strenuous and natural endeavours to unhand himself, each and all of which were *backed* by a little more of the "Tommy," he was then and there tucked up with good five feet of "empty space" to interdict his acquaintance with mother earth, and as he dangled and kicked the "rabblement" chuckled and giggled, and so did I too, for the business from first to last was enough to have convulsed a mute. The unhappy beast had to thank his good nose, and better education for this disastrous exit, for I find they hang *everything* that prefers using its nostrils to its eyes, being a less certain and less expeditious mode of turning work out of hand. The job had put them all in prime spirits, and while some extolled the haltered inmate of the *kennel*, as having made "a rare hang," others lamented that they could not treat *Nosing Tom* to a new neckcloth, and many and various were the opinions manifested as to who he might be. They little thought that he was a spectator of their proceedings, or that their exploits were to grace the forthcoming Number of your Magazine; but so it is, Sir, and the truth will creep out, that, despite of my remonstrance, the *Pot Hunters* are at their old tricks, and *Crooked Pins* drives his craft as heretofore, for

I saw him with the identical old *satchel* over his d——d shoulder, making faces at a fox-earth not a mile from the Bingar gate. I felt well disposed to kick the villain, and would have done it too, had I not feared to sully my shoes.

It was my intention to have looked in at *Sholapoor* on my way, because I fancied the good people there have said more than is altogether necessary about their hunting exploits, and are puffing themselves into fame undeservedly; but I was constrained to postpone my visit to a future opportunity, and I recollect nothing worth recording till I arrived at my destination, a flinty, barren, ill-looking Madras cantonment, on the iron soil of which *horse shoes* and *nails* are next to a spontaneous production, and everything which had breath appeared to have been bitten by a mad greyhound. This coursing *mania*, however, was less to be wondered at when I ascertained that the country produced no other game but hares and foxes, and they, to have scraped up a subsistence, must have been endowed with teeth like *files*.

I attended the *meeting* but once, and then I was wellnigh ridden over by mine "own familiar friend" *Gilpin*, who set off at positive racing speed the very instant the slips were loosed, as did all the other gentlefolks with him, who had been on the look-out for a start, and seemed to be riding in a clump, straight away from all mortal "varmint." They say, and very justly too, "that there is a place for every man in the field;" and as I did not intend to travel in the *hind boot*, I put in the "Brummagems," and soon found mine. But I was so mystified by the terrific *pace*, that the thing appeared more like a dream than a reality. It did not require long at this rate of going to head the dogs, and their game too, and the *tit* on which I operated, not comprehending any more than your humble servant what was to come of all this *screwing*, overshot the mark by some hundred yards, and before I could "*Bout ship*," Gilpin's clasp knife had taken liberties with Reynard's posterior decorations, which had charged masters, and now ornamented his *button-hole;* he was sadly puzzled to know the meaning of all this, and all who had any pretension to the *lead*, and many of those who had *none* were at high loggerheads, when my friend, assuming a *lugubrious* turn of feature at my ignorance, set me all straight with the information that they had been "riding for the *brush*," which had fallen to his share as first *in at the death*—"wouldn't give a damn to see a fox *hunted* to death in a *trot*."

We sat down to dinner, and the cloth was no sooner removed, than *matee* (who, by-the-by, was not the highest *caste* man I have yet seen) introduced, by way of dessert, a large board, on which "a matter" of fifty *tails*, and as many hares' feet, were stuck about in fanciful groups like the figures on a counterpane. This was passed round to an admiring yet envious company, who bit their nails, and evidently regarded my friend *Gilpin* as nothing inferior to *Dick Knight*. In fact, if to-day's may be considered a specimen of his customary pace, I should pronounce him a difficult man to *pound*.

I can now comprehend the meaning of *Brush's* "dark letter" in No. 3 of your Magazine, and am,

Yours obediently,

NOSING TOM.

Neilgherry Hills, 1st Oct., 1830.

THIRD DEESA MEETING.

SIR,

The third meeting of the Deesa Races terminated this morning, after excellent competition for nearly every Plate and Purse, and, taking into consideration the remote corner in which they took place, may be fairly pronounced "good."

Of course the secretary has sent you an account of the running, winners, &c., &c., but I think a little may be said, nor be deemed by your readers intrusive, of the course, horses, and some particular races.

The Deesa course is one mile and quarter and 119 yards long, of a good shape, but the nature of the soil renders it unfavourable for any pace, the horses not being able to get proper footing in the loose sand; the undulating ground, perhaps, adds to the interest, and in some measure compensates for the hardness of the soil.

At the beginning of the races we had every promise of first-rate sport, with such horses as "Paul Pry," "Chapeau-de-Paille," "Box-keeper," "Omra," "Master Henry," "Infidel," "Post-boy," "Jesuit," "Spectator," "Nobody," "Ugly-mug," "Sir Kenneth," "Regent," and "Wildrake;" with many, and some of them very promising, maidens; but the event showed how little dependence can be placed on travelled horses. For, with the exception of "Paul Pry," who was not in training, and of course did not start, "Omra," "Wildrake," and "Infidel" were the only three "right;" the unfortunate deaths of "Chapeau," "Box-keeper," and "Emigrant" left "Regent" alone in one stable; sickness and accidents made equal havoc in some others. So that "Lunatic," a maiden of the season, remained, almost the only horse in tolerable order, decidedly the favourite on the course.

Heavy betting created a great deal of interest on the event of the first maiden. But it turned out a mere canter in 4m. 18s., for "Lunatic."

A grey colt, named "Outlaw," entered for the second maiden, and won easily, Mr. Buckle's horse breaking his pastern, and half killing his rider in the second heat. "Outlaw" in appearance is perhaps as fine as any Arab that has turned up for many years: colour, "dark grey," standing 14h. 3in. or 15 hands, and has one of the finest fore-hands I have ever seen; his hind-quarters are rather coarse, and droop very much, but the position of the hind leg is superb; he is now rising five, but, although he has twice won, yet his not having had a decent nag against him leave us still in doubt as to his actual powers.

The Harmonic, however, offered fine sport, "Ranter," after three well-contested heats, carrying off the plate. "Regent" felt much inclined, the last heat, to push his nose first. Time 4m. 20s., carrying 12 stone!

"Omra" won the Give and Take, and, although a very fine horse, many thought he must feel his legs, which did not appear all right; he, however, again showed himself for the 21st Regiment Plate, carrying 9st. 10lbs., and proved that his legs were yet serviceable, and himself a good blood horse, winning two well-contested heats.

"Wildrake" on the same day got a cruel beating from "Infidel." He won the second heat in two

minutes, having lost many lengths in the start.

As "Regent" on the fifth day had carried off the Deesa plate from "Lunatic," "Omra," "Ugly-mug," and "Wildrake," a very great deal of interest was concentrated on the Winners' Handicap, the sixth day, for which "Lunatic," "Regent," and "Ugly Mug" entered, weighted as follows: the two former 8st. 7lbs., and the latter 8st. 3lbs. Bets running even on "Lunatic" and "Regent" and 2 and 3 to 1 against "Ugly Mug." The race came off much to the satisfaction of "Lunatic's" backers, he winning easily by some lengths.

"Lunatic" is a large chestnut, standing about 14h. 3in., five years old, very blood in appearance, which, as we hear he is going to Ahmedabad, will soon be put to the proof.

The Tattoo Plate, like all pony races, created great amusement. "Jack Cade," as unsuccessful as his ancestor of yore, bolted over the country, and only made his appearance at the stand when the others were about to start for the second heat. The stand, by-the-by, is a large and cheap building, erected on pillars 12 feet high, not particularly ornamental, but fully answering the purpose required; the funds would not admit of any superior architectural taste being displayed. The band also was in daily attendance, and the presence of the ladies, together with a large assembly of gentlemen, soldiers, and natives, gave a delightful finish to the joyous scene.

Thus have the Deesa horses, for the first time in three meetings, won a race of any note, and I sincerely hope that the sporting feeling always evinced there will be equally well rewarded the next season. Our Bengal friends, too, at Neemuch and Cawnpore, talk of paying us a visit then, and they will do well by changing deadly Mhow jungles for the healthy and pleasant journeys of Deesa, and afterwards to visit Ahmedabad, at both of which places they will always be sure to find *the proper turf feeling*, and a *good place under the Malagam.*

Yours,

"TURF."

Guzerat, 1830.

SCALE OF WEIGHTS FOR WHIM PLATES.

SIR,

I have much pleasure in sending you a scale of weights for Whim Plates, which ought, I think, to be adopted; the present system has but one recommendation, and that the old one for all subjects, viz. that it is as fair for one as another; however, even this applies only to owners, as for horses it is as unfair as anything can possibly be, giving all the advantage to the aged horse and weighing them beyond their power.

The plan is to make a horse carry the weight for his age: for seven years 9st., for six, 8st. 12lbs., for five, 8st. 5lbs., for four, 7st. 12lbs., and for three, 7st. 5lbs., to add one pound for every one-eighth of an inch from 14h. to 14h. 1in., and half-a-pound for every one-eighth after that weight; to deduct one pound for every one-eighth from 14h. to 13h. 3in., and half-a-pound for every one-eighth below 13h. 3in.

It is at least worth trying, as it must always "be as fair for one as the other." The scale is so

simple that it hardly deserves a place in the Sporting Magazine, but it will be the best means of attracting the attention of the public to the plan. I hope it will be in time for the Magazine, which was advertised to appear early in November last.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Yours obliged,
R. D. LUARD,
Sect. Poonah Turf.

Poonah, 7th Dec., 1830.

				3 Years old.		4 Years old.		5 Years old.		6 Years old.		7 Years old.	
hds.	in.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.
13	0	7	8	5	13	6	6	6	13	7	6	7	8
13	0⅛	7	8½	5	13½	6	6½	6	13½	7	6½	7	8½
13	0¼	7	9	6	0	6	7	7	0	7	7	7	9
13	0⅜	7	9½	6	0½	6	7½	7	0½	7	7½	7	9½
13	0½	7	10	6	1	6	8	7	1	7	8	7	10
13	0⅝	7	10½	6	1½	6	8½	7	1½	7	8½	7	10½
13	0¾	7	11	6	2	6	9	7	2	7	9	7	11
13	0⅞	7	11½	6	2½	6	9½	7	2½	7	9½	7	11½
13	1	7	12	6	3	6	10	7	3	7	10	7	12
13	1⅛	7	12½	6	3½	6	10½	7	3½	7	10½	7	12½
13	1¼	7	13	6	4	6	11	7	4	7	11	7	13
13	1⅜	7	13½	6	4½	6	11½	7	4½	7	11½	7	13½
13	1½	8	0	6	5	6	12	7	5	7	12	8	0
13	1⅝	8	0½	6	5½	6	12½	7	5½	7	12½	8	0½
13	1¾	8	1	6	6	6	13	7	6	7	13	8	1
13	1⅞	8	1½	6	6½	6	13½	7	6½	7	13½	8	1½
13	2	8	2	6	7	7	0	7	7	8	0	8	2
13	2⅛	8	2½	6	7½	7	0½	7	7½	8	0½	8	2½
13	2¼	8	3	6	8	7	1	7	8	8	1	8	3
13	2⅜	8	3½	6	8½	7	1½	7	8½	8	1½	8	3½
13	2½	8	4	6	9	7	2	7	9	8	2	8	4
13	2⅝	8	4½	6	9½	7	2½	7	9½	8	2½	8	4½
13	2¾	8	5	6	10	7	3	7	10	8	3	8	5
13	2⅞	8	5½	6	10½	7	3½	7	10½	8	3½	8	5½
13	3	8	6	6	11	7	4	7	11	8	4	8	6
13	3⅛	8	7	6	12	7	5	7	12	8	5	8	7
13	3¼	8	8	6	13	7	6	7	13	8	6	8	8
13	3⅜	8	9	7	0	7	7	8	0	8	7	8	9
13	3½	8	10	7	1	7	8	8	1	8	8	8	10
13	3⅝	8	11	7	2	7	9	8	2	8	9	8	11
13	3¾	8	12	7	3	7	10	8	3	8	10	8	12
13	3⅞	8	13	7	4	7	11	8	4	8	11	8	13
14	0	9	0	7	5	7	12	8	5	8	12	9	0
14	0⅛	9	1	7	6	7	13	8	6	8	13	9	1
14	0¼	9	2	7	7	8	0	8	7	9	0	9	2
14	0⅜	9	3	7	8	8	1	8	8	9	1	9	3
14	0½	9	4	7	9	8	2	8	9	9	2	9	4
14	0⅝	9	5	7	10	8	3	8	10	9	3	9	5
14	0¾	9	6	7	11	8	4	8	11	9	4	9	6
14	0⅞	9	7	7	12	8	5	8	12	9	5	9	7
14	1	9	8	7	13	8	6	8	13	9	6	9	8
14	1⅛	9	8½	7	13½	8	6½	8	13½	9	6½	9	8½
14	1¼	9	9	8	0	8	7	9	0	9	7	9	9
14	1⅜	9	9½	8	0½	8	7½	9	0½	9	7½	9	9½
14	1½	9	10	8	1	8	8	9	1	9	8	9	10
14	1⅝	9	10½	8	1½	8	8½	9	1½	9	8½	9	10½
14	1¾	9	11	8	2	8	9	9	2	9	9	9	11
14	1⅞	9	11½	8	2½	8	9½	9	2½	9	9½	9	11½
14	2	9	12	8	3	8	10	9	3	9	10	9	12
14	2⅛	9	12½	8	3½	8	10½	9	3½	9	10½	9	12½
14	2¼	9	13	8	4	8	11	9	4	9	11	9	13

				3 Years old.		4 Years old.		5 Years old.		6 Years old.		7 Years old.	
hds.	in.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.	st.	lbs.
14	2⅜	9	13½	8	4½	8	11½	9	4½	9	11½	9	13½
14	2½	10	0	8	5	8	12	9	5	9	12	10	0
14	2⅝	10	0½	8	5½	8	12½	9	5½	9	12½	10	0½
14	2¾	10	1	8	6	8	13	9	6	9	13	10	1
14	2⅞	10	1½	8	6½	8	13½	9	6½	9	13½	10	1½
14	3	10	2	8	7	9	0	9	7	10	0	10	2
14	3⅛	10	2½	8	7½	9	0½	9	7½	10	0½	10	2½
14	3¼	10	3	8	8	9	1	9	8	10	1	10	3
14	3⅜	10	3½	8	8½	9	1½	9	8½	10	1½	10	3½
14	3½	10	4	8	9	9	2	9	9	10	2	10	4
14	3⅝	10	4½	8	9½	9	2½	9	9½	10	2½	10	4½
14	3¾	10	5	8	10	9	3	9	10	10	3	10	5
14	3⅞	10	5½	8	10½	9	3½	9	10½	10	3½	10	5½
15	0	10	6	8	11	9	4	9	11	10	4	10	6

ANOTHER DAY WITH THE NUGGUR PACK.

SIR,

I think I see you going about to lay this on the shelf, fancying it another horrible production of Nosing Tom's. But you are mistaken. What I am about to state is nothing but a mixture of straightforward ideas and matter-of-fact circumstances from the pen of an unprejudiced man; by-the-by, report said N. T. was *burked*, but that cannot be true, as it appears he is still able to come up *to the scratch*, and it is to be hoped that another extract from his valuable, satirical, critical, sentimental, nonsensical, or whatever you like to call it journals will shortly grace the columns of the O. S. M. But enough of this preface; to the text.

I was marching through Ahmednuggur (vulgarly called Nuggur), as most subs do, with nothing in the shape of horse-flesh, save and except a horse and a tat, the former taking wonderfully after Pharaoh's lean kine, and appearing marvellously afraid of his hind legs treading upon his fore, when as I was sitting comfortably at tiffin with a friend, anticipating with heartfelt pleasure a beautiful glass of Hodgson—I was even about to raise it to my lips—when, to the great detriment of my nervous powers, an *apparition* entered the room. Down fell the tumbler, and poor Hodgson was sent "to waste his fragrance on the desert air." I looked at my friend (who had just finished his) with a mixture of horror and amazement, which, as you may suppose, was increased when he burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter. I shall endeavour to describe the fiend, Mr. Editor, that so decomposed me, as also his errand.

He was of the middle stature, but stout, with thick bushy hair, not *hanging in graceful ringlets over his alabaster shoulders*, for it had cut all connection even with his neck, but exposing itself here and there in gristly tufts, wherever it might have escaped from the rags of his quondam puggree. And then his gait—and his eye. But I will sum up his appearance in a few words. He was a dirty-looking, cock-eyed sable imp. A regular Polyphemus from the infernal regions. And in his hand

he held—not a trident, nor a pitchfork, but, if possible, a dirty *scrap of paper.* And on it was inscribed—what? not the Lord's prayer backwards—no, nor do I know to this day what it was, for it was penned in a cruel queer fist. Thus much I deciphered.

"*The dogs will meet this afternoon at some hour or other, at some Tomb or other.*" Where this Tomb was or is I have no idea, for I saw nothing of it. By this time I had gained courage enough, not only to look my sable friend, without fear, in the face, but also to put some questions to him. He was apparently *a man of some information;* he told me he was *head coota walla to the Nuggur pack,* and gave me more intelligence as to the time and place of throwing off than I could get out of the circular. Bhooatcha, says I, the Nuggur pack—well, I had heard a great deal about it, and I wished to know more of it, so I determined upon knowing the spot.

At half-past four precisely *(according to Cock-eye, mind you)* my prancing Rosinante was brought to the door. Europe tops I had none, my cords were dusty, and my toggery altogether out of order, to go before the observation of the knowing ones. I made up my mind to start an emblem of innocence, and so did my nag, for he stood with one foot by at least half an inch off the ground, I suppose to avoid crushing some harmless reptile that might be lurking there. I nevertheless mounted, and, after riding less than half a mile, my ears were saluted by that yelling so beautifully described by a writer in the O. S. M., who subscribes himself Nosing Tom; not many more paces brought me up with the far-famed pack. In about three minutes more we came to a place which I thought smelt plaguily strong of assafœtida, and here a small jockey-looking personage met us at a hand gallop, who I afterwards discovered was one of the whippers-in; according to his account Reynard had gone off well to the right. The huntsman gave a knowing nod, without uttering a syllable, three whippers-in cracked their castigating implements at once, and in less than no time, we were off, Lord knows how fast.

Now, Mr. Editor, I am not a man of much observation, nor am I given to criticising; but eyes and ears are given to us to see and hear with, and mine had damned hard work of it that afternoon; for what with the yelling of the riders, in number from eighteen to twenty, and the perfect mixture of dogs and horses, the only thing that puzzles me is that the dogs ran at all; many of them actually stopped and turned round when well on the scent, thinking the huntsmen were speaking to them. However, they went away at a cruel sharp pace; and seemed to take rather more interest in it than those gents who rode in among them shouting and hallooing, as if they were beating a hog out of a sugar-cane field. One, in particular, could not escape observation; he had apparently just turned out of a band box. He wore, I should think from the appearance of it, one of N. T.'s helmets, a long blue-striped coat, cords, and top-boots, all of which *articles* appeared to have very lately made their escape out of a Europe tin case. He, I remarked, had just ridden over one dog, which took devilish good care to expose him to the field at large, not only by a hideous yell, but, alas! by a *hop and go*

one motion, which I firmly believe was the result of a broken leg. Soon after this we had a short check, which the *helmet-headed gent* was quite ignorant of, for, although he was not galloping, he was to be seen very contentedly trotting in the midst of the pack, ever and anon looking down on either side—it struck me at his top boots—nor did he discover they were at fault until two or three more had suffered. He, however, was not the only one. Some were amusing themselves by riding against one another, and attending to anything but the run: among these, some were adorned with *green baize coats*. I wonder what the above-mentioned *sporting characters* go out with the dogs at all for; Lord knows, and they ought to know that they can all gallop their horses to their heart's content, either along the roads in Camp, or across the country, without going out to spoil the sport of those who really enjoy it. But I am digressing.

The scent was again very prettily picked up, and away we went at the same merry pace. We had now been running for upwards of twenty minutes with only one short check, and that in my humble opinion not the fault of the dogs. The fox was now viewed by the huntsmen, &c., though not by the pack, when, to my utter astonishment, no sooner did *he with the helmet* and two or three others twig him, than they crammed in their rowels, shot ahead, and seemed to all intents and purposes themselves in the scent. As luck would have it, a nullah concealed the game for another ten minutes, when it was beautifully run into, after as brisk a sport as ever I wished to see in half an hour. The *bellows* of the cattle and gory spurs of the riders gave one some idea of the rate we had been going at. So much for the run. I went home contented, and on the whole much pleased with the Nuggur pack. With all due deference to the master of the ceremonies, the mange seems to have crept in among them, and they do not run together so well as one might wish. Time and trouble will, however, rectify these errors I hope; as it was, they exceeded my expectations, and gave me infinite satisfaction.

They must be a source of great amusement at an out-station, or rather a large station, like Nuggur, *especially to the Griff*, and that they may continue to afford as good sport every day they meet, is the sincere wish of your humble servant,

STRAP.

LONG ROAD MATCH.

SIR,

I think the following long road match, which beats the Major-General hollow, is hardly equalled in the annals of Indian Sporting. If you deem it worthy of a place in your valuable Magazine, by inserting it you will oblige

Your obedient servant,

LONG.

The match was made between Mr. O.'s white horse against any horse in Mr. J.'s stable, to be run on the 19th of Sept., the distance to Uscottah and back, which is thirty miles. From various causes Mr. J.'s stud became incapacitated, with the exception of one, a bay galloway standing 13h. $2\frac{3}{4}$in., which Mr. J. determined

running rather to prevent a disappointment than from any hope of winning. They started at 8 minutes past 5 a.m., reached the Fort gate at Uscottah, and returned to Ulsoor bridge Artillery lines, the galloway running in at 46 minutes past 6, performing the distance in one hour and 38 minutes. The little horse came in quite fresh, and certainly appeared able to have gone ten miles further at the same pace. The grey was beaten by 100 yards. He has been known for some time to be one of the best bottomed horses in India; he is a stud bred horse, with a good deal of Arab blood. The galloway is a slight made animal, with a goodish quarter, and remarkably high bred; he was always supposed to be a weed till this trial of bottom, which proves the old proverb, "there are as good fish in the sea as e'er came out o' it."

Bangalore, Nov. 20th, 1830.

SONG.

BY RICHARD NORMAN, EARTH STOPPER TO THE LATE MR. MEYNELL.

TUNE—*Ballinamora Ora.*

This morning at work, sowing out of my hopper,
Troth, who should come up but Dick, the earth stopper;
Now, hark ye! says he, I think these be hounds;
Odds-bobs, they be *Meynell's!*—I hear his word "zounds!"
Chorus—With my Ballinamora ora
The Hounds of Quornden for me.

If we head him he'll damn us—a view! Tallyho!
Whilst the hounds ring the scent from the valley below;
All carrying ahead, sir, like pigeons in flight,
And beating the red-coat almost out of sight.
The hounds, &c.

From *Bill's den* they come and to *Enderby* go,
Then let us observe who rides over them now.
And I think, my dear Squire, you may cease your alarm,
For by gosh there's no rider can do them much harm.
The hounds, &c.

The first in the burst, see yonder comes *Maynard*,
Taking all in his stroke, yet obliged to strain hard;
And next him, on *Marquis*, there's dashing *Charles Wyndham*,
At a mortal great stride, leaving hundreds behind him.
The lads, &c.

See, funking his soul out, *Sir Featherstonhaugh*,
Though thin as a thread and as light as a straw;
And screwing behind him, there's *Fisherbert Dick*,
His horse half done up, looking sharp for a nick.
The lads, &c.

Next *Dick Knight* and *Smith Asheton* we spy in the van,
Riding hard as two furies, at catch that catch can;
"Now, *Egmont*," says Asheton; "Now, *Contract*," says *Dick*,
"By George, these great *Quornites* shall now see the trick."
The lads, &c.

Look—smack at a yawner rides *Winchilsea's Peer;*
So sure to be thrown upon *Pyramid's* ear;
And at the same place jumps *Charles Smith Lorraine*,
He's off! no, he's not; he hangs by the mane.
The lads, &c.

There *Villiers*, *Bligh*, *Forester*, *Cholm'ley*, and all,
Get shopp'd by *Lorraine*, and in they all fall;
And sweaty *Morant*, that red-headed b—ch,
With *Glyn*, *Peyton*, and *Foley*, are left in the ditch.
The lads, &c.

Then see the *Prince Orleans*, who's *à la distance*,
(Soon without his d—d head, which is *freedom in France*,)
Alas! long before they reached *Enderby Hill*,
Monsieur blew his *orse to von total standstill.*
The lads, &c.

Now, sobbing on *Monarch*, comes jolly *Tom Blower*,
Spurr'd from shoulders to flank, going slower and slower;
"Your servant, great French Prince—dead beat—lost a shoe,
Thank God, I'm not last—see, see, *parlez vous!!*"
The lads, &c.

Next, half up the hill, stops heavy *Debrew*,
His horse taking root, and himself in a stew;
And further behind still stops *Whitbread* the Brewer,
Who, lost from the first, has made the grand tour.
The lads, &c.

Tom Grosvenor and *Bob* now most desp'rately flag,
And *Somerset Charles*, on his new staring nag,
Which, tho' he's so done that a toe he can't wag,
Yet of him to-morrow *Lord Charley* will brag.
The lads, &c.

Next vaulting *Tom Graham*, on a horse, taking whim,
So plunging and prancing, like the *George* at an inn,
Comes spank through a hedge, with a thundering crush,
And leaves half his brogues and his shirt on the bush.
The lads, &c.

See next, with a star on, there's *Bassador Gordon*,
Who wears on his shoulder a fine flaming cordon,
And racing against him, behold master *Stair*—
Why, old nicky himself never saw such a pair.
The lads, &c.

Then whence these three goose-drivers all in a row,
Who are leading their nags on the furlongs below?
'Tis *Cranberry, George,* and *St. Le-Hedger* from Grantham,
Who always get dosed to a *sufficit quantum.*
The lads, &c.

Then far in the rear observe *Saville,* forlorn,
All legs, laps, and lappets, brisk sobbing on *Roan*;
How he sticks in the mud!—whilst *Rutland's* great duke,
With *Brummel the Beau,* are in *Sysonby* Brook.
The lads, &c.

Next a tickle-heel Sportsman, called *Heyrick the black,*
We descry in the vale, half a league from the pack;
And further beyond him see *Heyrick the white,*
A Sportsman by System, who never rides right.
The lads, &c.

Then last in the cluster see *Wor'ster* and *Muster;*
Now Wor'ster sets Muster, and Muster sets Wor'ster;
Now Muster seems burst, Sir, and Wor'ster gets first, Sir,
Such fumblers as these are not worth a crust, Sir.
The lads, &c.

But *Bob Lee,* where's he, with woodfistêd *Cox?*
They'll tell you they've stopped, having viewed the run fox;
Now, with "ware poison"—"ware poison"—hear *Conyers Jack,*
Both rating, and whooping, to check the staunch pack.
The lads, &c.

(The tune changes to the Duke of York's March.)

Now, cheering all nature, *Squire Meynell* we spy,
And thrilling each heart with his "Hark to the cry;"
Look how he caps them on, and hear how he screams,
And make the whole world glow in rapture's extremes.

Chorus.

See, see them all spread,
Lord, what a noble head!
Tallyho! the hounds in full view, tallyho!
Now how the scent they drive,
No horse can with them live;
Hark away! hark away! they to *Enderby* go.

Then as we trudge home we pass *Master Swaddle,*
Whipping *Pastime* before him, and carrying the saddle;
"Good people," says he, "I'm afraid she will die,
Though I've bled her myself in her mouth and her thigh."

"Now let's to this ale-house," says *Dick,* "for a while,
And drink our old master, in a cup of the mild;
And as we sit boosing it over the fire,
Toast happiness, health, and great sport to the Squire."

STALLIONS FOR ENGLAND.

SIR,

In continuation of the remarks I have already troubled you with regarding the proper kind of Arabs that should be sent to England for the purpose of breeding, I have now to call the attention of your readers to the observations of the last English Sporting Magazine, on this very subject, by a sporting character formerly known in the Deccan, and they will find that he entirely answers in opinion with me as to blood and figure, and the stallion that must alone answer a good breed. Since your last number has been in circulation, I have heard the topic discussed in several quarters, and I rejoice to find that I am borne out in my judgment by the concurrence of so many people of experience. I trust this will open the eyes of persons at home to the utter uselessness of attempting to ruin racing stock, from the cart-horse blood of the Persian and Turkomann.

With respect to the proportions which I sent to your No. 9, I find that your reviewer Stephen has detected some errors, which of course he takes his opportunity to sneer at, but, like all critics who do no more then seize upon the first *appearance* of a blunder without pausing to reflect upon the likelihood of being themselves mistaken, he has committed himself sadly. He selects the measurement of Harlequin to ground his triumph on, and starts by saying that as he is frequently called "a great horse," that he must necessarily be a large animal—does not know that a dark horse may be a white one, and that "*Little* Tough" is alone "a *great* horse;" but he evidently knows nothing of horses or racing, and therefore would do well to remember the maxim "no tutor," &c. The measurement he criticises is in the depth of fellers, and from the fellers to the ground, making Harlequin's croup height sixteen hands one inch and three quarters. This would indeed have been strange even in a horse of fourteen hands two inches, as Stephen calls him, though Harlequin in reality stands much higher behind than at the wilken, but the fact is the depth of the feller was not taken in a straight line to be added to the distance of his belly from the ground, but the string was placed on the middle of his back, thence round his ribs to the centre mark of his belly, and thus making thirty-four inches. He is quite right about the extract from "Recollections of Life in India," and I thank him for the medium of praise he has so sparingly dealt out.

The letter from Nosing Tom, in which the writer attempts to identify me with Stephen, is beneath my notice. But to return to my subject. A stallion has lately been sent to England, whose blood is of the finest kind, and whose make is most beautiful. I allude to *Signal*, late *Antelope*. His owner has really, in my opinion, conferred an invaluable benefit on our native country by the exportation of such a gallant animal, whose blood will enrich the veins of his breed out of English mares, and ensure a racing progeny. Old Harlequin, I understand, is destined to Van Dieman's Land. I wish he too had gone to our own country. I see that in the English S. M. Nimrod mentions Paragon, who was sent from Bengal, and thinks him much too small; he was, I believe, fourteen hands and an inch or about that, but he need

not be alarmed about want of size while he has caste and performance to carry him through the ordeal of public opinion. I hope soon to see this subject so important to breeders in better hands, and to hear what the turf characters in England begin to think of real Arab blood; in the mean time I take my leave, wishing you luck in your next number. I remain yours obediently,

S. Y. S.

WITH RED, RED WINE.

Wine! with wine, with red, red wine,
All the joys of life are mine!
Fools may strive
With wealth to wive,
Gain they gladness by it? Never!
Wiser souls
Will wed their bowls
That charm to-day and cheer for ever!

Beaded bubbles on the brim
Of my golden goblet swim;
They may burst
The brightest first,
Stil the draught's as rich in flavour;
But when in hearts
Love's bubble parts,
The life-stream turns to gall for ever.

Love may gild the passing hour
In the thrall of Beauty's bower,
But the breast
Of love possess'd
Soon grows cold and seeks to sever;
While day or night
In gloom or light,
My goblet glows as sweet as ever.

S. Y. S.

THE FORT ADJUTANT'S MARK.

SIR,

Every trade has its mystery, and certainly the noble business of training is not behindhand with other crafts in that particular. I have been many years on the turf, and am likely, if I live, to be many more, for I admire that most splendid of all animals, the horse, and I rejoice in the festivities and enthusiasm of a race meeting. No sooner has one season concluded than I long with feverish anxiety for the training to commence for the next, and few employments are more interesting than to watch the gradual improvement in a good steed, to see flesh and fat gradually falling, and, in the same progressive way, to observe bone and muscle stealing into their proper places, while galloping bumps develop themselves, and racing points come out in good form and fashion. Then the impatient restlessness attendant upon the first trials! the dreamy hopes of two fifty, or three fifty-nine; even the infatuation that in spite of our better judgment will force itself upon the mind; of coaxing a few more seconds out of the pet of the stable, though his best effort may have only enabled him to knock off his mile and a half in the desperation number, namely 3m. 33s. and the unwillingness with which at last the fatal acknowledgment is breathed forth "well he is not *very* speedy, but his bottom *must* be good, and let it but come to heats and all will be right." All this, I maintain, has something interesting and exhilirating in it, and contributes to the happiness and amusement of

our monotonous life in India. Such being my feelings, you will not wonder that I have been desirous of possessing myself of the science and skill of those who have wiser heads than my own, whose longer experience in turf matters induces me to examine into the plans and methods they adopt to bring their horses to be put in proper running order. Besides this, I have, of course, not neglected to notice the training system of those who have generally proved unsuccessful, to contrast their practice with the lucky trainers, and to draw my own conclusions, which is, that the former try to train every horse on the same principle, regardless of constitution, of conformation also, while the latter adopt their course of training to the size, strength, health, and caste of the animal. Will this not open the eyes of some? let them reflect, and reconsider the subject with the seriousness so important a point desires, and their racing book will close more flourishingly—but this is foreign to my subject.

I began by stating that every trade possessed its own secrets, and was completely convinced of this the other day, while sauntering through the stables of * * * when close to one of the Pinjerees I observed him in eager conversation with a red, square-faced, and square-bodied gentleman, in white tights, and yellow tops, red plush waistcoat, and bottle-green hunting frock. He was recommending a horse in very earnest terms of praise, and ran through the usual slang of the yard in his favour, concluding, as I approached by, "but Is needs must hown, sir, that he *his* a *little* pokerish about the pins, but then, my heyes, sitch a h— * * * W—h—e—w—! Well, well," cried my square friend, after his long whistle, in a tour of impatience, "I don't care a damn for his pins, nor his poker, but tell me, has he got the 'Fort Adjutant's mark?'" "What in the devil's name," thought I to myself, "can be the Fort Adjutant's mark." I listened in breathless silence for the stablekeeper's reply. "No, sir," he hesitatingly said, and shook his *pimple* (it hadn't come to a head) as though he fancied there was something in it; "no, sir, I can't exackly declare as 'ow he 'as."

"Then," rejoined the square personage, "don't bring him out, for I wouldn't cast my eyes over him," and away he went. I immediately advanced to the stablekeeper, and inquired the name of this searcher after the Fort Adjutant's mark.

"Why, sir, that's * * * * * * the great racing man, who wins more money than all the others on the turf doubled up together. He knows to a T when he's got a flat with his mouth open, or a duck with his tail up." "Is he reckoned a good judge of a horse?" said I. "His he not—why, bless you, he makes a fortin by his pick, though to be sure he's a leetle foolish about the Fort Adjutant's mark." Here the stablekeeper was called away. "This, then," I said to myself, "is the true cabalistic sign by which to select a real flicker. This is the mysterious "open sesame" that admits each Ali Baba of a purchaser into the speed and spirit of a *Bundoola*, the courage and pluck of an *Emilius*, and the galloping gift of a *Goblin Grey!*

I had some trouble to find out this celebrated mark, and should still have been in the dark had not a kind communicative friend the other morning pointed it out in the horse I was then riding—it being nothing more than the white marks above the hocks,

caused by an injury from rope rubbing. After this mighty piece of information I have been much mortified on finding that as many good horses have not had it as there have been good ones that had, and therefore my expectation of being certain of securing a real trump by selecting my purchase with this sign of goodness upon it have been entirely upset, and I am still as much in doubt about picking up an out-and-outer as ever. For the information of those who do not attend much to these matters, I send you a list of the great horses with and without the sign, and if this does not puzzle the people to decide for or against the Fort Adjutant's mark, then have I taken all this trouble for nothing. I should like to know why it was so called; can any of your correspondents inform me? Another sign has lately appeared in the four or five dots burnt in upon the gaskin. Little Tough has those, and, I believe, Pyramus.

I cannot help thinking that they follow too much the Cavalry coaxing system, and really "make much of their horses," not in raising money, but in raising fat; they must, I think, be afraid of coming under Mr. Martin's act, and feel alarmed about starving their nags, or perhaps like the man who indulged his spouse in the propensity to which she was unhappily addicted, and gave her as much as she could drink, that people might call him a humane man who loved his wife.

Your obedient Servant,

MARK!

CELEBRATED ARAB RACERS WITH AND WITHOUT THE FORT ADJUTANT'S MARK.

With the mark.	Colour.
Bundoola	Iron grey.
Champion	,,
Corinthian Tom	Chestnut.
Creeper	,,
Cupid	Grey.
Emilius	Iron grey.
Esterhazy	Dark nutmeg.
Gaslight	Light grey.
Giraffe	Iron grey.
Honesty	Light nutmeg.
Henry	Iron grey.
Harmonica	,,
Ivanhoe	Bay.
Jereed (Le Roué)	Iron grey.
Little Tough	Chestnut.
Norman	Light grey.
Pyramus	Mottled grey.
Salonica	Dark nutmeg.
Valentine	Mottled grey.

Without the mark.	Colour.
Antar	Light grey.
Antelope	,,
Barefoot	Mottled grey.
Brilliant	Bay.
Blackfoot	Dark iron grey.
Chapeau de Paille	Lt. grey, nearly white.
Don Juan	Bay.
Don Giovanni	Light grey.
Fitzjames	,,
Goblin Grey	Iron grey.
Harlequin	,,
Houndsfoot	Bay.
Omra	Light grey.
Paul Pry	Dark chestnut.
Red Gauntlet	Chestnut.
Robinson Crusoe	,,
Shamrock	Grey.
Slyboots	Very light grey.
Wildrake	Bay.

THE POONAH RACES.

Well, Mr. Editor, the Poonah Races are over, and cups, plates, and purses have been carried off to Bombay in great plenty, and with little trouble; but I like this. I like to see those sporting characters win who have spirit enough to send their horses where they may meet with their match, instead of nursing them at home for the sole amusement of the locals. Fantail, under the name of Blueskin, soon got over the illness that lost him the Claret Stakes to Frederick, and the triumph of the latter was neither

long, nor likely to be so, even in the opinion of those who thought highly of his honesty. The cocktails were completely floored, and why people with untrained horses should indulge in the most distant hope of success is to me a perfect riddle. The best horse in the world cannot travel any distance at any rating pace with a chance of winning. Look at the English horse Haymaker on this heavy course, that seemed more like a ploughed field than anything else; his huge legs could not get out of the dirt —and though, when over-lifted, his striving was enormous, yet the exertion of extricating his hoofs from the soft soil overpowered his strength, and he failed from the first. Rocket, the little hag that took away the Beaten Plate in three heats, showed great courage and tolerable condition, though the stables she came out of were in a deplorable state. I fancy there were more horses "*out of the coach*" this season than has been known during any former meeting. The Poonah-bred Sorcerer colt Sebastian looked well, but was led limping to the post when he started for the Champagne—though he won it with ease, and not assisted by the whip I should (in contradiction to the Turf Secretary's description) certainly say, unless he calls the flourish which the jockey, in the exuberance of his joy at winning, gave, as he was running up to the ending-post, a taste of the whip. He came out no more, and therefore little is yet known of Sebastian's qualities as a racer. The Melodist colt ran handsomely, but it would have been more prudent for him to have secured the Colt's Plate, rather than try his strength against the best horses. We are to have a new course immediately, the old race Bungalows having been sold by public auction for 1200 rupees, and a subscription is proceeding prosperously. The bill of fare for next year promises well, and if the handicaps be but as judiciously made as those of the season just concluded, we shall certainly have great sport. What a disastrous meeting at Deesa people appear to have had! Out of nearly sixty horses at one time in training, how few came to the post. I have heard that most of them fall off in condition, from constantly passing quantities of slime and an appearance of a glutinous substance covering the fœces. The best remedy for this dreadful complaint is very simple —being only chalk finely powdered and boiled to the consistence of oatmeal porridge—a pint to be given every morning fasting. I am sorry to find that zealous supporter of sport in all its varieties, Captain C., has been so great a sufferer in the loss of that prime old horse Boxkeeper, and Chapeau de Paille, besides three other valuable racers—this is a dreadful blow, but he has too much spirit to sink under it. Many of your readers, including myself, would be glad to see an account of their illness, death, and post mortem appearances. A hint, of much service, might probably be gained by such a description, to the benefit of us all. Should this meet his eye, I trust he will oblige us. I hope the Bombay Stewards will take the fillip given them the other day in the Courier, about their dilatoriness in publishing their Prospectus of next year's races, and that they will follow the example of the Poonahites and be in the field at an early period.

Your well-wisher,

O.

SONG.

The claret stream is blushing now,
Each cheek with pleasure flushing now,
Then pledge me, pledge,
To the goblet's edge,
While the wine through each vein is gushing now.

Oh! drink while heaven allows, my friend,
And the moon her young arch bows, my friend!
Repentance may
Come back with day,
But at night we will break our vows, my friend!

The lover his flame is showing now,
And the maiden's cheek is glowing now,
But we, more wise,
Shun woman's eyes
For the light of the red juice flowing now!

Then swift shall the moments roll, my friend,
As deep we drain the bowl, my friend,
And the sun of wine
Shall arise to shine
Through the sorrow that clouds thy soul, my friend.

The boar from his covert is breaking now?
Each huntsman's spirit awaking now,
Then who, ho! who
Would not pursue
As o'er the wide plain he is taking now?

This—this is the moment so dear, my boys,
To the brave soul that laughs at all fear, my boys,
When swift as the flight
Of Heaven's bolt of light
Is the strife for the glorious spear, my boys!

The cany jungle is crashing now,
'Neath the feet of the hot steed dashing now,
And dearer we prize
Than beauty's eyes
The gleam of the long spear flashing now!

There's a bliss in the scholar's lore, my boys,
In wine and in golden store, my boys,
But the joys of the whole
Do not thrill to the soul
Like the rush of the charging boar, my boys!

P.

SECOND DOOHLIA MEETING.

SIR,

The excellence of the preceding year giving promise of future success, and the noisy prophecies of the "gentlemen" who *knows* everything, that some were to be there who had never begrudged their last sleeve-button on a "maggot race," had already caused the daily routine of business to rise to an alarming height when it wanted yet many days of the second Dhoolia Meeting. Nor did the event prove that the *Cabinet* had chaffed of matters with which they were altogether unacquainted, for certes, the pickings of the last year had not failed to *magnetize* a few who avowedly live "from hand to mouth," and are perpetually on the lay out for a glimpse of *sunshine*. But these again had forgotten to remember that *experience*, like a good oculist, seldom fails to improves men's darkened vision, and they were therefore not a little in the *cellar* to perceive, an awkward clause or two, cut, dried, and prepared for the prevention of mischief and the provision of all marplots to fair sport. No harvesting; none of your scraping in half stakes; not a rap to be earned at walk, no—not a stiver; and, what made matters worse than all, a likely few, ready to sport a toe at a gallop.

At the sister station the heavens had *bottled up* to within a month of the time of running, when, unable longer to contain themselves, they dispensed their favours at "no allowance." And thus the great *Malliganm* stables, being perplexed by the slushy, soapy, and uncomfortable state of the ground, were driven *par necessité* to the "Highways;" but, as is usual on these occasions, they turned out an unprofitable *spec* to all parties, saving the blacksmith and the ironmonger, and, inconvenient though it certainly was, such lawless practices were speedily put a stop to. At the great *emporium*, however, all was as it should be—the course in prime order; not quite so dry as a brickbat, but just dry enough to be useful; and no pains or expense were spared to give things a *dash* of "the ornamental." Under these circumstances, then, it is not so very marvellous, after all, if some people *did* look a little funny, as they ventured the last "feel" at the legs of their live lumber, and then turned their heads towards DHOOLIA.

Others there were with a happy contempt for despondency, who scoffed at all minor difficulties, and, trusting to luck and discrimination to embark their "little savings" in speculation, and had already made a fortune by a raffle ticket or a still more judicious dabble in a lottery; whilst some of the least ambitious had an eye only to a *swap*, and trusted to the market for *their pickings*. But not a soul forgot his china book, for this little article is as essential to an aspirant to turf honours as sulphate of silver or oil of brimstone to the completion of the mysterious *chimea*.

Matters were in this state, when the 8th of November dawned on a motley group of purple-nosed-frost, bitten gentry, who had been for the preceding two hours in and about the stand, quietly "sucking" mocha and other "tasty lap," and denouncing the officious wakefulness of their domestics.

The Maiden Sweepstakes, one two miles heat, 8m. 7s., had but four subscribers, and "Landscape," who was the favourite at great

odds, turning out "a rumper," was *drawn*. The Dwarf was too indisposed with gout to make his *début* in public, and left the Prince and the Bridegroom to settle matters in their own way. The former of these ran sole monarch to the distance post, and secured to himself many staunch supporters; but the knowing ones were in the wrong box for once—Bridegroom usurped the lead, won easy in 4m. 30s., and floored the Royalists.

Rough Robin, Lady Jane, Ruby, and Brownlock, ridden by their respective owners, were in the lists for the Welter Stakes, 11st., one mile, and took four heats to settle their disputes. In the first, Rough Robin and Brownlock went off at a score; the Lady sporting her leg to the distance gallanted by the Ruby. At the half mile post Brownlock headed, and Rough Robin dropped like a shot, when loud cries of "Get out of my track, get out of my track," extended faint hopes to Ruby's friends that he might yet prove himself the *gem;* but the dream was a transitory one, and Rough Robin cantered in. Second heat, Rough Robin off at a score, Brownlock and Ruby all nowhere, but striving for the lead. Robin had it, and the Lady was not far behind him. Third heat, Robin went away as before, the rest in a lump; at the half mile Lady Jane headed and won easy. The fourth in like manner. Time 2m. 12½s., 2m. 12s., 2m. 15s., 2m. 18s.

On Wednesday, the 10th, the Prince (carrying 9st. 4lbs.) toddled off with the Give and Take in two stupid heats. Cyrus (8st. 7lbs.), his only competitor, came to the post with a screw loose, and had never even the shadow of a chance. South America to an Havannah cigar.

Mr. Smith's grey pony, who shall be nameless, had the twofold satisfaction of *capotting* Piquet and showing out Mr. Snooke's Bustard (who made a noise at the preceding meeting) in two heats for the Galloway Plate, 8m. 7s., one and a half miles. It was never satisfactorily determined whether Bustard shaved his *distance* close intentionally, or because he could not help it, but he looked vastly like a dirty old Monmouth-street Boot alongside of a new Hoby, and had scarcely one-sixth of an inch to swear by. No time taken, and no wonder; sights like these are not always to be seen.

The Asseer Plate, weight for age and inches, one three mile heat, was most lazily and uninterestingly contested by the Prince, the Bridegroom, and Mr. Smith's grey pony, on the third day of the meeting. The former picked his road, and shook his tail in his companions' faces; 6m. 40s.

The Pony Plate, one mile heats, catch weights, concluded this day's sport, and more "flash was pattered" and more business done on it than on any of its precursors. Thistle, Bantam, and Pet, *late* My Aunt, had met on a former occasion, but with different success. First heat won easy by Thistle, Bantam saving distance, which, together with his known bottom, procured him many backers. But *chaffing* won't always win, as was proved by Thistle having all his own way, though with a bad start.

The fourth day's turn out was on Monday, the 15th, when Marksman, an exceeding likely horse, and looking vastly like a winner, showed the Bridegroom and Brownlock the road round for the first heat of *Khandes Cup*, 10m. 7s., one and a half mile, gentlemen riders. He had not, however,

gone quite quick enough, and was brought to the whip to win. Brownlock saved distance. The second heat, Brownlock and Marksman rated it well together for a mile, when the former gave in and cantered home, the Bridegroom not in the way. Marksman's jockey was elegant, and evinced a perfect acquaintance with his *craft*, though some supposed he had waited a little too long in the first heat. George Barwick was one of that opinion, and was observed to be very busy with his legs.

Rough Robin, Pantagruel, and Ragamuffin came to the scratch for the Hack Plate, 10st., one and a half mile heats. Gentlemen up. The winner to be sold for 400 Rupees; it did not therefore require the aid of *two eyes* to define what Ragamuffin, the veriest prince of scrubs was *driving at*. Unexpectedly, however, Pantagruel came down with "the dust" for a post entrance, and took Rough Robin away at such a pace, that "the beggar" vanished behind the distance. This may in some measure, perhaps, be attributed to the inexperience of the *jock*, for *riding* is one thing, and *horsemanship* another. Three greater brutes never started.

On the last day of the meeting, the Winners' Plate, a forced Handicap, two miles; and the Beaten Plate, half mile heats, were worked off. For the former, the Prince and Marksman from one stable, and the Bridegroom and Lady Jane from another. The Prince jumped off at score, and reached home some lengths ahead; Marksman held hard to the Bridegroom, and Lady Jane bringing up the rear. Some of the Johnny raws who had just enough of wit to perceive that Marksman was not allowed to win were highly incensed, and vented their indignation in loud cries of "Shame, shame!" accompanied with groans, hisses, and expectorations.

The Beaten was hardly deserving the name of a race; it is true that Brownlock, carrying 10st. 7lbs., beat the three-cornered brute Pantagruel, who served Ragamuffin so coarse on a former occasion; but what of that, *Panty* could not "hold a candle to him."

On the second day of meeting, Mr. Smith's the Count took the conceit out of a chestnut pony got by a Musquito, out of the Barbary Ape, a perfect nondescript, with a head like the gable end of the *Damaun* cathedral, and not a vestige of a tail. On the following day, the Count beat Mr. Rawson's Robinson Crusoe, the epitome of a Teetotum; and on the 15th Mr. Rawson's Pet, *late* My Aunt. The Count wheedled My Aunt into a *match*, and she lived with him a short time; but, gay deceiver like, he first showed his *tail*, and then ran away and left her.

The second Dhoolia meeting concluded with a match for four miles between a G. C. pony, Tom, and Mr. Snooke's *Soapsuds*. Tom started with positive orders not to allow his opponent to head him more than half a mile; but Soapsuds lathered away, and at the end of two miles compelled Tom to leave off business. *Master Charles* held the *ticker* till it wanted only three minutes of the *quarter*, when his patience failed him, and he shut up shop too.

May the third meeting surpass its predecessors.

SCARLET.

THE MISERIES OF HOG HUNTING.

SIR,

If the following production of miseries, or miserable production, is worthy of a corner in your Magazine, it is at your service.

Accidents will happen in the best regulated families, so they will in the best regulated sports, and variety is pleasing, they say; and as these misfortunes evidently add to the variety, ergo, according to Cocker, they must also contribute to the pleasure of the sport. Not that I mean to say a broken neck, or collar bone even, would be very pleasing to a sporting cove, or any other cove: God forbid! but those little mishaps and crosses with which a sporting life is so fraught cannot but add to the amusement and conviviality of the party. I have, therefore, endeavoured to commit a few of them to paper, and should they be wholly uninteresting to the older classes of your sporting readers, whose day has gone by, to them it may be amusing to call to mind the fun of which they were once partakers. That class who are now at the zenith of the sport may turn over these leaves as containing nothing but commonplace circumstances, which they see every day; but those whose lot it never has been, or ever will be, to follow the mighty boar "o'er hill and dale, through brier and bramble," will, I have little doubt, find them both amusing and instructive.

Miseries.

Arriving at your ground, sharp set, and elated with all the pleasing anticipations of a hearty breakfast and a good day's sport, previous to the former pleasing pastime you leave the party to take a look at your cattle, and to your horror find the favourite of the stud, through the negligence of your *Ghorawalla*, has got a thorn in his leg, which is swollen like a pudding, and renders him unfit for hunting for some days.

In a contested spear, coming to a patch of jungle which the pig goes through, but which at the same time is not ridable, you turn on one side and your adversary (if I may use the expression) on the other, the hog turns with him, you are thrown out, and before you can make up your lost ground, the job is done.

Getting your game on a small *midan*, after a long split over the hills, your only prospect in front another awfully steep one, expecting to skiver him every second, you cram in the rowels, and at last have the inexpressible satisfaction to see him ascend the hill within a spear's length of you, and find your nag so distressed that he has not a go *in him*.

Reaching over (rather too eagerly) to give a tremendous poke, one of your stirrup leathers breaks, your spear finds it has no chance with the stones, and a friend *not a hundred miles off* saves you a great deal of trouble and exertion, by allowing his weapon to bury itself in *something softer*.—After a short run finding your horse minus a shoe, no *nalbund* within a day's journey of the place.

By some unlucky chance getting a spill, your horse absconds, and you are compelled to walk a matter of four or five miles in the heat of the sun. Perceiving a formidable-looking animal in the distance, a council of war is held, and the majority give it in favour of a *large duca*; the spurs are

immediately in requisition, and upon coming near enough to observe him more fully he is discovered to be a *large jackass.* —Riding a pig singlehanded, you make your spear and a part of him "*where wound was never mortal*" acquainted with one another; the bamboo breaks short off, and the consequence is that your friend, elated by the external flow of gore, as well as the internal twitch of the cold steel, legs it like a four-year-old; you luckily fall in with a beater with a spare spear, but before you can get another drive at him he is lost in the jungle.

Making your *début* in the field, a fine fellow is sent to the shades below, being the first wild hog you have ever seen. You commence examining him from tail to snout, making sundry griffinish remarks, and asking divers green questions, such as, What are those long yellow-looking curly things sticking out on each side of his mouth? What frightful animals they are! Where do they sleep at night? What do they live upon? These questions are only answered by a titter from the older hands, one of whom dismounts, and calls out, Who's got a knife? Upon hearing this question your mouth begins to extend itself, your bridle drops from your hand, and you are all anxiety and attention. A large clasp-knife is at length produced, and handed to the man who dismounted; he immediately commences making sundry large incisions, not a great way from *the tail* of the animal. You say to yourself, What the devil can he be at? and draw closer to the operator, who apparently handles his knife with great dexterity. Here you remain as it were riveted to the spot, until your olfactory nerves warn you to retire. This you cannot prevail upon yourself to do, seeing your companions take it so coolly, who in fact almost seem to enjoy it. While in this teasing, or pleasing, suspense, you every now and then lean over, to observe the process that is going on; at length you behold something of a *round flabby appearance* in the hand of the operator, and before you can ask the question, what's that? find yourself nearly deprived of one of your daylights by the said *circular missile.* Without waiting to wipe away the *glutinous substance* from your peeper, you dismount for an explanation; but being told that it is the *Dustoor,* and that all new hands are served in the same way, you are with difficulty compelled to join in the laugh, and content yourself with vowing vengeance against the first unlucky Griff who may have the misfortune to be of the same party with you, on a similar occasion.—A favourite horse just on the point of *going out,* not a phleam or lancet within twenty miles, you commence hacking with a blunt penknife, and have the mortification of cutting a hole something less than an inch in diameter, previous to touching the vein.—Riding a violent horse, and breaking your curb chain. —Your pig takes up a steep hill; as a matter of course you follow, but before you are half up find yourself slipping over the rump, saddle and all.

I have now given you, Mr. Editor, a very small portion of the miseries which befall all those, more or less, who are partakers of the sport in question; should they be acceptable, I purpose sending you a few more for No. 12. Of the pleasures of hog hunting I shall say nothing, "inpinentia docet." It would be superfluous in me to attempt to explain the

sensations of the huntsman at the burst of the pig, after the feeling and sportsmanlike description of Nimrod in the East—suffice it to say it is the King of Sports. From the first start, until the pig is killed, it brings into action all the mental and bodily faculties of which man is possessed: for instance, after the day's work is over, you hear many keen hands asking who that was that rode so infernally hard against them. Perhaps at times they were abreast of one another, but their minds were so filled with the idea of *pork* that they actually could not draw their attention from the pig to take a *dek* at each other. This I have witnessed frequently. Of the action of the bodily faculties little or nothing need be observed: everybody knows how a fellow clings to his nag before he is compelled to bring his head in contact with the Deccan stones.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., &c.,
A DECCANY.

January 17th, 1831.

X. TO THE EDITOR.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

The importance of the table of dimensions, given by S. Y. S. in your 9th number, must be apparent to every sportsman. It is evident, however, that your valuable correspondent, in framing it, had merely considered the external form of the horse, whereas the structure of the frame, or skeleton, demands more particular attention. I beg therefore to suggest that the following measurement ought principally to be attended to, in framing a correct table of equal dimensions, viz.:—

1	length of a line drawn from point of			shoulder to upper point of shoulder blade.
2	,,	,,	,,	shoulder blade to point of hip.
3	,,	,,	,,	hip to point of buttock.
4	,,	,,	,,	buttock to point of buttock.
5	,,	,,	,,	buttock to point of elbow.
6	,,	,,	,,	elbow to point of shoulder.
7	,,	,,	,,	elbow to point of knee.
8	,,	,,	,,	knee to point of heel.
9	,,	,,	,,	knee to point of hock.
10	,,	,,	,,	hock to point of heel.

The angles formed by the declensions from the perpendicular of the first and third above-named lines, and the angles formed at the junction of line 3 4-9 and 10, and also of 1-6 and 7.

The following points, also of importance, ought not to be omitted in a table, viz.:

Height of withers above the upper point of the shoulder blade and hip.
Depth from point of hock.
,, ,, elbow.
,, ,, knee.

Attention might also be turned to the dimensions of the fetlock, and angle formed by the postern.

The depth and breath of chanade, as being of importance to the true courage of the head, ought also to be given.

Many of S. Y. S. measurements should also be taken, and perhaps good judges may fix on others equally important.

The framing of any table of dimensions is, in my opinion, a point of so much importance as to call for attention at every race meeting, and I think, with a

view towards framing one correctly, it would be advisable to adopt measures to ascertain the principal dimensions of every horse brought to the post, as regularly as his age and height are now ascertained.

It is evident such a table would be more generally useful if the same measurements were made at every race-course. Thus also a horse might be traced from one quarter of the globe to another, and a correct idea formed of the change which age or training causes in the original figure of the animal.

The measuring rods to be employed might be constructed similar to those used in England by gaugers, as it is plain that correct measurement cannot be attained in using a string. The race season on this side of India is now at hand, and it is not yet too late for the influential members of every course to establish some general rules on this subject, if it appears to them worthy of attention.

I am, Sir, yours obediently,

X.

THE REGATTA.

Ho! hearty steeple chasers—
Ho! gallants of the turf;
Come, see our ocean racers—
Our leapers of the surf!
See the foil'd waves, split and blazing,
Round our bows untired and free;
Leave your wearied steeds a-grazing,
And come with us to sea.

Ho! sporters of the fancy,
Leave—leave your bloody cheer,
Your ring's compass unchancy,
For that we're boxing here;
Our sea champion, you'll find her
Cross buttocking the wave;
The wave will rise behind her,
Nor feel the fall she gave.

Blithe brethren of the angle,
Leave trouting-pools, and come
Where shoals, like rainbows, spangle
The whale's and craken's home.
Leave silken tackle tender,
And rush-like rod, so fine,
Come, feel a shoulder-bender—
Tug at a ten-hook line!

Leave, bucks, your dainty dresses,
Uncurl your hair again,
Or bring your woman's tresses,
Our spray will make you men;
Come, leave that trick of toilet,
The glove, upon the strand;
Our tarr'd tackle would soil it,
Come, men in heart and hand!

Leave, scholar, in the study,
The Ithacan to sail,
The type-storm ne'er will ruddy,
Like our breeze, thy cheek so pale.
Leave, Doctors of Divinity,
Leave, Doctors of the law,
The land a day in unity,
Split seas instead of straws!

But whether Scholars zealous,
Or bucks, or Bloods, ye be,
Leave, all who are Good Fellows,
No jot of jollity.
For wit, like wine cups flowing,
And manly mirth and glee,
Set life at ten knots going,
Then come with us to sea.

A fresh breeze on Wednesday produced some good sport, at the first Meeting of the season; and at 4 o'clock the little squadron started, and were led round the buoy by the *Lady Castlereagh*. She resigned her place, however, at

the red flag to the *Queen Adelaide*, who, either from motives of loyalty or want of speed in her competitors, was allowed to bear away the prize. The dead beat from the red flag to the goal was admirably contested, and her Majesty was close waited on at the winning post by the *Helen Blue Bell* and *Red Rover*. The rest arrived in much admired *order*, as per annexed list:—

Queen Adelaide	1
Helen	2
Blue Bell	3
Red Rover	4
Thistle (Cornwallis)	5
Flying Fish	6
Highland Lass	7
Lady Castlereagh	8
Tam O'Shanter	9
Emily	10
Loon	11
Smoker	12
Tarapin	0
Black Joke	0

SELECTIONS.

CHAMOIS HUNTING.

It is impossible to describe the fascination which the Chasse aux Chamois seems to possess for the inhabitants of Switzerland and the Tyrol. It is well known that the braver spirits amongst them sacrifice to it much of their time, their money, and very often their lives; particularly where the mountains are dangerous, as, for instance, the Glärnisch; it is a fact that few chasseurs die in their beds. I own I cannot feel much surprised at this infatuation, if such it be; for Dowlander as I am, I have felt, deeply felt, a portion at least of the same enthusiasm.

One of the earliest books that I can remember to have made an impression upon my youthful imagination contained a description of this very sport. I have entirely forgotten the title of the work, but can only remember that it told of hairbreadth escapes and adventures wonderful; "of ontres vast and deserts wild; rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven; of the coolness and intrepidity with which the hunter sprang across the yawning chasm, and of the unerring certainty of his rifle."

My mind was even then fired by the account, but I little thought I should ever myself become an actor in such scenes. I have now been out nearly fifty times chamois hunting, and can bear my personal testimony to its being the most spirit-stirring sport with which I am acquainted. If I could but convey to the reader even a small part of the enjoyment I have derived from it, I should not despair of powerfully exciting his interest; but so much of the pleasure depends, above all, upon the wildness and magnificence of the scenery in which alone this sport can be pursued, that a much more experienced pen than mine would find it difficult to convey a just idea of its fascination and delights. At any rate, however, the attempt to retrace adventures that are past cannot fail of gladdening my own memory with some faint reflection of the enjoyment they once gave me, and may possibly be of use to those who shall hereafter be smitten with the love of that most perilous, but most alluring, of all diversions.

I had passed the summer of 1821 in making the common tour of Switzerland without having seen a chamois, except on the table; and, two years after, wishing to see something of the more hidden beauties of that delightful country, I agreed with a friend to explore the Grisons. None of the

Zurich guides who were at home, liked to accompany us; in fact, none of them knew anything at all about that interesting district of their native land. We therefore determined upon making Coire our head-quarters, and providing ourselves with the best guide to be procured upon the spot. We had made an excursion to the extraordinary and very romantic Baths of Pfeffers; had accomplished the dangerous but highly interesting passage to the source; and, after partaking of the wretched "accommodation" of the hospitable monks, had, on the following day, returned to Coire over the summit of the Calanda Berg, which is about 9000 feet high, and commands one of the grandest panoramic views of mountains to be seen in Switzerland.

It had been a stiff day's walk; and, after dinner, we were leisurely strolling outside the town, to enjoy a fragrant cigar and a most lovely sunset, when a man overtook us, whose quick, springy step told he was a mountaineer, and was making for a distant home. He had his pipe in his mouth, his rifle slung at his back, and a pouch of undressed chamois skin at his side. Having entered into conversation with him, we soon found that he was a chamois hunter, that he had been out that very morning and had seen a chamois, but from an injury to the lock of his gun had not been able to get a shot. To repair this he had come down into Coire, and was then on his return home. Being much pleased with the man, as well as warmed with his description of the sport, we eventually engaged him to accompany us on our tour. His name was Franz Joseph Hoderas, of Domleschg; and although, perhaps, Switzerland may boast better chasseurs, I will here say that she cannot produce one more honest, more obliging, or better-tempered—and withal, no contemptible Gäms-jäger. We took him up the next day at Domleschg, on our way through the Via Mala to Splugen.

It is not my intention to attempt a description of Switzerland, or I could not pass off the splendid scenery of this day's journey without offering a tribute to its "beautiful horrors." There is a tolerably good inn at Splugen; but after examining the celebrated road over this pass of the Alps, we went on to Nufemen, where the hostess did not seem so much accustomed to receive strangers. The next morning we proceeded with Hoderas to the village of Hinterrhein, situated about one hour and a half above Nufemen. Here we found three chasseurs; and having arranged a *partie de chasse* for the next day, with the best of them, named Christian Loritz, we returned by a considerable *détour* through the mountains that enclose the valley of the Rhine, with some faint hopes of finding a chamois. We were most agreeably surprised by meeting with one; but he perceived us before we saw him, of which he gave us notice by a peculiar shrill whistle. It being the heat of the day, he was lying on the shady side of a very lofty and precipitous rock. As he did not appear disposed to quit his stony couch, unless alarmed by the nearer approach of danger, Hoderas and I made a circuit under a range of cliffs, so as to arrive unperceived within shot. Leaving my friend in full sight, to occupy his attention, I reached a rock within 120 yards of him; but, although I knew exactly where he was, I could not distinguish him until he jumped up

on becoming aware of his danger. As he mounted rapidly from crag to crag, he stopped for an instant on the point of a rock to look down at us, when I attempted to shoot; but the gun missed fire. My mortification is not to be described. I must here observe that this summer, having no rifles of our own, we were necessarily dependent on the artillery of our attendant's chasseurs, which was generally in such very bad order that we thereby lost many good opportunities.

Unsuccessful, however, as had been this day's attempt, the very sight of a chamois had greatly increased our keenness for the sport. We went on to Hinterrhein, where we found Loritz ready for us. He first conducted us, for three or four hours, up the stream of the Hinterrhein, through a wild valley that bears the appropriate name of "Hell," until at length we reached the foot of the magnificent glacier which gives birth to the southern branch of that celebrated stream. It is a source worthy of so noble a river. The glacier descends from a semi-circular range of grandly-formed mountains, among which the Vogelberg and the Moschel-horn are the loftiest and finest. At their feet it swells into a vast basin of dazzling snow, from which a large branch extends deep into the valley we had traversed, and terminates in an immense wall of ice, 600 or 700 feet high, from beneath which, by a crystal arch, issues the infant Rhine. Along this glacier we walked for about an hour and a half, and at its upper end discovered a herd of about fifty chamois feeding. They were so placed as to render it impossible to reach them without being seen. We therefore watched them for a considerable time, in the hope that they might move to a more favourable position. Finding them, however, stationary, we posted ourselves in the spots where the chasseurs thought they were most likely to pass, and then dispatched our Coire guide to approach them from the opposite side. Directly they perceived him they made up the mountain towards my friend, who fired, and killed one. They then came towards me, when I got two shots, but, from anxiety and inexperience, I believe I missed them both. On the other side, my friend's chasseur (intentionally as we suspected) had rammed down the ball without any powder, or else he might have had several more shots. In fact, they were so placed, that we kept driving them from one to the other; and often as our chasseurs had been out, they agreed they had never seen such a favourable opportunity for two or three experienced hunters to kill a great number.

Having gutted our chamois, which proved to be a doe, of about thirty or forty pounds' weight, we hurried back as fast as we could, but were soon overtaken by the shades of night in the most horrible and dangerous paths, and did not reach Nufemen till eleven o'clock, having been out eighteen hours. I have been thus minute, not only because it was our first expedition, but also because I consider Hinterrhein as a very eligible situation for the sport. There are plenty of chamois, and Loritz is a man that may be depended on for honesty, courage, and knowledge of the chase, but then he unfortunately speaks only a bad German patois. We made another unsuccessful attempt in the same neighbour-

hood, and then proceeded into the almost unknown valley of Avers, where I believe we should have had capital sport, if we had not been anticipated by a strange chasseur. I there killed a chamois that he had previously wounded.

After passing a few days in the Engadine, we next determined on paying a visit to the most celebrated chamois hunter of that neighbourhood, concerning whom we had heard the most extraordinary reports. His name is Jean Marchietti Colani. He keeps a miserable little inn on the Bernina Mountain, which is an unfrequented passage from the Engadine into the Valtelline.

The accommodations were wretched; but we were induced to remain there three days from knowing that we were in a spot abounding in chamois, and with a person the most capable of showing us good sport if he chose. He evidently at first received us with the suspicions of a bad conscience; and it was not almost until our departure that these suspicions seemed to be entirely removed.

Marchietti is certainly no common man. His bad, no less than his good, qualities distinguish him from the herd by whom he is surrounded. As a chasseur he is unrivalled. His father was a celebrated Gäms-jäger, and early initiated him into the mysteries of the chase. Marchietti assured me he had killed a chamois before he was twelve years old; and believed he had altogether shot above fifteen hundred during his life. He once killed seven in one day, having surprised them in a sort of cul-de-sac, from which they could not escape, except by forcing their way close by him; which at last despair emboldened three or four of them to effect.

Having thus been brought up, as it were, amongst chamois, and being passionately fond of the chase, he has acquired a perfect knowledge of their haunts and habits, together with the best modes of approaching them. It is from him that I obtained a very great portion of the little lore I possess upon the subject. In person Marchietti is somewhat under the middle size, but remarkably strong built, muscular, and active. He is so good a shot, that he is never allowed to shoot for any prizes in his neighbourhood. There is, indeed, a general belief that he uses enchanted balls; and he is universally styled the "Hexenmeister," or Master of Witches. No one doubts that he has sold himself to the devil, who will claim him in due time. In addition to this assistance from the Evil One, he has a most excellent double-barrelled rifle, and a very good English telescope. Nor does his genius alone display itself in chamois-hunting. Being far from any town, he is obliged to unite all trades and professions in his own person; and is acknowledged to make everything to which he turns his hand, almost without tools, much better than any smith or carpenter with all his implements and appliances to boot. He has a smattering on almost every subject; but, having had no benefit from education, exhibits the melancholy picture of a strong mind struggling in vain with fetters of ignorance, through which he is anxious but unable to break. He is also, unfortunately, a man of very strong passions, which, as may be supposed from his want of education, are under no control of principle. Long and black is the catalogue of crimes laid to his charge, comprising every offence in the decalogue. It is certain he has two

wives, and large families by each. Not long ago he tried the experiment of living with both under the same roof; but Colani soon found this too much even for him, and he was obliged to coax or frighten away one of them. It seems equally certain that he has shot at least one Tyrolean before witnesses; and his neighbours add from twelve to twenty more murders, for which he has to answer. There is a room in his house ornamented with Tyrolese guns, knives, &c., which certainly favours the accusation, as he was never known to *purchase* anything of the sort, and I do not think they would be given him for love. That he is an unprincipled character I have no doubt; but at the same time the devil may be painted blacker than he really is. Residing, as Marchietti does, upon the confines of Italy, the Tyrol, and the Grisons, the surrounding mountains, which we consider his own, would doubtless be much poached unless he had found the means of impressing his neighbours with a salutary terror.

He is well aware of the character he bears; and being a clever fellow, and finding it useful for his purposes, manages to keep it up very well. He assured me that he should never think of spilling human blood to preserve a chamois (for which, by the way, I did not give him implicit credit); but that, at the same time, if ever he learns that any stranger has been shooting upon the ground, which, by common consent, is called his, he quietly drops a hint that if the intruder be found there again he will be heard of no more. Such is the idea entertained of this very remarkable personage, that a poacher is as rare in the wild district which he inhabits as in the best preserved manor of Norfolk. Upon these mountains he calculates he has about two hundred chamois, which annually produce him sixty kids; notwithstanding all Marchietti's protestations, woe be to the interloper who touches one of them! To show the man's character, I will only mention that he had actually formed the project of seeking an interview with Napoleon, from an idea that they were kindred geniuses! All his preparations for leaving his retired nook were indeed made, when the Russian reverses overthrew this, as well as still mightier schemes. With Marchietti's ambition and natural abilities, I have little doubt that, if he had lived within the sphere of the French Revolution, he would have fought his way to a Marshal's bâton, unless he had been killed in the attempt.

But enough of one of the most extraordinary characters that have fallen under my notice.

We accompanied him twice to the chasse. The first day he took us to the southward, to a place which he called, not without reason, "Le Monde perdu." It is an elevated mass of the rocks, surrounded on all sides by glaciers. From it there is a magnificent view of the real Bernina, and its adjoining mountains, together with the vast glaciers which descend from them. The view formed a worthy pendent to that of the Möschel-horn, and the Rhein Gletscher, above Hinterrhein. The height of these mountains has never been properly ascertained; but if Colani's inn be, as it is said, 7000 feet above the sea, they cannot be less than 13,000 feet high. They are covered for several thousand feet with a thick mantle of perpetual snow, and their summits are in general finely formed. To arrive at this "Monde perdu" we had to cross a considerable

glacier. Its inclination not being great, the clefts were not wide, and were completely concealed by lately fallen snow. Into one of these my friend unfortunately fell. I shall never forget my sensations when, upon hearing Hoderas exclaim, "Der Herr ish hineingefallen!" I turned hastily round, and where I had but one instant before seen my friend, saw nothing but an even surface of dazzling snow, with only his mountain pole standing by the spot where he had disappeared. It would be vain for me to attempt to describe either the acuteness of my agony, or even the very nature of the feelings I experienced in that moment. It is not like a common death, where the means of destruction, or the inanimate corse, are visible, and the mind is, to a certain degree, satisfied, by tracing the connection between cause and effect; but here it seemed as if he had been at once mysteriously swept from the face of creation!

I instantly ran up, though without the slightest hopes of his safety, as these crevasses are usually several hundred feet deep. To my unspeakable delight, however, I found that he had stuck fast about six or eight feet below the surface. All glaciers, from being on an inclined plane, are crossed by clefts, or crevices, of various length, wide in the middle, and of course narrow toward each end. My friend had providentially fallen in just at the termination of one of these fissures; had he crossed it but a few feet on one side, he must have sunk to an unknown depth, and, if not mercifully killed by the fall, must have perished by a most miserable and lingering death, between cold and hunger. There, however, he was sticking fast between two walls of thick-ribbed ice, without the power of moving hand or foot. I do not think it would have been an easy job for me and Hoderas to have extricated him from his cool lodging, but fortunately we had in Marchietti the very man for such emergencies. He was at some distance when we let him know what had happened. "Can you hear him?" was the characteristic rejoinder of one not unaccustomed to such adventures. "Yes." "Can you see him?" "Oh yes, he is only a few feet beneath the surface." "Oh, very well; wait then till I come." And accordingly he came at his usual pace, and having made steps on each side of the crevasse, descended within it, fastened a knotted handkerchief round my friend's hands, and then raised him up as easily as I would an infant. I must own I was not yet so thorough a Gäms-jäger as to feel unmoved at his providential escape—the recollections of that scene are stamped indelibly on my memory as long as memory holds her seat. It may well be supposed that this accident chilled our enjoyment for that day. We however continued our sport, and soon after found three chamois; but Marchietti so placed us that they never came near us, whilst he went and got a shot, which he of course killed. His excuse was, that the place where they were was impracticable for us; and in truth it was a most uninviting precipice. To prove to him, however, that he need not on that account have monopolized the shooting, I descended the crag with him to get the animal, and had ample opportunity for admiring his extraordinary activity. In one place he took off his shoes to clamber gratuitously up the face of a rock, solely, as I believe, for the purpose of astonishing me; and certainly nothing but a chamois could have followed him. The next day we went to the

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mountains to the northward of his house. These are his especial preserve. The chamois, like most animals, are very fond of salt, which Marchietti is in the habit of putting every month in the clefts of a certain rock, that is absolutely licked quite smooth with their tongues, and the ground covered with their ordure. In this neighbourhood there are always sure to be some chamois; but he never shoots them here: he watches them off to their feeding ground, and there kills them at his pleasure. We this day saw above forty in several herds, but could not get a single shot, partly from their being so placed that we could not approach one without exposing ourselves to some others, who would have alarmed the rest, and partly from a sudden change in the weather. We lay watching them for three hours through our telescopes, and I was highly interested by this insight into their habits, and Marchietti's observations thereon. On a sudden the different herds manifested great restlessness; and after a short period of agitation, all moved off, but not so rapidly as when alarmed by man. Although the day was most beautiful, Marchietti was convinced from their manner that the weather was going to change, and urged our instant return. He took us back at double quick time, but long before we reached home we were deluged by a violent thunderstorm.—I must not here forget to mention, as a favourable trait of human nature, that our Coire guide, Pfister, whose good humour and ever-ready joke we had often had occasion to admire, displayed to-day a degree of courage for which we had not given him equal credit. Though by no means approving in his heart either the fatigues or the dangers of chamois-hunting, and above all things dreading Marchietti Colani, he insisted upon accompanying us to the chase, solely, as we afterwards found, from a conviction that four of us were by no means more than a match for the "Hexenmeister."

Poor Pfister! wonderful, I doubt not, are the records of thy adventures with us, which thou hast since dealt out to gaping boors at many a Wirthshaus, wherein thy spirit so much delighted! and greatly could I wish to be an unseen auditor of thy marvels.

And here I must take my leave of Jean Marchietti Colani. If any one desires to become acquainted with, perhaps, the very best chasseur, and one of the best shots in Switzerland; if he wishes to be initiated in the habits and history of the chamois, and to learn the best modes of approaching and shooting them; I advise him to make friends with mine host of the Bermina Berg, but at the same time I warn him most strongly to beware of putting himself entirely in his power.

Having thus recorded one or two chases in which I was unsuccessful, I perhaps may be permitted to mention briefly some where my exertions were better rewarded. The autumn of 1825 I again passed in Switzerland, having spent the intermediate summer amongst the Pyrenees, where I had much improved my acquaintance with chamois hunting.

I this time directed my principal attention to the great southern chain which divides Switzerland from Italy, and to the different valleys which intersect its northern and southern sides. This is the highest ground in Europe, comprising the Mont Blanc, Grand St. Bernard, Matterhorn, and Monte Rosa. It also contains

some most magnificent scenery, as well as primitive and very interesting inhabitants; but I do not think the district has been by any means so much explored as it deserves. After a short excursion amongst the mountains near the Gemmi, where I should have had capital sport if the weather had been favourable, I made my way to Chamouni, and there trained myself for more arduous enterprises by a few *petites courses* in the neighbourhood. I one day went to the "Jardin," an elevated plateau so named, which is covered with a little herbage during three or four months of the summer, and is on all sides surrounded by bare rocks, or eternal ice. It takes about four hours and a half of fair steady walking to reach it from Chamouni; and as there is nothing that can be called danger in the excursion, it is well worth while to make it, both for the splendid views it affords of Mont Blanc and the neighbouring Aiguilles, and also for the excellent opportunity it presents of tracing the origin, progress, and termination of glaciers.

The next day I mounted the Brevent, from which is the best view of the chain of Mont Blanc to the North, as that from the Cramont is the best to the South. An additional interest was given to it that day from its having been chosen by two English gentlemen (Dr. E. Clarke and Captain M. Sherwill) to attempt the ascent of the mountain monarch. I had seen them start from Chamouni at seven o'clock; and from the summit of the Brevent watched them for hours through my telescope, until they reached the Grand Mulêt, where they were to pass the night. The next morning I followed them with my glass till they arrived at the top, except for about an hour and a half that they were invisible to us in the plain, while traversing the Grand Plateau. So nearly is the real summit seen from Chamouni, that when they were walking backwards and forwards on it, we could just distinguish their hats. After watching their descent, I set out in the afternoon on my tour of Mont Blanc; and this time, alas! was condemned to be companionless.

I passed by the Col de la Forclaz to a clean little inn, kept by a Frenchwoman, outside the town of St. Gervais, and about a quarter of an hour from the Baths. Next morning I called upon two chasseurs, that lived in a hamlet about an hour from the inn. Their names were Jacquet; one, Dit le Gris—the other, Massime. Being much pleased with their manner, I immediately arranged a chasse with them. The younger was dispatched to Contamines to purchase the necessary provisions, while the elder accompanied me in a long circuit through the mountains, where we were disappointed in our expectation of meeting with chamois, and towards nightfall arrived at a very elevated collection of chalets, called, I believe, Armansatt. There I supped and slept. My humble couch was nothing but a sheet thrown over some clean hay, in the only room of the cottage, which served for eating-room and sleeping-room to the guides and the family, as well as to myself; but seldom have I slept more soundly, or been more unaffectedly pleased with the manners of my companions, and their good-humoured alacrity to do everything in their power for my accommodation.

The next morning, long before the sun had given the slightest hint of his waking, we were *en marche*. Le Gris was sent round by a distant and very difficult

pass, while Massime and I scrambled through some very likely ground, but only saw one chamois, at which we could not get a shot. Le Gris saw six, and wounded one, which however escaped. After joining forces, we traversed a long line of most chamois-looking country, without success: till at last, when we were almost beginning to despair, we, to our great joy, discovered a herd of about twenty, feeding near the head of a glacier. They were awkwardly placed, and in the wildest spot imaginable. However, after a good deal of manœuvring, being favoured by a drizzling rain that partly concealed us, I succeeded in getting a shot at about eighty yards. The instant the smoke cleared away, to my unspeakable delight I saw the animal floundering on its back with its *quatre pattes en air*. It is quite impossible not only for me to describe, but for any one even to imagine, my unutterable ecstasy at that moment. I much fear I may have been guilty of some fooleries on the occasion. The two Jacquets meanwhile got shots at the frightened chamois, that were jumping all round us, but missed. My prize turned out to be a doe, and weighed 35lbs. after being gutted. We washed it at the glacier, which we followed into the valley. They called it Trelo le Grand, and it is one of the finest I have seen, both for depth of snow, variety of fracture, height and colour of its icy pyramids. The evening was bad, and the accommodations at Nant Bourrat wretched; but my success made me despise any such trifling considerations. The next morning I walked over the mountains to the chalets of Motet, and got one very long shot at a chamois, which I missed by less than an inch. I will not detail any of my other adventures in that neighbourhood; but before I take leave of guides, would beg to recommend most warmly the two Jacquets to any one who wishes to partake in this sport. I feel confident that they may be depended on for honesty, civility, alacrity, and *bonne foi;* they are excellent chasseurs, and most good-humoured and intelligent companions. Moreover, they speak good French, which very few of the Jägers do; and their hunting country being so near Chamouni, may be reached without difficulty.

The next spot to which I shall conduct my reader is the vale of Macugnaga, on the Italian side of Monte Rosa, celebrated for its mines and the beauty of its women, but esteemed by me for the splendour of its scenery and the number of chamois in its mountains. I lodged for four or five days in the vile cabaret, kept by the hunch-backed, dirty little fellow, named Gaspar Verra. I engaged one Martinal, the best chasseur of the country, who, for an Italian, turned out a better sportsman than I had expected. He was, however, too much given to boasting, and wanted to persuade me he had killed 3160 chamois and 2000 marmots, besides I know not how many eagles. This is a palpable exaggeration, I believe. There are few places that abound more in chamois than this. The first day was unfavourable, and the next morning was so doubtful, that we could not start early; but whilst we were deliberating in the inn yard, we with our telescopes discovered a herd feeding in a favourite spot, about an hour's walk above us. This was, of course, enough to determine us, and about twelve o'clock we set out after them. They were so placed, that we found it impossible to get a good shot. I fired twice, but at great distances.

Martinal would not shoot. We then separated, to return home by different routes. I had not left the place half an hour when, upon looking back, to my great astonishment, I saw four chamois come upon identically the same spot, which, as I have said, was a favourite feeding ground. I immediately got back to my old post, but found the same difficulty in approaching them. I got a long shot, which I have every reason to believe I hit, as the chamois (a young one) left its mother and the rest, and came limping towards me. I got a second long shot, which, I think, killed it; but there were so many bushes and crevices amongst the rocks, that I could not find it. Therefore, hearing the Ave-Maria, and knowing I had a long way to go through a pathless wood, I was reluctantly obliged to give up the search. The next morning we were off, long before sunrise, to some mountains adjoining the chain of Monte Rosa. We saw several chamois, but got no shots at them, owing, in my opinion, to the unskilfulness of my companion. At last we discovered three reposing upon a ledge on the northern face of a very lofty and most inaccessible rock. Martinal and I posted ourselves in almost the only pass, and then directed my guide to show himself on the opposite side.

As we expected, they came running towards us. I had promised Martinal to let him shoot first. He did so, and missed. The chamois then sprang up the face of the crag, with astonishing agility. I was seated on the ground, resting my elbow upon my raised knee, when, observing that the two first stopped for a moment on a rock that lay in their path, I kept my aim upon the spot, assured that the third would do the same. The instant he appeared and looked round I fired, and hit him very near the heart. He made an effort to follow the others, but feeling himself unable, stopped and began to crawl slowly along a ledge of rock. As he was going into a very dangerous place, where we should have had great difficulty in getting him, I mounted, out of his sight, to within fifty yards of him, and brought him down by a second shot. I then went to fetch him, and think I never was in such danger. The place where he lay was a broken and very precipitous crag, covered with icicles formed by the dripping from the snow above, which melted in the sun, and became congealed in the shade below; but what caused my chief danger was that, from excessive delight, every nerve and fibre of my frame trembled to such a degree, that I scarcely could keep my footing. I kept gaily rolling my prize before me, down a watercourse, until at last he rolled farther than I intended, and went over a precipice two or three hundred feet high, which by no means improved his appearance. Independent of my sport, I enjoyed some splendid views of Monte Rosa, &c.; but must confess that, after all, I am somewhat disappointed with this queen of mountains, when viewed close. Her fame, and perhaps the name, together with the royal show she makes from the Duomo at Milan, or the chain of the Gemmi, had raised expectations which, now that I have seen her quite close on all sides, a nearer approach has not altogether realized.

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 12.—MAY, 1831.

BEAR FIGHTING.

But as for our part, we shall tell
The naked truth of what befell,
And as an equal friend to both
The knight and bear, but more to truth,
With neither faction shall take part,
But give to each his due desert.
HUDIBRAS, P. I. Can. 2.

SIR,

I am sorry to observe in the advertisement of the forthcoming number of the O. S. M., mention made of only 12 original articles. I hope that this is not a symptom of declining interest in the subscribers to its pages, but a fear that it may be so has induced me to add my mite towards the continuance of a publication in which I have always taken an interest. In your previous numbers, there are many accounts of desperate doings and of narrow escapes in encounters between man and beast, but in no instance do I recollect of such determined courage and presence of mind as were exhibited in the encounter of which I am now endeavouring to give a correct relation.

Major R——, an officer in the Madras service, who was lately stationed here, had gone out lately to a jungle at some distance from the cantonments, to look for a bear, of which there are great numbers in this neighbourhood. I may here mention that those which have been killed here have always been found unusually large and savage, and in several instances have commenced the attack without being previously molested. After beating a nullah for some time without success, he was suddenly attacked by an enormous bear, which rushed from a thick patch of jungle a few paces from him.

He had just time to raise his rifle and to fire, before the bear was aboard of him: he missed, the beaters bolted, and the only resistance he could make was to charge with the muzzle of his rifle against the bear's breast as he reared at him. This he did with so much force as to wrench up the elevation rib from the barrels (it was a seven-barrelled rifle), and a quantity of the animal's hair was afterwards found sticking to it. The bear directly seized him by the arm and he was left without bottle-holder or second to mill a brute, who was not likely to fight fair, at least according to the rules of modern pugilism.

The major is a man of immense strength, and hits with the impetus of a sledge-hammer: with one

hand he battered Bruin between the eyes, and with his feet kept up a most vigorous cannonade against his bread basket. The bear constantly shifted his hold from one arm to the other, but the iron knuckles of his antagonist prevented him from retaining his gripe long enough to break the bones, and at last both fell together, Bruin uppermost. The gallant resistance which the major had hitherto made was now getting more feeble; he felt the hot breath of the bear blowing on his face, as his grey muzzle was thrust forward endeavouring to seize him by the head, which he defended as well as he could by repeated blows on the brute's nose. In the scuffle they had both rolled to the edge of the raome, and the final act of the tragedy seemed approaching, when the major gathered himself up for one last effort, hit right and left at his friend's head, and at the same moment drawing his knees to his chin, kicked out with such strength, that he fairly canted the bear into the nullah, and had the satisfaction of seeing him roll to the bottom. Upon rising and shaking himself after so extraordinary an engagement, Major R—— found that he had escaped with much less damage than he expected: his arms were terribly torn, but he was able to walk some distance to his palankeen, and is now perfectly recovered.

As to Bruin, although the cross buttock which decided the day might have been rather a rough one, I do not suppose that he suffered much, at least he was never more seen or heard of.

Extraordinary and almost incredible as the above statement may appear, there is not the slightest doubt of its truth: it certainly sounds like a traveller's tale, but I pledge myself for the veracity of the principal facts, although perhaps I may not be perfectly correct in some of the minor particulars. I feel that an apology is due to Major R—— for publishing this account without his permission, but it ought to be made public, if it be only to show that a good heart and strong arm may save a man's life when a seven-barrelled rifle has failed.

D.

Dharwar, February 7th.

WILDFOWL SHOOTING.

MR. EDITOR,

Excuse my troubling you with these few lines, as, being somewhat addicted to shooting, I cannot refrain from giving my opinions on that branch of it which in Great Britain we call *punting*, and to which the wildfowl shooting of this country so widely differs. A small canoe, from 15 to 20 feet long, hewn out of the trunk of a tree (generally the Mangoe), in most cases supplies the place of a punt, and will hold three persons comfortably, two working it along and the sportsman at the head, clad in a dark dress, and a good substantial gun in his hand; in this manner, with a little caution, easy access may be obtained to the wildfowl of India. In large tanks which are partially fordable, as is sometimes the case, I have frequently known sportsmen wade above their middles for half a day together after the birds, a practice which I have myself followed, but can in no wise recommend for getting access, for comfort, or for health.

Instead, however, of the common canoe used by the natives, I beg to suggest to those who are in a duck shooting country, a craft of a more portable nature, in fact, a mere framework covered with hides, painted or tarred, and outrigger to keep it steady in the water; this might be carried to any distance by four coolies, with little or no extra expense, and would be found a most useful appendage to a sportsman's establishment.

I cannot conclude these remarks without reverting to such points as I consider very material to the wildfowl shooter regarding the best sized shot for duck, as I strongly suspect that most of us have been and are greatly deceived in shooting with No. 5, which I am bold enough to affirm is at least four sizes too small. It is upon trial alone that I ground this assertion, that having for some time past discontinued No. 5 for No. 1. B. B. and even slugs, I have since made much longer and better single shots than formerly; and although it is probable that half-a-dozen grains of the smaller size may reach the object, still at long distances (as in duck shooting), to bring it down they are wanting in strength that which a single grain of shot of a larger size will easily accomplish.

Yours faithfully,
RAMROD.

Dooab, February 28th.

QUERY.

SIR,

Doubts having arisen as to the particular mode for measuring a Race-course correctly, whether the inner ring itself should form the measuring line or if any distance from it should be taken, I shall feel obliged to any of your sporting friends who can inform me on this point, and if there are any general rules laid down, and where they are to be found.

Yours,
BO PEEP.

ON THE DISEASES OF HORSES, AND THEIR REMEDIES.

MR. EDITOR,

I am forwarding you my last letter. I have tried the Croton and Pullas Papra purgative on six or seven horses, and invariably with good effect; the dose I now am led to prefer is as follows:—

Croton beans whole, five.

Pullas do., from ten to fifteen, according to the size and strength of the horse.

The advantages of this purgative are, 1st, certainty of operation in from 7 to 30 hours.

2nd. Facility of administering, as it requires no balling iron, but may be given by any horsekeeper as a common mussalla, and, as I before stated, if mixed up with coarse sugar or jagrey, the horse will generally eat it with pleasure.

3rd. It does not bring on spasm, which aloes and calomel sometimes do; and 4thly, which is no trifle, Mr. Editor, in these hard times, the dose may be made in every village for about one anna at most.

One tablespoonful of bhung, with as much pounded ginger,

will stop the purging, and bring the horse to his food.

RUNNING THRUSH.—I was once about to send above a hundred miles for tar and turpentine, the usual remedy with Europeans, when a native horseman observing my anxiety, laughing, told me he would with my permission cure the whole four diseased feet in less time than the medicine I required could be sent me. I had cut away the rotten parts of the frog; he applied for the first two days the fine prepared slack lime or chunam, as sold by the Tumooleys or beetul sellers, mixed into a thin paste with sweet oil; this appeared to cleanse the frog without materially checking the discharge. On the third and subsequent days the chunam was mixed up with water to the consistence of cream, and applied by pressure with a blunt-pointed stick, well into the part; on the seventh or eighth day I considered the horse perfectly cured, and put him to work.

This remedy I afterwards found useful in sores, at least such as required dry healing applications.

Teak wood tar, or the oil extracted from the red hearts and knots of well grown and partially seasoned teak, is another native remedy for thrush, wounds, sores, and cracked heels; this is, I understand, obtained in Malabar, in a very pure state. In the Moofussil it is generally prepared by previously soaking a quantity of well selected chips in sweet oil for some days, and afterwards put in a large earthen pot, the mouth well stopped and luted with clay, in the bottom of which a small hole is left; a fire is then made round the sides of the vessel, and the oil is received in a lota placed in the ashes under the hole. A medical gentleman to whom I showed some of this oil mistook it for real tar; the natives use it in Burzauttee. I know its value in cracked heels and as a *hoof ointment.*

BURZAUTTEE.—A very intelligent native farrier declared to me that he had been most successful in the treatment of this disease by using the knife boldly and dressing the sores with about nine parts of the teak wood oil, with one part of croton oil; internally he gives blue stone slacked in lime juice and rubbed for several hours in an iron mortar until it forms a glutinous paste; he commences with half a tola, and gradually measures the dose to three, carefully watching the effect; he thinks the disease caused by animalculæ, as in many of the large pieces of fungus he cut away their existence was manifest.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

HUBBEEB UL HISSAN.

MEERUT RACES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

When your Magazine was first established I was very much afraid it would soon have fallen to the ground, from the lack of matter sufficiently interesting to fill its pages, but glad am I to find you have so many staunch supporters of your valuable and interesting little work, and I trust they will still continue their contributions; and although you may not at present stand in need of a Maiden Contributor, nevertheless should you think the accompanying account of the Meerut meeting of January, 1831, worth inserting, it is very much at your service.

The Meerut meeting was on

the whole much better than had been anticipated, but several screws loose prevented so full an entry of horses as there otherwise would have been. Mr. Bacon's horses ran under great disadvantages, they having just arrived from Cawnpore, a distance of between three and four hundred miles, whereas Mr. Houston's were trained on the spot and kept quite fresh for the meeting; however, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which Mr. Bacon's horses laboured, I must say they appeared in much better form than any other horses that were brought to the post, and to which circumstance he must attribute his winning the Civilians' Cup on the third day, for condition, and condition alone, carried Bustard through that race; bad training and still worse riding lost it to Mr. Houston.

Hoping you may never be in want of contributors, and wishing your little periodical every success, believe me, your constant reader, and well wisher,

FAIR PLAY,

Not 100 *miles from Meerut.*

January 31*st*, 1831.

FIRST AHMEDABAD MEETING OVER A NEW COURSE.

The increase to the European population consisting of many known sporting characters, held out great expectations of an interesting meeting, to see the first *Course* cut up at Ahmedabad. A strong and successful stable arrived just in time for the soup, and the dessert containing some *titbits*, though the season was too late for ices, promised to finish the entertainment in good style. Most of the horses of the different stables looked in excellent condition, and several matches, trotting and others, were on the tapis amongst the sporting lieges, although some of these, from the evaporation of nocturnal spirits, so common on these occasions, ended in smoke. Some conversation took place between Matilda and Doctor O'Toole, but the lady got nervous (we suppose) at the doctor's extraordinary appellative, and, in spite of the additional incentive afforded by an offer of 2000 Rupees, jilted him the night before the match.

The hopes of connoisseurs were in some measure damped by the illness of two of the best of the southern horses; but the meeting nevertheless opened well, and was carried on throughout with spirit and interest. The time is as good as our neighbours have ever accomplished, and, although the lateness of the season precluded anything like elasticity of turf, gives a fair promise of improvement. There was no such thing as the "Bull-in-china-shop" system, as of late too much the case, and on the occasion of one of the first plates being decided in a different manner from what had been expected, the very pithy observation from an old sportsman was elicited of, "at all events, none of that money goes to P—a."

Both the stands were full each day, and the course was crowded with the native population from the city; so that the only thing wanting to complete the scene was the encouraging presence of the fair sex, to whose approving smiles the owners of winning horses cannot be altogether indifferent.

The Ball (as the Morning Post has it) opened with a Maiden Sweepstakes, which brought out

three different ones, and of these Bustle, a small nag out of the Poonah stable, was the best. A fine looking horse, with an extraordinary name, was the favourite at starting, and it was supposed by some that he would establish the superiority of a *milk and water* diet over the old-fashioned system of hay and gram. But it turned out *vice versâ*.

Two old horses, Postboy and Wildrake, next contended at whim weights. Wildrake has a temper of his own, but in this instance the appearance of a huge hunting whip in his immediate vicinity overruled his objections to the turf. He won the first heat in a common canter, and could have won the second at a walk had he been so inclined. Postboy landed at the stable door dead lame.

Another maiden race was run on the second day, and brought before the public a name once bright in racing annals, but in the present instance not likely to immortalize the owner, having only beaten two that were proved on Monday to be barely worth beating. Red Jacket cut a sad figure, and was a long, long way behind.

A good heavy plate, three mile heats, was contested by Paul Pry and Wildrake, and won easy by the former in 6m. 4s., although Wildrake was in the best of humours. One *Dragsman* started too, but found *one* round as much or more than he could manage; 6m. 4s. was not a pace at all suited to his capacity.

The third day brought in contact the winner of the first maiden; Lunatic, a very stylish new one, and Minstrel, a musician who started to the tune of "Off she goes," but was unable to be present at the post to greet the winner with "See the conquering hero comes." If our bard cannot keep better time than this, he should stay at home; he might turn the hurdy gurdy to a bear, but I doubt he will never contrive to play first fiddle.

The Hunter's Plate with eleven stone up was won by Oomrah, who contrived to get through his work in 4m. 13s., beating Regent, who had once or twice cut a fair figure on other courses. Infidel, whether from want of *faith* or want of ability to proceed, shut up after the first heat.

Decidedly the best race during the meeting was for the Cup given by the Turf Club, and various speculations were afloat, why Paul the Great (and the good also) was not forthcoming when it was a race involving reputation. Oomrah, who had been claimed by the owner of Paul Pry, on his winning the Hunters, was his proxy, and won the first heat, though by no means the favourite at starting. Lunatic, concerning whom reports of his being a kill-devil were abroad, was backed by many at evens to win, and his coming in second the first heat lengthened several faces. He was first the next time, and the very contented face of a veteran in the art proclaimed that "Rum had riz." He could not do the trick, however, and the race was carried by one that was thought very poorly of at the beginning, but proved beyond doubt that the knowing ones were out of their know.

There was no other race of interest until it was announced that Goblin Grey, of illustrious Bombay memory, who had won the great Sweepstakes last year, at the Presidency (and not that alone, but half the other Plates besides), was again to show forth. Without an expectation of the sort, however, he was beat, and only those who knew he had been wrong, very wrong, when he ar-

rived here, particularly when known first-raters were not in the race. To describe the scene that followed the defeat of this horse for a £40 Plate is impossible;—a "sure thing" turning up the wrong way is pretty certain to floor somebody, and on this occasion Goblin's friends were sadly in the *mud.*

Another race that day gave the spectators an opportunity of witnessing four beautiful heats (one a dead one), which terminated in Regent's favour. A race in which all winners were compelled to enter closed the scene, and proved either that the horses were not up to their weights, or that those who handicapped them were not up to their business; for Lunatic, who had been beaten by Master Henry the day before, ran away from him the second heat, and won without an effort. The glorious uncertainty!!

Several good Sweepstakes are made up for next year—the course is about to be improved,—and Ahmedabad promises to be one of the best places of resort for turf amateurs in our quarter of India.

OBSERVATOR.

WOODCOCKS IN INDIA.

SIR,

I have never yet heard of a woodcock having been seen in this Presidency; indeed, I believe that, excepting at the Neilgherry Hills, only one or two have been heard of in India. That these rare birds do, however, sometimes visit this corner of this vast country, the fact of my having shot one the other day will prove. I found it in a grassy plain, near the village called Gargaum, in Curmullah, and a finer or heavier woodcock was never seen. As some persons may be disposed to doubt this circumstance, I may as well add that a gentleman of the *most undoubted veracity* was present when the bird was killed, and that four other gentlemen of the Sholapoor Hunt saw it immediately afterwards.

Yours, &c., &c.

H. W. R.

Mhole, 4th March, 1831.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

Want of leisure has prevented me from appearing in either of the two last numbers of the O. S. M.; I have also deferred sending a contribution which I had prepared for your next number, seeing the necessity which exists of saying a few words on three letters which have shone conspicuously in the pages of the Bombay Courier, a publication which I was not before aware was the place for challenges; and finally, such a glorious wind up as the letter of your most sporting correspondent "Silledar."

In the whole of these three sporting letters, the Ahmednuggur Hunt and myself flourish more or less, myself most particularly in that last most clear, most concise, most classical, and most good-humoured production!

When I first became a contributor to your Sporting Magazine I indulged a few, perhaps, unwarranted hopes that, by occasionally turning out an article

that could absolutely be read through without performing the part of an opiate on the reader good-natured enough to give a man fair play, I might at length, by dint of no ordinary exertions, attain that ill-inspiring and high-sounding title of a "valuable correspondent." Such fond hopes I confess to have cherished: perhaps it was vanity alone that urged me to seek the meed of praise from the readers of a sporting periodical, for which I desire to have been debased. Great God, then, what were my overjoyed feelings when, on reading the letter of your impartial correspondent, I found myself triumphing over the whole of my envious competitors, in the pages too of a public newspaper, as the hero of all heroes! The accomplished artist of a kidney omelette tossed up, too, in the magical apparatus of a travelling cook-shop!!!

I feel, Sir, that elevated as I am to the highest pinnacle of glory, from which stronger heads than mine might shudder to look down, a more prudent course would be to retire at once from a field in which I have lived but to conquer, but having pledged myself to say a few words on these *sporting*—every one must allow them to be so—letters, I am bound to proceed; but first and foremost I will give in nearly a dozen words the history of the challenge alluded to in the first letter in the Courier, and leave every one to judge for himself whether there was any necessity or occasion for the production of "One as can go it."

Now for the history. At a dinner party at Poonah, during or immediately after the races before the last, a member of the Nuggur Hunt told another member of the same Hunt that he, and three other gentlemen whom he would select, would ride, either for money or not, against any four members of the said Hunt. This message was conveyed to the secretary by the member whom the challenger had addressed, on his return to Nuggur. The secretary, wishing to know from the challengers themselves whether they were really in earnest, and desiring to have so extraordinary a message on paper before he should write to inform every member of it, dispatched a letter with all speed to Poonah; an answer to this letter arrived in a few days, in which the challenger said the whole thing was intended as a joke, and wondered how it could have been understood to be otherwise. Here ends the history of the origin, it is said, of the letter in the Courier, and I leave it to every one to judge for himself whether after that answer there was any necessity for any members of the Hunt themselves to challenge men to ride *for money*, an act in my opinion as unsportsmanlike as it would prove destructive of every pleasure to be derived from the noble diversion of hog-hunting.

As for the challenge by "One who can go it," it would appear to have been made by one person, there being only one signature to it. My own conviction is that there are more than one, though not more than three at the very utmost. However, more than one or less than three, of this I can speak with certainty, the secretary was never in any way applied to, nor did the Hunt itself ever hear a word about what was going to take place till the Courier published the challenge.

Every man may entertain his own opinions on every subject, and my firm conviction now is that the *acceptance* of the challenge in a subsequent Courier

was a *hoax*. Whether this hoax will have the effect of preventing others from taking up the gauntlet, time will show. All I know is, that if the meetings of the Hunt, hitherto held for sport only, are to be in future the scenes of men riding against each other for *money*, I for one will bid adieu for ever to the plains of the Godavery, though the very name of them conjures up the fondest recollections of unrivalled diversion, most perfect good fellowship, and, above all, a pure unalloyed feeling for sport, and *sport alone!*

I am come to, I trust, the first and last production of "Silledar." If he is what his name would indicate, I would recommend him for once, and for once and for all, to drop the pen, and stick to his sword. With one he may do something, but, alas! his letter denies all hope of success with the other. I really, in taking any notice of his letter, am running no small risk of being branded with presumption as wishing to appear to understand what generally is thought to be unintelligible; I must beg, therefore, to explain that a very great part of it is quite above my talents and comprehension, and that a *guess* at the intention of the writer in the other parts enables me to notice it at all. The sum total, then, of my guess is that where my friend "Silledar" expected to find a *host* he found a *bechoba*, and there my guess ends as to that part, for the Lord help any man that strives to unravel the mysteries of the next sixteen or eighteen lines. He then proceeds to talk of "benefit to brother members," which most probably refers to something in the unintelligible fact above. We then come to a glorious non sequitur, running thus, "I am not a subscriber to the O. S. M., *nor* am I anxious to continue a member of such an ill-conducted and mere nominal affair as the Ahmednuggur Hunt." Next comes a long rigmarole in which he gives members *information*, which in the same breath he admits they are in possession of, and here my friend seems quite exhausted with the eloquence he has displayed, for I find he is so done as to take to copying a memorandum book! Having got through so much, and making due allowance for the overcome state in which he must have been when he wrote, we find one paragraph containing the following connected expressions and sentences. These are—the feats of his chuprapi—breaking of legs —want of cattle—dictates on condition, training; hunting—two or three screws, with a well cushioned nibbs, culinary apparatus, and a kidney omelette (as he himself expresses it) well *saiffleed*. The letter then ends with a few words of a Latin quotation, which has the advantage of being quite new, and something about a challenge (though which I can't make out) being either a hoax or not a hoax—it may be either to me, for I can't make out head or tail of it.

And now, Sir, in bidding Silledar adieu for ever, let me implore your assistance in dissuading him from withdrawing himself from the Hunt. You recollect the fate which Mr. Hoby, the boot-maker, clearly saw impending over his shop when Ensign —— threatened to withdraw his custom. "Shut up the shop, Tom," cried he; "we are ruined. Ensign —— has withdrawn his custom!"

Alas! what must be the fate of the Ahmednuggur Hunt when Silledar withdraws his name! I shudder to think of it! a Hunt which has existed for within a

few months of twelve years, to be broken up at a minute's warning by the retirement of a single member! alas! alas!

I have hardly spirit to sign myself

NIMROD IN THE EAST.

April, 1831.

"FOLLOW, FOLLOW."

TUNE—*Lilla's a Lady.*

Come away, jolly sportsman, the jungle is nigh,
We're determined to stir the grey bear from his sty;
He's the fiercest in fight,
He's the fleetest in flight,
Then follow, follow, follow, all fearless—
Yes, follow, follow, follow with me.

Tho' greyer than badger, tho' swifter than deer,
Tho' fiercer than wolf, who the devil would fear?
His strength and his size
Will but gladden our eyes,
Then follow, &c.

There are fifty blood beaters, all true to their trust,
Let us give them the signal, and find him we must;
Halloo! that's the sound—
Holy Jove! there, they've found!
Then follow, &c.

Yes, hark to the crash and the rush that he makes,
And see from yon corner how boldly he breaks;
Now, my lads, do your best,
Screw your nerves to the test,
And follow, &c.

Right over the nullah! he bounds like a buck;
Dash into the river! he dives like a duck;
Not the leap nor the swim
From our spears shall save him,
Then follow, &c.

Now breathless, o'ertaken, he musters his might,
Ride up, gallant hunters, and finish the fight,
In his blood and his foam
Let him charge and charge home!
Then follow, &c.

And now, the sport ended, we'll quit the broad plain,
And round our full bowls ride the chase o'er again;
Then dream through the night
Of the next day's delight;
And follow, follow, follow, all fearless—
Yes, follow, follow, follow with me.

S. Y. S.

HOG HUNTING NEAR POONAH.

SIR,

It must be surprising to you, while every other station of this Presidency sends its contribution of hog-hunting *staves*, Poonah, formerly the *crack place* for this noble sport, should now be behindhand; but the fact is that Poonah is no longer the place it was. The lads of the Union, Spear, and other Hunts made so good a use of these weapons, that the bristly race is almost exterminated from the vicinity. The jungle of Rasabosah, Mhole, Core, and Alunder are no longer a certain find; indeed, for the last two years not a single hog has been killed at the two former places, consequently the few men who are hog-hunters here are obliged to go 60 miles, to be at all sure of meeting with sport. Notwithstanding this, we managed to dispose of 104 hog last year, and expect to double that number this year, as we have made a tolerable beginning. Our ground has generally been the tanks of the Beema (both the Poonah and Nuggur) and the Ghaunts near Poonah, and bad enough it is, for we have hills, thorns, and nullahs, and (what are worse here than anywhere else) stones, which to an inexperienced horse are "the devil," and, in case of a fall to the rider, rarely fails to leave their mark on him—I speak feelingly. So much for the country: as to the sportsmen, few as they are, I could mention some workmen who would perform well in any country, and whose style of *settling a hog* Nimrod himself would contemplate with perfect satisfaction.

I have the pleasure to add that the Poonah lads have killed 51 hog since the beginning of the present year, 35 of which were killed by the last party on the following dates:—

February 9th, at Nimbowree, 62 miles from Poonah, in the Nuggur country	2
10th, at Sepoorah, 5 coss further ditto	1
11th, at Hingnee, 5 coss ditto	7
12th, " "	1
13th, at Oomrud, 4 "	1
14th, " "	7
15th, " "	1
16th, Kurmullah, 5 "	13
17th " "	2
Total	35

Besides this, while the horses and spears are resting, two of us have been using our guns, and the result has been two hundred and fifty-nine head of game of different sorts.

I am, &c.,
H. W. R.

Poonah, March 15th, 1831.

PERFORMANCES OF SACKCLOTH.

I think, Mr. Editor, that an account of the performances of Major Looney's "Sackcloth" at the last Madras Meeting may find a corner in your Sporting Magazine, at any rate they are worthy of being therein recorded.

"Sackcloth" is a dark iron grey horse, nearly 15 hands high, with a fine forehead, but remarkably straight in his pins; in fact, it may almost be said that he has no bend in the pastern. His quarter is splendid and of immense strength. He has a deep jowl and beautiful eye, and is a perfect Arab in temper.

He first appeared for the second maiden, two mile heats, 8st. 7lbs., at the Madras Races, January 18th,

1831, against Mr. Fox's Glendower and Mr. Egremont's Edwy. The first heat he led throughout, and won easy in 4m. 3s. The second, Glendower took him off at a good pace, but could not head him; at the mile Edwy ran up and took Glendower's place, and with as little chance, Glendower again making a push at the distance. "Sackcloth" still kept his advantage and won easy, in 4m. 1s.

This was conclusive as to his being a good one, the two horses having done their best against the common enemy, without the smallest chance of success.

He next appeared on the 22nd, for a Sweepstakes, 1½ mile, 8m. 4s. with Fitz Orelio and Tofino. "Sackcloth" and "Fitz" rated it from the post at a tremendous pace, and "Sackcloth" won easy in 2m. 58s., Mr. Fox's Tofino cutting but a sorry figure against the two clippers. This made people open their eyes, Fitz having won the first maiden three miles in 6m. 45s. first heat, and 6m. 24s. the second.

On the 27th he started for a Sweepstakes, two miles, 8m. 7s., opposed by "Knave of Trumps" and "Glendower." The Knave did his best to make a race of it, but "Sackcloth" won very easy again, in worse time than the second maiden.

On the 29th he was once more at the post, with little Edwy as a competitor. A Sweepstakes 2½ miles, 8m. 10s. The gallant Edwy rated it alongside of him the whole way at a killing pace, till the last hundred yards, when "Sackcloth" went out and won positively easy in 5m. 3s.

Edwy in this race proved himself a trump, but more than a trump was required to beat the big one.

An hour afterwards he appeared for the Civilian's Cup, 1½ mile and a distance, with 8st. 10½lbs. on his back, against Dreadnought and Honesty, each carrying 8st. 12lbs. Honesty had the post, and went off at a slapping pace, and kept it up to boot. Sackcloth well on his quarter. At the distance, for the first time in his life, Sackcloth was pushed out and touched with the whip; he answered immediately, and won the race by a length and a half in 3m. 11s.

This time is unparalleled when we consider that he had just won a severe 2½ miles race in 5m. 3s. with 8st. 10½lbs. In half an hour after he walked over for a three-mile sweepstakes, thus winning six times during the meeting, and five of them contested races. He is now the property of Gen. McDowall, and is one of a stud of eighty. His late owner, no doubt, though, will manage to give him a maiden licking next year with Emilius. "Honesty" has just been sent to England, and I think your correspondent S. Y. S. must allow that in him they have a stallion of blood, make, and strength—his speed and bottom are recorded.

Yours,

NECK AND NECK.

Madras, 28th March, 1831.

THE STEEPLECHASE.

This dangerous and delightful amusement, so much in vogue among the crack sportsmen of England, seems to have found no supporters or patronisers in the East, and I am the more surprised at this neglect of such an excellent kind of sport, since the Deccan can

certainly offer many grand spots for the trial of nerve and the exhibition of good horsemanship, and as certainly lots of dashing riders to evince their courage as well as their judgment and skill. I wonder then that some of these *choice spirits* have not thought of good round Sweepstakes for a Steeplechase; and, if this should meet the eye of any of them, I trust something may be done towards having a little amusement in that way. I am confident it would be more satisfactory to witness the gallant riding of four or five real good ones across a bad country in a crow-flight, than to toddle after a mongrel pack of curs trotting an assafœtidaed fox to death. For my own part, though somewhat too bulky to get over a rough road very cleverly, yet I would gallop many a long mile to witness a good steeplechase, and what would the Deccanites say to one from the Gibbet hill or Scindia's palace, up to *the top* of Parbuttee, fifty rupees each rider, and the last to pay the second rider's stakes. Put this into your next number, if you please, and if this succeeds, and the gentlemen will give *us* Bombayites a timely notice through the Courier or Gazette, they may depend on having three or four of us among them. Good-bye, Mr. Editor, and be at your post by the first week in May, and you will revive the confidence and good will of the subscribers and contributors of the O. S. M., now so much weakened by so many disappointments in the issue of the quarterly numbers from the press.

Yours faithfully,
STEEPLE.

KURNAUL RACES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Should you think my former communication worth inserting, you will probably give the following account of the Kurnaul meeting, 1831, a place in your amusing periodical.

The Kurnaul Meeting commenced on the 9th February, with the Give and Take, heats R. C. (one mile and a half and 15 yards), for which the Confederates' G. A. Marmion, at 8st. 6lbs. (jockeyed by his owner), Mr. Parry's G. A. Savadah, at 7st. 12lbs., and Mr. Bacon's C. A. Creeper, at 9st. 7lbs., made their appearance. Creeper, who unfortunately broke a blood vessel during the first heat, the favourite, and had it not been for the accident would probably have won the race, for it was evident from Marmion's running that he had trained off since leaving Meerut, or he had never have allowed an inferior horse like Savadah to win the first heat in such bad time as 3m. 7s.; he managed however to win the second and third heats with apparent ease, in 3m. 8s. and 3m. 11s. The second race was for Maiden Arabs, weight for age, heats two miles, which Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, five years old, at 8st. 7lbs. (Rammoola), won at two heats, with the greatest ease, beating Mr. Stalk's B. A. Cock Robin, 8st. 7lbs., and Mr. Ceto's B. A. Good for Nothing, 8st. 12lbs., in 4m. 15s. and 4m. 25s. Third race, Mr. Clinton's bay pony Varmint, 7st. 7lbs., beat the Confederates' G. P. mare Padrina, 8st., in a match twice R. C. Padrina from an accident was unable to train, or the result might have been different. Fourth race, the Ensign's roan horse Half Batta (owner) beat the Confederates' dun pony Tickle Toby

in a match R. C. Tickle Toby had no chance at any part of the race. —Second day. First race, for the General's Purse, heats R. C. The following horses were entered:—the Moss Trooper's C. A. Chester, 9st. 9lbs., Captain Duckett's G. A. Hudibras, 9st. 9lbs., Mr. Mootee's G. A. Ecarte, 9st. 4lbs., and the Confederates' C. G. Rufus, by Slender Billy, 9st. 6lbs.; but an objection being made to the Moss Trooper's horse, in consequence of some mistake in the nomination, Hudibras, Ecarte, and Rufus only came to the post. The first heat was beautifully contested, Hudibras winning by a length, and Ecarte beating Rufus by a nose, in 3m. 15s.; had not Rufus, however, endeavoured to bolt, by which he lost nearly 100 yards, there is little doubt but he would have won the heat. The second heat was well contested between Ecarte and Hudibras, the latter winning by half a length, in 3m. 13s. For the Galloway Purse it was no race, Mr. Parry's G. A. Savandah, 8s. 5lbs., beating Mr. Mootee's G. M. Wagtail in a canter, in 3m. 20s. Third race, the Ensign's roan horse Half Batte (owner) beat Mr. Clinton's G. H. Nosey in a match, 1 mile, won in a canter, time 2m. 15s. Same day, for a Handicap Sweepstakes, two miles, the following horses started:—Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, 9st. (Rammoola), M. Ceto's B. A. Good for Nothing, 7s. 12lbs., Mr. Stalk's G. A. Sampson, 8st. 2lbs., and Mr. Bacon's G. A. Popinjay, 8st. 7lbs. The race was Tyrant's the whole way, he winning easy by a couple of lengths, in 4m. 13s., Good for Nothing second, Sampson third, and Popinjay fourth and last.—Third day. First race, for the Maiden Country Bred Purse, heats R. C., the Moss Trooper's C. C. Rob the Ranter, 7st. 7lbs. (Rammoola), beat Mr. Bacon's B. F. Caifacaratadadara at two heats easy, but in no time, Rob being lame and the Filly trying to bolt. For the Pony Purse, heats one mile and a quarter, a splendid race was anticipated between the two famous ponies, Stargazer and Zarah, but Zarah unfortunately being amiss, was unable to make her appearance. Mr. Parry however (perhaps depending on the glorious uncertainty) ventured to enter a pony called Black Sally against the noted Stargazer; and although Stargazer cantered in front the whole way, coming in first by several lengths, he was declared distanced in consequence of his owner carrying above his weight and not declaring it. Third race, the Ensign's roan horse Half Batta (owner) beat Mr. Lawrence's B. H. Ginger Pop R. C. in a canter, after which came the Station Cup, twice R. C. and a distance, and from the number of horses entered (eight) a good race was expected, but from accidents in training three only made their appearance at the post, viz. the Moss Trooper's B. A. Stanley, 8st. 7lbs. (Pannchoo), Mr. Ceto's B. A. Good for Nothing, 8st. 12lbs., and Mr. Benjamin's G. F. Emerald, 6st. 10lbs.; even betting between Stanley and the Filly, and almost any odds against Good for Nothing, who had not been in training a month. The horses passed the stand well together, but the race was between Stanley and Emerald; the latter appeared to be winning easy, when unfortunately within a few yards of the distance post bolted, by which accident Stanley was enabled to win, greatly distressed, in 6m. 51s., Good for Nothing just saving his distance. Stanley, I hear, had been amiss several days previous to the race, but had not that been the case, I doubt whether

he would have been able with 8st. 7lbs. against 6st. 10lbs. to have done much against the Filly, for two stone difference in weight must tell, especially in so long a race.—Fourth day. First race, for the Arab Purse, heats two miles, five horses started, viz. Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, 8st. 7lbs. (Rammoola), the Moss Trooper's C. A. Chester, 8st. 12lbs., the Confederates' G. A. Marmion, 8st. 12lbs., Mr. Bacon's C. A. Sinner, 8st. 12lbs., and Mr. Parry's G. A. Savadah, 8st. 12lbs. Marmion the favourite at 12 to 8 against the field, but the favourite is not always the winner, Marmion being dead beat both heats half-a-mile from home, and the contest being between Tyrant and Chester, which latter ought to have won the first heat, but his jockey was asleep, Tyrant winning it by a length in 4m. 10s., and the second heat easy in 4m. 13s. Marmion third both heats, Sinner fourth, and Savadah fifth. This is not like Marmion's running at Meerut, but if reports are true, which state that Marmion met with an accident, and was obliged to run in a bar shoe, this, combined with his having trained off, will in some measure account for his bad running; he is a good, honest little horse, and, if I mistake not, will next year turn out a regular clipper. I almost forgot to mention a very pretty bit of running on the third day, viz. between the Ensign's horse Half Batta (who, I hear, for his performances is to be hereafter named Full Batta) and Mr. Mootee's G. H. Jem, 9st. 7lbs. each, half a mile; both got a beautiful start, ran neck and neck the whole way to the distance post, when both were brought to the whip, and a beautiful race terminated in favour of Half Batta by a nose in 1 minute. After the Arab Purse on the fourth day, a Sweepstakes, half a mile heats, 8st. 2lbs. each, came off between Mr. Bacon's G. A. Popinjay (R. Ross), the Moss Trooper's Br. Country Horse Dourgun Saul, and Mr. Stalk's B. M. Toddles. The first heat a beautiful race, and won by Dourgun, by a short head, in 1 minute; the second and third heats won easy by Popinjay, in 1 minute and 1m. 2s. The Ensign's horse Half Batta beat Mr. Clinton's G. H. Nosey in a match, quarter of a mile, owners riding, in a canter, in 31s. After allowing him a little time to breathe, he started again for another match against Mr. Taffy's Bk. H. Black and all Black, 10st. each, R. C., and again proved successful, winning his race in a canter. The fifth day's racing commenced with a match between Mr. Ceto's B. A. Good for nothing, 8st. 12lbs. (an amateur), and Mr. Stalk's G. A. Sampson, 8st. 12lbs.; from the running of these two in the Handicap Sweepstakes on the second day, at 4lbs., it was evident to those who were not absolutely blind that one stone would make it a hollow thing, but still there were some who were griffs enough to back Sampson, and suffered for their folly, Good for nothing winning in a common canter the two miles in 4m. 16s., not so bad for a horse almost untrained. Second race, Mr. Mootee's G. A. Ecarte (R. Ross) beat the Moss Trooper's C. A. Chester, in a match, 11st. each, R. C., easy in 3m. 12s. Chester the favourite before the race at 2 to 1, and during the race at 5 to 1. A match made last year, and which was to have been run on the third day, between the Confederates' C. A. Tom Tit and Mr. Stalk's C. A. The Disowned, 8st. 7lbs. each, two miles, was off by mutual consent, both horses being amiss. For a

Handicap Purse, R. C. and a distance, 10 horses were entered, and 7 only started, viz. Mr. Benjamin's G. F. Emerald, 8st. 6lbs. (Ross), Mr. Houston's G. A. Tyrant, 9st. 5lbs., the Confederates' C. A. Tom Tit, 8st. 7lbs., Mr. Bacon's C. A. Sinner, 8st. 10lbs., Mr. Stalk's B. M. Toddles, 7st. 12lbs., the Ensign's horse Half Batta, 6st. 5lbs., and the Confederates' C. G. Rufus, 8st. 4lbs., who soon lost all chance of winning by bolting to his stable. The race was well contested between Emerald and Tyrant, the former winning with little to spare by half a length in 3m. 27s. Tom Tit third, Sinner fourth, Toddles and Half Batta, though not placed, fifth and sixth. Thus ended the Kurnaul Meeting of February 1831, and I hope next year the racing men will be more fortunate in their stables, and renew the sport with redoubled vigour. It appears the Confederates have great confidence in the powers of their horse Marmion, they having backed him against Mr. Bacon's G. A. Lancer, 8st. 7lbs. each, three miles, for 5000 rupees, to be run on the first day of the next Meerut meeting. Hoping the best horse may win, and wishing your Magazine every success, believe me, dear Mr. Editor, your constant reader and well-wisher,

FAIR PLAY,

Not 10 *miles from Meerut.*

April 2nd, 1831.

A PONGO PICNIC.

SIR,

The greater number of your readers are no doubt aware of the many thousand pleasurable anticipations which the promise of a *picnic party* never fails to awaken in the bosoms of even the most home-loving people, and they who are sportsmen in the truest sense of the word will, I am confident, give me their commiseration when they read my miserable story and are told that, though no longer a *youth*, the *spirit* of sport still flourishes and blooms in my remembrance, and clings round my heart with a tenacity which not two-and-twenty years of hot service have weakened, nor the loss of *half tentage* can untwine from its hold, nor *threatened reductions* can loosen in its attachment. I cannot, however, help fancying (I hope it is only fancy) that

> Sport, and all its varied charms,
> Its follies and its freaks,

is in its decline, and that the zeal and perseverance which once distinguished the true hog-hunter from the mere *amateur* are sinking into a feeling that assimilates such widely different characters, and that the few parties that now take place are caused less from a love of sport than by a desire to escape from the bore of office work or the monotony of drill parades. But I wish not to show myself to your readers as a "*Laudator temporis Acti*," however much I may be so in heart, and therefore "*revenons à nos moutons.*" I was dealing out my praise of *picnics* in general, and spoke of the revulsion of feeling, which the one I have just returned from had occasioned, turning hope into disappointment, and changing the reality of enjoyment into a mere mockery of pleasure —still, though unlike what I had always seen of picnic parties, there was much to be amused at, and much to be pleased with,

for the ridiculous is almost always diverting, and even absurdities sometimes afford as much fun to some as real good sport does to others.

I will mention the various incidents of the day, and leave your readers to judge for themselves—but first I must describe what sort of animal a *Pongo* is—yet, no—I may not make the attempt for fear of offending that very respectable and numerous class of people—for the *Pongoes* are, I really believe, descendants of Adam, though so much of the monkey peeps out in their feature and form, that the eye of the observer instinctively glances down to look for their *tails*, and the mind naturally enough is brought to conclude, from the absence of that appendage, that *docking* has been resorted to, and that, like "*business ponies*," they only carry a remnant! I will not be more minute in my description, lest any one should fancy I meant to be personal, an intention which I positively disclaim; so that if any of my neighbours should think him alluded to, and cut me in consequence, I shall certainly ask for his reasons, which will not convince me of the correctness of the application, unless he should show me "*his stump*," when I shall be most willing to make the "amende honourable" to him, and to his whole tribe also, if called on so to do.

Well, Mr. Editor, to proceed with *my tale*, and leave the *Pongoes* to arrange *their tails* as they can.

It was a fine, cool, breezy morning, and our party were in high spirits, and with guns, greyhounds, fishing rods, and hog spears, we wandered over the beautiful plain extending from our rendezvous to the spot where our tents were pitched. We had of course formed a line, separating from each other about 60 yards, and as there were ten of us, we covered a good space of ground, and in a very short time up started a hare. Now, I had not seen a course for some years, and was exceedingly surprised to find TWO brace of dogs had been slipped at the unfortunate puss: in days of yore this would have been called down dreadful punishment on the back of the offender who had slipped the second brace, but on this occasion no oath was sworn, no vengeance vowed, no remark was made; away went the four dogs, leaving the whole party to follow, which they did at a very leisurely pace, one or two of the gentlemen observing to me as I was pushing by them, "Oh, don't ride, they will soon turn her round *if they don't lose her!*" However, ride I did, and witnessed the chase, which after being continued in a straight line for about a mile took a direction to the right, and the rear dogs, cutting across, contrived to get up and turn the hare. This gave an opportunity for all four to join and to have a fling in turn at the poor animal, who, however, contrived for some time to baffle them with ease, and the running was pretty enough, when, after going about half a mile in this way, we had gradually skirted round the main body of the party, and to my horror I heard several voices exclaim, "A beautiful chase—*slip another brace*,"—and, by G—d, Sir, another brace were slipped!!! Six to one settled the matter, and poor pussy was picked up for a stew! The dogs were caressed as though they had accomplished wonders, and "*the Pongoes*" said it was "*devilish good sport.*" Shortly after, a herd of antelopes broke

through our line, and one of this *new race* dismounted, took his double-barrelled Joe Manton, loaded with ball, and gave a deliberate shot at a buck as it bounded to the rear. The ball missed its object, and striking on the very top of a rising ground just as the head of the rider next to him appeared above it, frightened him out of his two senses and a half, so he dismounted for a time. 'Twas alarmingly near producing "*a Pongo funeral.*" At this instant, however, a fox was hailed at some considerable distance, and to lay the dogs in would require real hard galloping, but this did not suit "*the Pongoes,*" so they *trotted* round him without slipping, until they came *pretty* close, and then "Chor da!" was vociferated by nearly all the party, and *every* dog in the field (four brace and a *long-legged* terrier) were at their speed in a moment! This sight almost killed me! I was thunderstruck and disgusted, though I still could not help laughing at the absurdity of the affair, when the fox began to play his tricks, for doubling and stopping, and turning, and twisting, brought the greyhounds into a cluster, knocking each other over, running in each other's way, *yelping* too like curs, and doing anything but catching their fox, who, amidst the confusion of dogs and horses jumbled together, had cocked up his brush and disappeared in his earth. Then ensued a scene I have never even heard of before; most of the party dismounted, and while some thrust bamboes into the holes (of which there were two), others hallooed into them with all their might, and one or two *danced* over the spot where he was supposed to be; but all to no purpose—Reynard would not stir. At last, one of the pokers declared he *felt* him *biting the end of the bamboo.* Oh! then came the rejoicing, and more yelling and more hallooing, and *digging* was commenced, but the ground proved too rocky for that work, and after an hour and a half's toil and trouble they determined to *blow him out*, and, "*risible dictu,*" *four* barrels loaded with No. 5 were discharged smack into the holes, two into each; out came—not the fox—no—*the smoke*, and so it ended in *that* only, and we left the poor devil to ruminate upon what had happened to him and his apartments underground, and to bless his stars that he was only pursued by "*a Pongo party.*"

It would take up too much time were I to describe the thousand and one incidents of this sporting day, else I should, I think, divert you and your readers by telling you how gallantly four of "*the tribe*" amused a couple of fine large wolves for half an hour, when the animals took leave of them at a very easy pace, and the hunters (Shade of John J——s, *hunters!*) cantered off to the tents, while another set pushed after a black buck, for they said they were sure he was lame, because he was quite the *last* of all the herd, and could only *trot:*—no venison for that day!!

The party unoccupied by the wolves and the deer, consisting of four, in the mean time beat along the plain towards a patch of low jungle, when being sure of finding hares, and as sure that the only brace of dogs they had with them could not catch them, three Pongoes dismounted and took their guns, and one remained on horseback "*to look out!*" Well, Sir, *fourteen* shots they fired at nearly as many hares in the jungle, and, like Novice of your No. 7 at the Mallee's grey cat, "they *could not touch a feather.* At last, however, close to the edge of the

bushes out dashed a fine grey hare, and taking fairly into the plain the dogs were slipped, not however before a brace of barrels from one "Pongo" had warned her to be off sharp. A loose dog, and limping on the plain, chanced to see her as she came towards him, and he made a rush for her scut, which she very cleverly and carefully saved from his teeth, and turned back to the bushes with the dogs close to her, and skirting the jungle patch she was saluted with the double barrels of the other two shooters, the mounted "*Pongo*" all this time riding and shooting like a madman, but in spite of the dogs and the rider, in spite of the shot and roaring, off went pussy and never was seen again.

By this time the heat was excessive, the greyhounds fagged to death, the horses tired, and ourselves hungry; so we rode for the tents at once, where we found the "*wolf-hunting Pongoes*" taking a snack before breakfast at the grapes and figs, and one of them we saw finishing a *whole tongue* with his own teeth! To have witnessed their feats when breakfast *was* brought you would have fancied that they had not taken a meal for a fortnight; there they were, with rice and eggs, mutton chops and fish, cold fowl and hot beefsteaks, Kedgeree and Kabobs, and Chutnee; for, as an old friend of mine once justly observed, "I would not give a d——n for Kabobs without Chutnee!" all, everything, went down their throats in rapid succession, and at last, like the poet's unsubstantial pageant, "left not a rack," (except, I believe, the toast rack) "behind."

Well, breakfast being concluded at last (it lasted nearly an hour), we began to look about for some amusement to while away the tedious time 'twixt that and tiffin, and cards were called for. *There were none!* Oh, distressing, doleful, dismal news! no cards, and no going out of the tent from the excessive heat; 'twas the end of March, under the fly only of a subaltern's tent, and not a tree near that was high enough to hang a lizard. No cards! and three long hours before the midday meal could possibly be ready! What was to be done? sleep!—yes!—we lay down and slept—then tiffed; many as though they never expected to get a dinner again; and some servants during our slumber having been ordered to secure some sparrows alive, and as they had luckily succeeded, out went six of the "*Pongoes*," tied a tent rope to a hat by way of a trap, and three rupees and a half were (after a spirited contest) lost and won on a Sparrow Match! ! !

We now ordered our horses; for the gusty wind was whirling the dust in eddies over the plain, dark clouds had assembled in huge masses to the west, threatening a storm, which as we approached home came down with great violence and drenched every soul to the skin: severe tumbles, occasioned more by the spur in the *head* than the spur on the *heel*, were our only *amusements* during our gallop, and as no serious accident had happened, we met again at the well-furnished dinner table, of our host of "the picnic," and the events of the day were discussed over some dozen bottles of "Renny and Bell," as eagerly and proudly as the jovial members of the old Bristly and Union Hunts used to exult over theirs in former days and hail their successes in plain Hodgson. Spirits of those I loved and admired! proved gallant hearts of the Deccan's

proudest days! I deprecate your censure, while I blush for thus associating even the *remembrance* of your glorious deeds with the puny performances of these "*Pongoes*," to which indeed they bear as much resemblance as would the wars of the cods to the battle of the frogs and mice—and yet they call themselves *Hunters*. But never mind that; the party caroused merrily and happily, and happier and merrier people I have seldom seen. I left them at an early hour of the dark hours, and next morning, long after cock-crow, I passed through the dining room to mount my horse for my usual constitutional gallop, and saw the Pongoes located as follows:—three *under* the table; one *on* it; four on couches; and one, "*the noblest of the flock*," sitting fast asleep, with an empty wine-glass fast held in his fingers. "*Go to bed, old boy*," said I, as I slapped him on the back; "*go to bed.*" "CLARET, IF YOU PLEASE," mumbled he, "*and here's to you!!*"

And thus ended the "Pongo picnic."

E. E.

SONG.

Oh! we will run through pleasure's round,
Beyond the grasp of care;
And where the god of mirth is found,
Unfailing, worship there!
To *one* pursuit then shall we bind
The true-born sportsman's soul?
No, never, while his ample mind
Can circle through the *whole!*
Then let each pleasure have its zest,
Give every sport its due,
And be one brimming toast addrest
To racket, quoit, and cue!

Some love to urge the high-train'd steed,
And the flight of wind outrun,
While others wing the arrow's speed,
Or point the levelled gun!
And often where the ball-room beams
The child of fashion flies,
Where the music streams and the high hall gleams
With light and with woman's eyes!
Then let each pleasure have its zest,
Give every sport its due,
And be a brimming toast addrest
To racket, quoit, and cue!

Some turn away in cold disdain
From beauty's breast of snow,
And haste to their much loved jungle plain,
To lay the wild hog low—
From pleasure's crowded halls they fly,
Where woman's cheek is blushing,

And deny that its finest tints can vie
With the sight of the grey boar rushing!
There is a zest by all possest,
Then give each sport its due,
And let a bumper be addrest
To racket, quoit, and cue!

SIGMA.

STABLE TRICKS.

SIR,

The march of mind, which is the fashionable phraseology of this fashionable age, and more especially of this most fashionable Island, has beyond a doubt extended its "advance in line" to this blissful country, which fact is, in my opinion, undeniably established by the institutions of our Native School, the erection of the Town Hall, and the Mint, and the imposing approach to perfection of our literary society, and those improving twin associations, the Horticultural and Agricultural:—how refreshing to all, however, it would be if the Presidency influentials could get up a Full Pattacultural or Full Tentage-cultural institution. But that would only tend to show the march of money, and the Lord knows—at least every subaltern does—that *that* march has been made long ago, for while mind has marched *on*, money has marched *off*—"Eheu, prisca dies."

Well, Sir, 'tis no use grumbling, except that a growl now and then is to the mind like phlebotomy to the body; it relieves us from a repletion of grief—or, like the present system of reduction to our purses, relieves them from repletion also. But to return to my subject. Among the marches which this progress of civilization has brought into India, there is no doubt that one practice has been established in our colony, which hitherto had been confined to the more experienced traders in the mother country, and the lands adjacent—I allude to what may be termed Stable Science, or rather "Stable Tricks,"—that system of fraud and deception so long and so successfully practised by stable functionaries in England.

I fancy I shall stand uncontradicted when I assert that as much trickery, knavery, falsehood, and deceit are to be met with and guarded against in the stables, commonly called Bombproof, at this Presidency, as in those of the most desperate dealers or veriest sharpers in Europe.

I will ask any gentleman in the habit of making purchases in this island, whether I am not correct in saying that the generality of Arab dealers are quite as much awake to *Bishop-ing* and other fraudulent practices as any "swell cove of the horse fair" in the world? By-the-by, I suppose almost all your readers know that *Bishop-ing* means the operation of burning the teeth, to resemble the marks by which the age of horses are determined; and I saw, this very morning, a large flea-bitten grey with a seemingly six-year-old mouth (and called six by the Arab dealer) as nicely *Bishop'd* as could possibly be done, and his tushes very prettily filed down to a length corresponding with his assumed age. It would have taken in ninety-nine men out of a hundred,—an experienced friend pointed it out to me. How many blood and bone

spavins are mere bruises, or knocks in the boat; how many glandered animals have only a temporary cold; and how many farcy buds are mere tick bites!!

Take a good likely-enough horse out of his Pinjeree, and hear what a pedigree the owner will forge for him extempore, and favour you with a long tirade of performances up the Gulf that would rival Pyramus in his 3m. 22s. over the Calcutta course. I am certain that I have been assured fifty times that the nag I was pricing had run down antelopes in Arabia, as easy as he could the goats in the stable-yard, and had beat every horse that he had been tried against; and once (I blush while I write it)—but only once—I was completely taken in, and was really simple enough to act in most positive and direct opposition to my own *rules* and ideas of choosing, and in spite of my deep-felt dislike to the animal, pointed out as having been kept purposely for me. I bought him at a larger price, merely because the dealer took his oath, swore by his prophet (profit he meant) that he was the fastest horse ever had been known, and of most unblemished pedigree. "But," said I doubtingly, "how does he gallop?" "Did you ever see a bullet go out of a gun?" was the metaphorical reply. Well, this bullet knocked me down, and I was hit all over. Yet, when I looked at the creature, I saw only a stout, beastly-fat, punchy thing, fourteen one, with a rump as round and as large as a gram-kettle, with a channel that would not hold a tobacco-pipe, and his *pippin* not so big as a stopper, and sunk like a bullock's almost out of sight; hind legs crooked in the wrong places; the chest, though very broad, seemed to roll over or rather grind on the elbows of his four legs, so completely under him were they placed; then there was a hollow back and a straight shoulder, and, to my utter abomination, a fat and *apopletic neck*.

His only redeeming points, in my opinion, were a fine, bony, though long head, an eye as dark and bright and beautiful as the gazelle's, magnificent hocks (a really grand point), good width over the loins, and great girth, with a glove-like skin and hair as fair and silky as a lady's love locks.

"If he does not beat Bundoola I'll take my oath to cut off my right hand," said the dealer.

"That certainly," said I, "is a bloody proof of your high opinion of him, provided you are in earnest, but instead of mutilating yourself as you so agreeably propose, suppose you agree to take him back if, after a month's training under my own eye, he does not run the mile and half with 8st. 4lbs. in 3m. 3s.

"Yes, by my eyes, I will agree," said the dealer, "if he is not injured."

Well, this was settled. I trained, and I tried him—I was astonished—he ran it—in 3m. 3s.? No! exactly 3m. 30s., but proving next day *dead lame* from his *extraordinary* exertion. The buffalo-brute remains in my stable, as the dealer intended he should, and the dealer's right hand remains where nature intended the limb was to hang.

So much for trusting to what the Arab dealers will swear to.

Another system much in vogue just now is *trialing* in private. It is notorious to every gentleman on the turf that the dealers have their own private trials on the beach, and sometimes on the ground, by which, of course, a favoured few *profit a little*, whilst the up-country gentry must pick

and choose for themselves in the dark.

Now, Sir, I should like to know if a man should purchase a horse upon the appearance and the voluntary oath of a natural dealer that he had *never* tried him, that he was a fresh five-year-old, and that his blood and cast were both of the purest Arab, and if the said horse should prove to be half Persian or Turkomann, or all either and not Arabian, aged too, with a Bishop'd mouth, and *had run* a trial in Bombay on the sly (and a d—d bad one too)—should this, I ask, be brought home to the *seller*, what reparation or satisfaction could the *buyer* obtain? what would be the law in such a case? I ask for true information, for I own I long to give one or two of these stable gentry a *trial* in the *course* of law and see what they could *do it* in.

Yours faithfully,

O.

THE BISON.

SIR,

In requesting you to publish the following rough notes of a shooting party in the Dhudelly Jungle, I have no intention of showing the list of killed as a specimen of brilliant sport, but merely to vary the contents of your next number, and give a short description of an animal little known. I allude to the Bison, which some maintain to be a wild buffalo, and others the common cow in its natural state, from both of which animals it is quite distinct. We shot three—two cows and a bull—and if we had been so inclined, I believe we should have found no difficulty in killing thrice the number, of which the best proof is that we declined firing on several occasions when a herd was within 30 yards.

The bull was a magnificent animal, and if he had been found in a plain instead of a very thick jungle, would have avenged himself before he fell. He was shot in the act of charging, when a single ball behind the shoulder dropped him dead. A cow which was feeding by him was also killed by one shot from the same gun, and a third had been dispatched the day before by one ball. When I mention that nine shots, several of which entered the forehead, were fired at one bull last year before he fell, and that it is very unusual indeed to floor a bison without several shots, this was either very lucky or very scientific ball practice.

The measurements of the bull were as follows:—

	ft.	in.
Height at the shoulder.....	6	1
Ditto highest ridge of the back	6	5
Girth of fore leg above the knee	2	0
Length from nose to insertion of tail	9	0

The jungle is so very thick, that with the assistance of a good shikarree to track, there is little trouble in getting shots at bison.

They commonly go in herds of seven or eight, and at a distance, among long grass, might be mistaken for buffaloes. The bulls have a small hump over the shoulder, and both bulls and cows an extraordinary rise of the backbone, which terminates abruptly about three feet from the tail. I have observed nothing similar in any other animal, and it may be the peculiar mark of the genus. The height of the ridge averages about four inches, and gives a strikingly awkward appearance to the animal. The horns are short, but very thick at the base,

and pointed at the tips; the forehead broad, and the skull between the horns rises up in an arch to the height of several inches. In both sexes the legs are white to the knee—the limbs very short and muscular. The bull has immense folds of thick skin on the neck, and carries the head low. The colour is black, inclining to chestnut; the hair very thin, except on the belly, where it is thick and curly.

Not being a naturalist myself, I can give no better account of this fine animal, which I believe is found in very few parts of India. Besides the three bison we shot four spotted deer, one samber, and an antelope.

Before closing this letter, although the subject is not apropos, I must advert to the article on snipe shooting in your last number. A subscriber tells us that snipes generally come in in the middle of May; in some places, such as the Konkan, nearly a month earlier—that as the hot season advances they retire to permanent bogs and marshes, where they are found till the setting in of the monsoon, and in the Konkan they are rarely found at the latter end of this season.

Will your correspondent be kind enough to inform us in what places snipe are to be found at the seasons he mentions? I have shot over almost every good snipe ground between Vingorla and Bancoote, and on the islands of Salsette and Karinjar, but I never found a snipe before the 2nd of October or later than the 28th of March; and from my own experience I should certainly say that before November, and after February, snipe shooting in the Koncan is not worth the trouble of loading your gun.

As I am particularly fond of snipe shooting, I shall be only too happy to find that I am wrong and your correspondent right, for I may then shoot snipe all the year round.

D. D.

Dharwar, April 20th, 1831.

SONG.

I know where the nectars of earth are bright,
  Each sorrow to beguile—
Where they blush and sparkle like the light
  Of brilliant Beauty's smile!
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

I know where to search for pure Bordeaux,
  And for Naples' holy wine,
I'll give thee to quaff of the grapes that grow
  On the purpled banks of Rhine.
Come hither—come hither, and we will seek
  For each juice of brightest dye,
That can light up a bloom on Care's pale cheek,
  Or kindle his leaden eye!
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

The visions that oft to worldly eyes
  Clothe things in the fairest shape,
And in hope's bright hues—oh! they arise
  From the magic of the grape!
The phantom miseries that appal
  The Hypochondriac's soul,
We'll quickly exorcise them all
  With the spell of the deep red bowl!
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

We will not wait till life's decay
  To pluck its fairest flowers,
But rifle their sweets while the dawning day
  Of careless youth is ours;
    Then pledge me now,
    While the fates allow,
In wine—red wine, to the goblet's brow!

SIGMA.

To the Editor of the Oriental Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

As I believe it was your wish to expose either deceit or error wherever it is found connected with sporting subjects, I take the liberty to quote an article from the English Sporting Magazine for September, 1830, and to make a few remarks upon it.

In page 257 of that number, there is the following article:—

"THE ARAB SIGNAL."

"Signal is a very valuable and high bred Arabian horse, sent from India to the Honourable Arthur Cole, by his friend and late confederate on the turf, Captain MacLean, of H. M.'s 12th Light Dragoons, accompanied by the following character:—'This little horse, Signal, has never been beaten, and is warranted sound and free from vice; he is five years old off, and just 14 hands high.'"

Now, I believe it was never intended to keep it a secret that this same horse Signal was the horse Antelope, formerly the property of H. G. Oakes, Esq., of Bombay, and sold by that gentleman in 1827 to Captain MacLean of the 13th Dragoons; taking this therefore for granted, I have the following remarks to make on this short character of Signal.

This character contains four distinct assertions.

I. That this little horse Signal has never been beaten.

II. That he is warranted sound and free from vice.

III. That he is five years old off.

IV. That he is just 14 hands high.

As to the first assertion, a reference to the records of the Poonah race-course will show that Mr Oakes's horse Antelope, running under the name of Mr. H. Gordon's, was one of the many beaten by Captain Mansfield's horse Elfin, for the great Maiden Sweepstakes of 500 rupees each, P.P., 11 subscribers, at Poonah, December, 1826.—Antelope nowhere.

As to the second assertion, little requires to be said, because a horse may be warranted sound and free from vice, and be neither the one or the other; one thing is certain, that unsoundness in one of his feet prevented Antelope from starting again that meeting at Poonah, or in Bombay.

The third assertion is, that he is five years old off. I do not remember what Antelope was aged that meeting at Poonah, in 1826; suffice it to say, he was upwards of four years old, as he did not run as a colt. In the extract from the Madras newspapers, quoted in the English Sporting Magazine, it is stated to be January, 1828, when he first won at Madras, nor did he then run as a colt.

As to the last assertion, that he is 14 hands high, it is quite possible that it may be true; he did not however measure that at Poonah, at the meeting above quoted, but under it.—From this it will be seen that two out of the four assertions in this horse's character are grossly incorrect, and likely to mislead the sporting world at home. If therefore you have any fellow feeling with our brethren in England, the publication of this may not be without its effect.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your constant reader, and

Obedient servant,

WITNESS.

ARSENIC, A MEDICINE FOR HORSES.

SIR,

An ardent admirer of that noble animal, the horse, and conceiving that every instance of a nature tending to preserve his general utility ought to be made public, I beg to subjoin the following remarks on the benefit to be derived from the use of arsenic in getting horses into condition, which, from whatever cause, may have become, from the want of it, either useless or nearly so.

Experience of its benefits in four cases in my own stable is the groundwork on which I go, and which causes me to intrude my remarks on the sporting public. Three of the four were horses of a middle age, *i.e.* neither of them exceeded eight years of age. The fourth was a horse whose age no one could tell, and which even the dealer who sold him did not pretend to know. I more especially allude to the latter, because I knew him almost from the time he was brought out of the Bombproof, and that he had undergone, like many other good horses, a great deal of the worst usage, and that too for a continued length of time. To such a state of weakness and positive wretchedness had he been reduced, that he was made a present of to me, under the idea of his being totally useless; and to show how nearly that idea approximated to the truth, I have only to observe that he could with difficulty drag *an empty Nibbs* for a stage along the road. I was aware, however, that he belonged to that extensive family the "*has beens*," and also of the manner in which he had been brought now to claim alliance with it. I therefore took him as a good subject, on which to try the effects of arsenic, not, I confess, with any very sanguine expectations of a successful result.

When he reached me, he was thin as a skeleton, his bones all but protruding through the skin, lame, all of his legs round as posts and full, hide bound, and with a staring, dirty, unhealthy coat, dull as a stone, and his bowels in the greatest state of weakness and foul to a degree. In short, he would not have fetched sixpence at any tan-yard in England. I first turned him into a loose house by himself, and for six weeks all he got was a gentle dose of physic; in about a month, good grooming, and green food in small quantities, at first. At the end of about two months, all the difference I could perceive in him was his skin a little looser and his coat cleaner, and that he was not so foul. I then gave him another dose of common physic, a little stronger than the first, but still mild, on account of his weak state, and after it had set about ten days I commenced giving him arsenic. I began with five grains in his grain, giving it every second day, and gradually increasing each dose by two grains, until I got up as high as 15 grains, which dose I gave him three times following, and then stopped. I now waited for a fortnight or so, to see what effect it would produce, and at the end of that time all I could perceive to have been gained was a healthful action of the bowels and digestive organs, clearness of the legs, and healthy fresh appearance of the skin. His appetite was good, and he now began to look out for his grain at the stated times, whereas formerly it seemed to be a matter of total indifference to him. He had green meat now given

him entirely, and regular walking exercise.

So far I saw I had gained one important step towards recovery, or I fancied I had, in the altered state of his bowels and legs. I made up my mind, therefore, to commence again, and see what a repetition of the doses would do; accordingly, after the lapse of three weeks, or it might be a month, I began with 8 grains, gradually increasing as formerly till I got up to 20 grains. All this time I kept a most vigilant eye on him, knowing the treacherous nature of the medicine he was getting. I now set myself again to watch the effects of this second course, and though the effects were slow in developing themselves, they were equally sure. At the end of a month, his loins were pretty well covered with flesh, and his quarter began to assume a rounder shape. His coat was bright and shining, his general appearance was completely changed; his food seemed to tell on him, his spirits at exercise improved, and he was altogether a different horse. I now gave him a little gentle harness work, on which he continued to thrive and throw up flesh, and in the course of nine months from the time he first came into my hands, he became round and fat as a pig, in which state he now is, as many of my friends can testify. He has done his regular term of work with the other horses, in the Nibbs, and I have driven him myself 24 miles without a halt. I have since sold him, and he continues to work and keep his condition with apparently a new lease of life.

The course pursued in the other three cases I have above alluded to was the same, with this exception, that being younger and fresher constitutioned horses, and not so far gone, one single course of arsenic was found to be sufficient. Two of them I now have in my own possession.

The effects of arsenic are slow, and it is a most dangerous medicine, and if the horse is not attentively watched whilst under its operation, it may act in a fatal manner. If, however, the patient is properly attended to, the symptoms of danger are easily perceived, and, if prompt remedies are used, may be averted. When it disagrees with a horse, it shows itself in purging, loss of appetite, dulness, shivering, and staring coat. Its remedy is simply a bottle of castor-oil, the medicine itself, of course, to be stopped, and bran mashes for a day or so. When on the contrary it agrees with a horse, it invigorates the whole frame and constitution of the horse. The method of administering it is simple in the extreme, and exercise, and even moderate work, tend to assist its operation; but good feeding, in point of quality I mean, is indispensably requisite.

Hoping the importance of the subject will prove my excuse for so long intruding myself on the notice of your readers, and occupying so large a portion of your magazine,

I am, Sir, yours,
PHILO VET.

P. S.—It has often occurred to me that the use of arsenic in the kennel, given of course in very reduced doses, might also be attended with similar results. I do not myself keep dogs, or I should have tried it most assuredly. Perhaps, however, some of your readers who do may be inclined to try its effects and to let us know the result.

Yours, P. V.

SELECTIONS.

HUNTING.

" ————Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay—men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appear
Fresh blooming health and universal joy."

SOMERVILLE.

It is somewhat remarkable that in a country where the art of hunting is better understood, and where the hounds and horses are allowed to be better than in any other; where the Press is in one continued labour with opinions of almost every kind, from the most serious and instructive, to the most ridiculous and trifling—whose authors sometimes hunt, and whose sportsmen write—that so little should have been said upon Hunting, where the practical part is so thoroughly known; so perseveringly followed. France, Germany, and Italy are also silent upon the subject, though each of these countries has had its Nimrod; Naples (which constitutes a portion of the last), in particular, in its late King, who was so fond of the chase, that he left State affairs to his Queen, in order that he might the more unrestrictedly enjoy it. Foxes, it is true, they seldom or ever hunt, and hares but seldom; yet the stag and wild boar, both in France and Germany, are still pursued with the utmost splendour and magnificence. In Italy there has, with some few exceptions, one of which has just been quoted, been very little. The only sportsmen now remaining are gentlemen in green coats, who, taking their *couteaux de chasse* along with them, walk into the fields to catch small birds, which they call *andar a la cacia*; or, in plain English, "going a hunting." Yet it has not been so with horsemanship: *that* has been treated scientifically by all, while upon hunting all are silent; and were it not for the Muse of a Somerville, who has so judiciously and so sweetly sung, the dog—that useful, that honest, that faithful, that disinterested, that entertaining animal—would be suffered to pass unnoticed and undistinguished. Of the English hound he says—

" In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd; while, in other climes,
Their virtue fails—a weak degenerate race."

—There is not any one branch of knowledge, commonly dignified with the title of art, which has not such rudiments or principles as may lead to a competent degree of skill, if not to perfection, in it; whilst hunting, the sole business of some, and the amusement of most of the youth of this kingdom (excepting, indeed, now and then, a solitary article—as this may be—in the "*Sporting Magazine*"), seems left entirely to chance. It would be needless to enumerate the heroes of antiquity who were taught the art of hunting, or the many great men (among whom was the famous Galen) who have united in recommending it. Among other worthies who have justly been denominated "great" was Henry the Fourth of France, who made it his chief amusement, and his very love letters, strange as it may appear, are full of little else; and that one of the greatest Ministers which our country ever produced was so fond of the diversion, that it is said the

first letter he opened was that of his huntsman. In most countries, from the earliest times, hunting has been a principal occupation of the people, either for use or amusement; and many princes have made it their chief delight—a circumstance which occasioned the following *bon mot:*—Louis the Fifteenth was so passionately fond of it, that it occupied him entirely; Frederick the Great likewise, who never hunted, gave up a great deal of his time to music, and played on the flute. A German, during the war which was carried on by the two nations, meeting a Frenchman, asked him very impertinently, "*Si son maître chassoit toujours?*" "*Oui, oui,*" replied the other; "*il ne joué jamais de la flûte!*" The reply was excellent; but it would have been as well, perhaps, for mankind if that great man had never been otherwise employed. Hunting is the soul of a country life; it gives health to the body and contentment to the mind, and is one of the few pleasures we can enjoy in society without prejudice either to ourselves or our friends. But to the Chase itself:—

Fox-hunting (the most esteemed and pursued in England), however lively and animating it may be in the field, is but a dull, dry subject to write upon, it being much less difficult to follow a fox chase than to describe one. Indeed, it may easily be imagined that to give enough of variety to a single action, to make it interesting, and to describe in a few minutes the events of, perhaps, as many hours, though it pretend to no merit, has at least some difficulty and trouble. However imperfect the description, therefore, some indulgence may be looked for.

All sportsmen agree that the hour most favourable to the diversion is an early one, and that the hounds should be at cover by sunrise. Suppose yourself, reader, arrived at the cover side, your huntsman having thrown in his hounds, and your whippers-in placed in their proper positions either to rate or to encourage, as circumstances may direct. Now are your sportsmen all on the *qui vive*—now the hounds spread the cover; how steadily they draw; you hear not a single hound; yet none are idle.

"————See how they range,
Dispersed, how busily, this way and that,
They cross, examining, with curious nose,
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, precluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.

SOM.

How musical their tongues! and, as they get nearer to him, how the chorus fills! Hark! he is found. Now Reynard bursts away; now, where are all your sorrows and your cares, ye gloomy souls? or, where your pains, and your aches, ye complaining ones!—one halloo has dispelled them all. What a crash they make! and echo seemingly takes pleasure to repeat the sound. The astonished traveller forsakes his road, lured by its melody; the listening ploughman now stops his plough; and every distant shepherd neglects his flock, and runs to see him break. What joy! what eagerness in every face! Now bursts forth the "view halloo!"

"————Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling hound
Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack.
'Tis triumph all, and joy."

Observe what a head they carry, like unto a parcel of brave

fellows, who, when they engage in an undertaking, determine to share its fatigues and its dangers equally among them. Now they top the hedge. See there! see how they all take it in their strokes!—the hedge cracks with their weight, so many jump at once. Now they sweep the plain—men, horses, dogs!

"Heav'ns! what melodious strains! how beat our hearts
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake."

SOM.

The fox is hard pressed—it is nearly over with him—he will hardly reach the cover—they gain upon him at every stroke, it is an admirable race, yet the cover saves him. He has gained a respite; but how short a one! for he is now driven forth, and cannot escape. How *Dreadnought* works him!—how *Vengeance* pursues!—how terribly she presses! it is just up with him! Gods! what a crash they made; the whole wood resounded; he makes his last turn: there! now! aye, now they have him! Who-hoop!

Sport, it is said, is but a secondary consideration with a fox-hunter: the first is, the *killing of the fox.* Hence arises the eagerness of pursuit—chief pleasure of the chase. Your sterling fox-hunter esteems *blood* so necessary to a pack of foxhounds, that he always returns home better pleased with but an indifferent chase, with death at the end of it, than with the best chase possible, if it end with the loss of the fox. Of course, the mere follower of a chase is not meant, but he who adds to that an interest in the hounds themselves.

Ye half-smoked citizens — ye lovers of the stews and late hours —what would ye not give, did you but understand the pleasures of the field, the delights of the chase, the social board that follows, and the true English feeling that prevails? Ye imagine there can be no pleasure but amid a grove of chimney-pots, no entertainment but at the theatre, the concert, the card-table, and the café: but look in the tell-tale mirror, behold the sunken eye, the bilious countenance, and the enervated frame? Turn ye to the country gentleman, with healthy cheek, elastic steps, and buoyant eye, on his periodical visit to your modern Babylon; mark the difference between him and you—he rising with the "third larum" of bright Chanticleer, and brushing the dew from the upland lawn—you requiring a stimulus to enable you to rise from your half-wholesome bed, or to get through the fatigues of another day; and, like another Lord Ogleby, only sensible to the pleasures of your career, when the murky shades of night have commenced their pestilential orgies.

But to conclude my theme, at the same time apologizing for my short digress: — Such are the effects of hunting, that the spirits are exhilarated, the frame invigorated, and life prolonged: a sport that banishes care, and leaves every pain behind; the best of antidotes and the *acme* of specifics.

JOHN BULL, JUNIOR.

CELEBRATED RACE-HORSES.

THE FLYING CHILDERS.—This horse was well known by the name of the Flying, or Devonshire, Childers. He was the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and allowed by sportsmen to be the fleetest horse that ever was bred

in the world. He started at Newmarket, against the best horses of his time, and was never beaten. He won, in different prizes, to the amount of £20,000, and was afterwards reserved for breeding. The sire of Childers was an Arabian, sent by a gentleman as a present to his brother in England. Childers was somewhat more than fifteen hands in height. He was foaled in 1715, and was the property of Leonard Childers, Esq., of Carr House, near Doncaster, and sold when young to the Duke of Devonshire.

Childers was got by the Darley Arabian; his dam, Betty Leedes, by Old Careless; his grand dam, own sister to Leedes, by Leedes's Arabian; his great grand-dam by Spanker, out of the Old Morocco mare, Spanker's own dam. The affinities in blood of this pedigree are very close.

It is said that Childers was first used as a hunter, where he evinced high qualities, and was noted for being very headstrong as well as vicious. He had not, however, any restiveness. It is supposed his racing career commenced at five or six, and he beat all competitors at whatever distance. He was never tried at running a single mile, but his speed must have been almost a mile in a minute. Carrying nine stone two pounds, he ran over the round course at Newmarket, which is three miles, six furlongs, and ninety-three yards, in six minutes and forty seconds. He also ran over the Beacon course, which is four miles, one furlong, and one hundred and thirty-eight yards, in seven minutes and thirty seconds; covering at every bound a space of about 25 yards. On one occasion he made a spring or leap with a rider on his back, on level ground, of twenty-five feet.

Childers died in the Duke of Devonshire's stud in 1741, aged twenty-six years.

There were various other coursers of the same name nearly contemporary with this prince of horses. Bleeding Childers, so named from his having frequent bleedings at the nose, afterwards called Young Childers, and finally Bartlett's Childers; he was full brother to Flying Childers, and was never trained.

ECLIPSE.—Eclipse was allowed to be the fleetest horse that ever ran in England, since the time of Childers. After winning King's Plates and other prizes to a great amount, he was kept as a stallion, and gained to his owner, for forty mares, the great sum of thirty guineas each.

Eclipse was got by Marsk, a grandson, through Squirt, of Bartlett's Childers, out of Spiletta, by Regulus, son of the Godolphin Barb, out of Mother Western, by a son of Snake, full brother to William's Squirrel; her dam by Old Montague, grandson by Hautboy, out of a daughter of Brimmer, whose pedigree was not preserved. Eclipse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland, and foaled during the great eclipse of 1764, whence the name was given him by the Royal Duke, at the sale of whose stud he was purchased, a colt, for seventy-five guineas, by Mr. Wildman, the sporting sheep-salesman at Smithfield, who had a good stud, and trained race-horses at Mickleham, near Epsom. This person had a friend in the service of the Duke, who gave him hints of the superior points in the form of this horse, and he hastened to attend the sale; but before his arrival he had been knocked down at seventy guineas. He, however, instantly appealed to his watch,

which he knew to be an exceedingly correct timepiece, and found that the appointed hour of the sale had not arrived by a few minutes, according to advertisement. He then firmly persisted that the sale had not been a lawful one, and that the lots knocked down should be again put up, which was accordingly done, and Eclipse was purchased by him for the sum of seventy-five guineas.

For what reason we have never been able to learn, this celebrated horse was never raced till he was five years of age, at which time he was entered at Epsom for the maiden plate of fifty pounds. At first trial such were the expectation of the knowing ones, that four to one were betted in his favour. At the second and winning heats of this race all the five horses were close together at the three-mile post, when some of the jockeys used their whips. At this time Eclipse was going at an easy gallop, when he took the alarm at the crack of the whip, bounded off at full speed, and although Oakley, his rider, was a man of powerful arm, he was not to be restrained, and, in consequence, distanced the whole of his competitors.

In the year 1770 Eclipse ran over the course at York, for a subscription purse, against two aged horses then in high repute, Tortoise and Bellario. He took the lead, and the jockey being unable to hold in, he was fully a distance before the other two horses at the end of the first two miles, and won the race with the greatest ease. At starting twenty, and in running one hundred, guineas to one were offered on him.

Before Eclipse ran for the King's plate at Winchester in 1769, Mr. O'Kelly purchased the half share of him for six hundred and fifty guineas. He afterwards became his sole proprietor for an additional sum of one thousand guineas. It is said that some of the Bedford family asked O'Kelly in the year 1779 how much he would take for Eclipse, when he replied, "By the mass, my lord, it is not all Bedford Level that would purchase him." It is said that about this period he asked another person the modest sum of £25,000 down, and an annuity of £500 a year on his own life; and the privilege of sending to him annually six mares. Mr. O'Kelly said he had cleared by his horse £25,000, and his statement is supposed to be correct.

Eclipse seemed to combine all the qualities which constitute an excellent racer; his stoutness, form, and action were excellent; he had a vast stride, and certainly horse never threw his haunches before him with more vigour or effect; and his hind legs were so spread in his gallop "that a wheelbarrow might have been driven between them;" his agility was great, and his speed extraordinary, but we cannot estimate it justly, as no horse of his day could be compared to him. The only contemporary which was supposed at all equal to him was Mr. Shafto's famous horse, Goldfinder. He was never beaten, and was to have been matched against Eclipse for the King's plates on the following year, but he broke down at Newmarket, in the October Meeting.

Eclipse won eleven King's plates, in ten of which he carried twelve stone, and in the other ten. It was calculated that, within the course of twenty-three years, three hundred and forty-four winners, the progeny of this animal, produced to their owners the enormous sum of £158,071 12s. sterling, exclusive of various prizes. The prevailing

excellence of all this horse's progeny was great speed, and they took up their feet in the gallop with wonderful activity; they were not generally famed for stoutness, but almost all of them were horses of fine temper, seldom or never betraying restiveness.

The points of Eclipse to which I would particularly direct the attention of the breeder and sportsman are the curve or setting on of his head, the shortness of his fore quarter, the slant, extent, and substance of shoulders, the length of his waist, and breadth of his loins; the extent of his quarters, and the length and substance of his thighs and fore arms. Although he was a powerful horse, he was nevertheless thick in the wind; and in a sweat or hard exercise he was heard to blow at a considerable distance. This famous horse died on the 27th of February, 1786, at Canons, aged 26 years. His heart was taken out, and it weighed fourteen pounds.—*From Captain Brown's Anecdotes of Horses.*

ON THE FOOT OF THE HORSE AND SHOEING.

Referring the reader for our account of Mr. Clark's work, in three parts, to the number for July, we acknowledge the receipt of Part IV. now before us. Somewhat curious circumstances have attended the presenting these copies. A letter accompanied the first three parts addressed to a gentleman, who, so far as we are informed, has not hitherto concerned himself with the department of reviewing: and with the fourth a note was received addressed to another person; but on what possible grounds Mr. C. could apply to that person on the subject we are at a loss to conceive. In this note the author expresses his hope that "a little more charity" will be shown in a succeeding review. We regret that he should view our exertions in his behalf in such a light, convinced as we still remain that we not only exercised the feelings of real charity and impartiality, but of friendship towards him; and such we find to be the sentiments of gentlemen deservedly eminent in his profession. Perhaps, indeed, our notice of this Fourth Part will be deemed a work of supererogation, considering the tendency of what we have already said of the work in general: but as Mr. Clark seems desirous of our further attention, we accede to his wish, having no purpose to act otherwise than with all possible fairness and candour towards him. We are unaware yet that we can have much occasion for additional remarks. Our chief object must be to give such quotations as our limits will admit, in order to afford all that publicity which our pages can confer upon the labours of a veteran, indefatigable, and earnest writer.

Part IV. commences with a description of the hoofs of the ass and mule, and the zebra, the *quagga*, and the horse of the Cape, stating their specific differences of construction from the hoofs of the horse in general. Here he takes occasion to decry the cruelties still inflicted on these inoffensive animals, as the result of ignorance, violence, and extortion in their proprietors, from which, although coining an immensity of money, their general account is a loss: adding,

"I have watched the end of the most extensive post masters, and observed with nearly all of them that, though they pursued the most

reprehensibly cruel measures to obtain their utmost work, they in the end were impoverished and bankrupted. I could name a half score of these who had, when they began, been deemed rich men. The Almighty seems indeed so to have ordained and framed it, that he who should offend against Nature, it shall not be to his advantage. The slave trade can also exhibit a very similar account; but its enormities, bad as they are, are as nothing to the ironings, bittings, gaggings, strappings, and scourgings of these most inoffensive and worthy creatures."

He is, however, "led to anticipate with joyful feelings the days, perhaps not distant, when he (the horse) shall be well understood, and his proper uses be called forth; and when he shall be an object of delight and profit to all, instead of the ignorance, violence, and cruelty which at present prevail in his use." We detest and abhor, equally with Mr. C., the heartsickening cruelties to which this animal is exposed, as well as those of human slavery and the slave trade—the proper occupation of demons, rather than of human creatures. But, alas! we are not quite so sangnine as Mr. C. in his expected millennium of improved humanity. We despair of such a consummation, however ardently to be desired, as the exclusion of evil, too obvious an integral part of the mundane system.

"Div. 2.—*Of the attaching Parts of the Foot.*—The *cutidura*,* the uppermost of these, which is prominent and rounded, being in reality a prolongation or extension of the skin indurated and enlarged in order to fill the cutigural concavity of the hoof. This part has hitherto been strangely taken for a ligament, though without possessing a single trait of this description of parts, but is itself actually held in its position by other ties or attachments, such as the perioplic band and keraphylla, aided by the hollow cavity in the top of the hoof, and the numerous vessels which enter it."

Mr. C. is in the habit of a liberal use of technical terms of his own coinage: wherever such are really a *deficit* in the science, they may possibly be hereafter adopted.

P. 107, our author rules as follows:—

"Between these horizontal plates of tendon or ligament, which are very lax and arching upwards (but immediately become tense if any pressure is exerted on the horn), is lodged a soft, flaccid, glossy membrane, strongly adhering to the surfaces of these plates, and if dragged by the forceps, immediately discloses its membranous and tangible nature, and appears to be held by numberless threads or small vessels to these plates. This elastic matter is of a white colour, or of a reddish white in the recent foot, but in process of time, or by disease, it assumes a yellowish colour, which has occasioned it to be strangely mistaken by Professor Coleman for yellow oil, and these transverse tendons for bags, and which said bags, and their oil, have been supposed the agents of the most extraordinary offices, such as forcing the side cartilages of the foot, &c., &c.—See *Coleman, Vol. 2, p. 123.*"

From the tenor of the third line of this quotation, Mr. C. would seem to accede to the ancient doctrine (by-the-by, never yet overturned) of the mobility and elasticity of tendons.

Page 120, towards the conclu-

* "From *cuti*, skin, and *dura*, hard."

sion of Div. 3, on the sub-attaching Parts, we find—

"And now, when all the difficulties on this subject have been removed, on looking at them we are only surprised they could have detained us so long in embarrassment; for we believe these elucidations will be found in no preceding writer, or scarcely even allusion made in any way to such a part."

The Division on the Uses of the Cartilages, at p. 126, affords us the following note. Now, whatever of truth there may be in this, which we leave to the professional reader, we cannot help regretting, for the author's sake, certain lines of the *old leaven*:—

"I observe Professor Coleman has jumbled together all these parts, under the coarse and erroneous terms of the *fatty frog*, and states them as abounding in oil and fat, in a way that would almost glisten the eye and engage the speculations of a melter of tallow; and he adds also, by way of confirming it, that he has made an experiment by which he ascertained the precise quantity of fat contained in the said fatty frog, which consists in boiling it in oil! when he informs us one-third by weight was lost, and therefore infers that just so much fat was 'evaporated!'—(Tr. *On Foot*, p. 108). It is true his lucubrations may have been to him a subject of extraordinary fatness, when so many purses of twenty guineas each were obtained for such information as this, for not one particle of fat or oil could I, who have found the subject a lean one enough, ever discover in them; and as to the loss he describes, it is in reality nothing more nor less than the amount of the water and lymph contained in said parts, which would inevitably be forced off in heat of from four to five hundred degrees, the heat of boiling oil. The experiment exhibits a remarkable ignorance in the analysis of animal substances, for even had fat existed it would not have been at all detected by these means.

"This egregious nonsense was not noticed in my former edition, nor would it have been, in this, had I experienced the smallest attention or encouragement from this Professor of the art, whose labour it had been, by false and sometimes pretended attacks, to misrepresent my writings to the class, and destroy the reputation of their author, and from them with the public; no doubt at times pretending to praise him, but only the more securely to conceal his purpose, under the disguise of candour and fair conduct. The *Lancet*, and other periodicals of the day, exhibit a complete proof of the untenable nature of his doctrines, even where he thought himself most secure; so that of what value can a diploma be, that so many are seeking so anxiously, from such hands, when nearly all that he and his partner have taught has been totally overturned. The establishment was a noble one, in which he had no hand, but has abused it in many ways, till it is made a point of obstruction to the very advancement of that art it was intended to foster and improve; indeed, we may say, as we once before stated in *the History of the Advancement of Horse Knowledge*, that 'the sacred path of knowledge in the arts and sciences, as well also as of religion herself, cannot be left too free' professorships and stipends, especially when large, and patronage, soon from sordid interests choke the fair avenues of their progress and retard their course:—should they not therefore be so formed as not to tempt the aspirings of the

ambitious? A body of men freely chosen from among the profession itself should, after due examination, grant diplomas to those in whom the public may have confidence, when the greatest utility and satisfaction would be found *by* employing such votaries of this profession about their horses."

Our author's last Division is on that most important topic, *the Bones of the Foot.* Of the coffin-bone, he remarks—

"It is perhaps of all the bones in the construction of the animal the most necessary to be well understood by the veterinarian; therefore we are induced to add its description to that of the former parts, and what appear to be the leading circumstances of its economy."

His *finale* is as follows:—

"Such appear to be the leading principles of construction in the foot of the horse, in each separate part, and in the whole combined, as far as our humble reflections and researches have enabled us to consider them. It is these principles, when rightly understood, that can unfold the obscure and intricate effects of the shoe, and these alone; for the common shoe, from its nature, cannot in any respect participate in these properties of the foot, and hence the cause of its mischievous effects.

"And it may be with truth averred, that such is the simple nature of the animal himself, and his disorders, exclusive of the shoeing and its effects, that, if these could be removed, there would be little room for the exercise of *knowingness* or trick respecting him by stable-men or others, who fasten upon the miseries themselves have created, by pretended measures for relief, and the changes which this crippled state induces, and the dread which many have, for very good reasons, of using horses, or having to do with them at all, would be in a great degree done away.

"We now have to see what will be the effects of turning a bar of iron round to the figure of this elastic foot, and of keeping it nailed, day and night, upon it for a series of years under a delusive name of a *shoe.*"

To conclude: we hold it utterly improbable that the long and operose exertions of a man so intelligent as Mr. Clark can be all labour in vain; and *as non omnia possumus omnes*, and as in the multitude of councillors there is wisdom, we seriously recommend his work to all those who are interested, or ambitious of ascertaining the scope, or of enlarging the quantum of their veterinary science.—*From the English Sporting Magazine for October.*

OF THE VICIOUS HABITS AND PROPENSITIES OF HORSES.

By T. R. Yare.

Sir,

The horrid practices and cruel operations included in the nomenclature of remedies for vicious horses I have cited are still in being, and by some horsemen strenuously recommended as the *ne plus ultra* of efficacy in stable science; but though I do not pretend to say that these disgraceful proceedings are followed generally, still it is sufficient to know that they exist, even partially, for me to deprecate their observance.

A person unacquainted with stable discipline would be shocked at the bare recital of a tithe of the sufferings the horse undergoes, not only during the progress of his education, but through the whole term of his existence. Indeed, his life may be said to be one con-

tinued scene of misery—the consequence either of knavery or of ignorance; yet these things, so revolting to every kindly feeling, are openly sanctioned, or, at any rate, pass off without creating surprise, as common and daily occurrences in a country whose inhabitants are sticklers for humanity, and whose legislators have enacted laws for the protection of brute animals from cruel usage.

A great bar to the cure of vicious habits in horses is the fact that hitherto no one has written scientifically on that subject. The consequence is that the experiments attempted had been merely conjectural, without any regard being had to the natural character and temper of the animal—the very points from which we start, if we hope to effect a permanent cure. Unfortunately, veterinary professors in general do not appear to take cognizance of *mere habit:* the more the pity! because the indulgence of vicious propensities invariably leads to maladies more or less grave if not checked in time; and health preserved is better than disease removed. But unless some reformation takes place in the routine of professional duties, I do not perceive how they can assist us in this case; for they seldom remain long enough in the stable at one period to know much of the matter.

I never yet met with a veterinary professor who could lay claim to the character of a *real stableman*, and without that qualification no man can duly appreciate or ascertain the temper and disposition of the horse, which is a study of much more moment than is generally conceived; but once mastered, the treatment of the animal becomes easy. Stablemen possess the opportunity, but lack the education and science of the veterinarian to render his position of utility! I profess to be both. Many veterinary surgeons, especially young ones, absolutely appear unhappy when in the stable on professional duty. They seem as if disconcerted and embarrassed by the presence of the grooms and helper; and these, it must be confessed, take every opportunity of annoying them by criticisms, "vulgar and loud;" particularly if the omission of some trifling circumstance in the customary forms of the stable should induce them to entertain but an indifferent opinion of the abilities of the *doctor*. I have experienced simular behaviour "anon and oft," when sent for to inspect a crib-biter or windsucker; but, accustomed all my life to the business of a stable, I generally manage to turn the tables on these *wiseacres*, and am never attacked a second time by the same individuals.

Experience teaches me that he who undertakes the cure of vices and bad habits in horses should combine the perfect stable knowledge of the groom with a due portion of the scientific attainment of the veterinarian. If these qualifications were generally united, the propensities complained of in the horse would be easily removed, and diseases consequent on the indulgence of them less frequent. My own situation will probably serve to elucidate the case more clearly. My family connections have been occupied for many years in the business of horse-dealers and breeders, and I was brought up with the view of pursuing the same calling, when through my marriage with one of the daughters of the late Mr. Robert Jones, the eminent veterinary surgeon, I was induced, by the opportunity thus afforded, to pay some attention to the study of the veter-

inary art, in which I took great delight, receiving every encouragement and necessary instruction in the pursuit of it from my father-in-law. It was at this period (sixteen years since) that I began to apply myself to the investigation of the causes of vicious habits in horses, considering that it was possible to cure and eradicate them without coercion or restraint. The experience I had gained under such distinguished practical instruction assisted me very much in maturing my plans, which the proficiency I had acquired in the veterinary art enabled me to perfect. When I imparted the system I had laid down to my father-in-law, he expressed his entire approbation of it, and added that I deserved credit for my motives, but was fearful I should meet with much opposition if I attempted the public introduction of my method, as few persons understood stable management and the veterinary art conjointly, which, he said, were necessary for a due appreciation of my intention. This opinion has, indeed, been fully verified; but I trust that perseverence will eventually triumph—*magna est veritas et prœvalebit!*

Except in the event of serious maladies, grooms and stablemen have till now remained sole arbiters over the fate of the horse, whose lot has been embittered by their persisting in following on every occasion those rules and recipes established probably more than a century, when the veterinary art was as it were in its infancy. The influence of the groom once secured with his master, he ever after reigns paramount in the stable, and no representations can induce him for a moment to swerve from the hackneyed track he has followed from his youth up.

Dr. Wolcot relates an anecdote much to the point. In a country village it happened that the road leading to the church was almost a swamp, so that the inhabitants could neither go nor return from divine worship without being literally covered with mud. To mend this way would have been too expensive; so the parishioners decided on establishing a new path, which was effected to the great convenience of all, save one man, a sturdy old codger, who persisted in trudging along the ancient track, and of course came home bespattered with mire whilst his neighbours were without a spot. When reasoned with on his folly, the countryman bluntly replied, "That what his forefathers had done before him *could not be wrong!* he hated your new-fangled ways, and should, therefore, always go the old road to church; it was no use argufying with him, so they might keep their breath to cool their porridge!" We have seen obstinacy equally unfounded expressed towards many improvements of our own times, from the highest to the most humble import. Too many are apt to carp and cavil at anything new, however important it may eventually prove, yet can assign no reasonable motives for their opposition.

Ignorance and presumption ever accompany and always bear relative proportions to each other. The groom who can scarcely read or write despises that knowledge he does not understand, and will receive no instructions except derived through the medium of his companions, equally uninformed with himself; so that error begetting error must ultimately lead to the depreciation of his master's property. I have known grooms who had obtained so much ascendancy over their employers as to be allowed to act as veterina-

rians, and assume supremacy in all that concerns the medical care and management of their horses, yet whose whole stock of hippological learning consisted of a few manuscript recipes, gathered indiscriminately from bacchanalian acquaintance, or other insignificant sources, and imparted under the strictest injunction to secrecy, as never-failing remedies. On such flimsy authorities these *gentlemen* arrogate to themselves more consequence than the first veterinarian of the day. It has been my fate to be more than once opposed to these would-be-learned aspirants, and it is a trial requiring no small share of patience and tact to remain collected and preserve serenity of temper during the ordeal. The only method to be followed in such cases is to out-general your opponents, not by open opposition —for that would spoil all, and cause misrepresentations to be made to your patron—but by humouring him I have usually gained my point, and after a time have contrived to render my services available. Woe betide the veterinary professor who should dare to smile at the old womanish twaddle of these *influential* personages! He would never arrive at the goal of his desires. His prescriptions or intimations would be disregarded, or rendered abortive; and he would ultimately find himself compelled to resign his task as hopeless. However galling to the feelings the advice may be, it is necessary, under certain circumstances, to *appear* to "curry favour" with grooms, if it be only for the sake of peace and quietness, as they have it sometimes in their power to obstruct materially the measures of professional men.

Dr. Hooper once observed, when lecturing, that abilities and talent were very meritorious and deserving of encouragement; but there was something in the world more valuable to medical men than these attainments—he meant the good opinion of nurses; for, without it, few men succeeded: when once gained, it should be carefully preserved, and kept alive by the fee simple of an occasional half-crown piece. "It is wonderful," said the Doctor, "the many patients I procured when a young man, by an observance of this practice; although, of course, I never accepted their proffered advice, when they recommended me to try the efficacy of certain nonsensical nostrums and mixtures, which they lauded to the skies; yet I was particularly tenacious of affronting by flat refusal or open contradiction; for you cannot be too cautious with these good dames, who, if once displeased, become inveterate enemies." Substitute the *groom* for the *nurse*, the *stable* for the *sick-chamber*, and the hints of Dr. Hooper to his pupils may not be inapplicable to veterinary practitioners.

I must not be understood as advocating cunning or duplicity; but the fair-dealing man is compelled to use *policy*, when the inattention of the master sanctions the servant to deal out authority and command on subjects which his inferior education and situation in life do not warrant him to assume. It is an old saying "that the *master's eye* makes the horse fat;" and I am continually witnessing the exemplification of the proverb. Indeed, the inadequate care taken of horses is too often to be traced to the unpardonable indifference of some owners to the affairs of the stable.

Injurious neglect likewise accrues to the horse from the cir-

cumstance of gentlemen surcharging the duties of their domestics. It has become of late a very prevalent custom to require from the same individual the united services of groom and valet; but although this practice is adopted under the plea of economy, it is at best but very shallow policy, and may be truly accounted "penny wise and pound foolish." Now, if the man be expected properly to look after two horses, with the care of harness and its accompanying appendages, and in many services a vehicle to attend to, independently of adorning his own person, I really think that to do justice to the property entrusted to him he has ample occupation, without the addition of the least extra duty to perform in the house, which, if strictly imposed upon him, must of necessity compel him to neglect the stable. The consequence of this over-duty is the horses are continually out of order, often requiring medical aid, nay, occasionally become useless, and are obliged to be disposed of, that others may be purchased to supply their place. The losses thus sustained, by exchanging or buying, soon accumulate to a larger amount than contemplated by the suppositious economy. Dr. Franklin, when speaking of persons addicted to repeated change of residence, observes, that "three moves are equal to a fire;" and I may add that three exchanges are tantamount to the value of a high-priced horse. If, therefore, we are remiss in our care of the noblest companion of man, we richly deserve to pay the penalty of our negligence.

An argument often adduced during the agitation of the question for the abolition of the slave-trade was the presumption that no man possessing the *amor nummi* would be disposed to injure or destroy his own property; but a flat contradiction to this opinion is the existing fact of the cruelty of our treatment of domestic animals belonging to us: though it must be added, that in both instances the cruelty generally arises from the *jack in office*, and not from the proprietor.

It creates astonishment in my mind when I reflect on the callous hard-hearted usage to which horses are subject, inflicted on them in a manner so diametrically opposite to common reason, that I balance between the extreme sensations of pity and disgust—pity for the poor beast, and disgust at the thoughtless impetuous conduct of his ruthless tyrants. It will sometimes occur that when a horse is discovered indulging either in crib-biting or wind-sucking, the brutish stableman seizes upon the first implement within his reach, and with inveterate fury hurls it at the horse's head, regardless of the injury his inconsiderate conduct may cause. Brooms, brushes, and other missiles have I seen indiscriminately flung at the unconscious animal with a malignancy of demeanour more resembling a demon than a human being. The trepidation of the affrighted beast may be easily conceived; whilst the inveteracy exhibited by man has been so obdurate, and the blows so incautiously applied, that I am surprised how, during the punishment, the horse could possibly escape bodily lacerations and wounds. Indeed, on many of these occasions I have seen the groom savagely belabour the sides of the animal with the prong end of the stable-fork. Now, suppose the poor beast in his fright and suffering had turned briskly round, and one of the points had struck him in a vital part of the

head, or thrust out an eye—what recompence, what atonement, let me ask, could the brutal servant render to his employer for this barbarity towards probably the chief favourite of his stud? "Tell it not in Gath: publish it not in the streets of Askelon." These and other summary modes, so heartlessly and foolishly adopted to correct the vicious propensities of horses, have I occasionally beheld carried to so dangerous an extent, that I have shuddered for the consequences. When I have remonstrated against these futile exuberances of passion, my censure has been unheeded, or probably met by the uncouth observation, "that it was no business of mine! the horse deserved all he had received!! he knew well what it was for!!!"

Many gentlemen, I am sorry to say, are not totally exempt from the frailty of passion, and act upon an equally erroneous system. I have seen some otherwise humane men inflict upon a horse a most severe whipping, under the impression that the chastisement would act as corrective to the vicious habit. This is a totally mistaken notion. Such treatment, instead of proving efficacious, only adds fuel to the flame. The conduct of the gentleman and the groom on these occasions is equally reprehensible. The same choler, the same paroxysm of rage, impels the one and the other, and the only distinction lies in the dissimilarity of the weapons used. But this circumstance offers no consolation to the philanthropist—the cruelty exists equally with the one and the other. The whip, in the hands of its lordly possessor, may appear less brutal than the treatment adopted by the plebeian; but the injustice of both is equally unwarrantable—they each betray the same ignorance of the temper and disposition of the horse, although they ill-treat the animal *chacun selon lui*. The reviewers tell us the "schoolmaster is abroad:" I trust that in the course of his peregrinations he will soon take a peep into the stable, where he will find an ample field of reformation.

The reproachful conduct alluded to must, by its harshness, inevitably increase the primitive evil, with the addition of causing the animal, when abroad, to shy and startle at the merest trifle. Indeed, many of the accidents which occur may be mainly attributable to our own thoughtless actions. We punish the horse on the principle of the Yorkshire pedagogue, who castigated his scholars, not on the score of their peccadilloes, but because he himself happened to be in a passion at the moment.

"*Paris est le paradis des femmes, mois l'enfer des chevaux*," say the French. With the first part of the proverb I have nothing to do; but the allusion to the miserable fate of the horse will, I fear, hold good also for London; as it must be admitted we are by no means inferior to our Gallic neighbours in refinement of cruelty towards that animal.

A very objectionable custom is also but too prevalent with many grooms, coachmen, and their helpers. They seldom enter the stable without calling out, "Come up!" which they pronounce in a rough, sharp, hasty tone, as if in anger. These words, coming from the mouth of their gruff attendant, cause the horses to shrink almost within themselves as the man passes their stalls. They hear the detested voice, and seem anxious by their motions to escape from it. Some grooms have told me that in speaking thus sharply the horse is rendered more brisk

and lively. I know better: on the contrary, it keeps him in continual dread; and the conclusion I draw on these occasions is, that the horse must have suffered from previous ill-treatment. I once had a horse which always started whenever I came near him; and, in addition, had a knack of making a rush as he passed through the stable door. The first habit I overcame by uniformly soothing him by my voice till I came up to him, when I patted and caressed him. He soon gained confidence, and evinced pleasure whenever I drew near him. The second propensity was not more difficult to correct, though it took much more time to eradicate. I accomplished it in about three weeks. My method was very simple. I walked the animal quietly towards the door, when near it I stopped, and placing myself in front of the horse, led him by slow and measured steps over the threshold, occupying his attention by fixing my eye upon his, and addressing him kindly. By these means the impetuosity he evinced on quitting the stable soon subsided. During the first few days it occupied perhaps half an hour to each trial; after which I increased the motion of his paces, and succeeded in curing him. This horse was a very good-tempered animal, but had evidently been alarmed and ill-treated by some former owner. Of this, however, more anon.

Buffon is enthusiastic in his admiration of the horse, and well he may be, for this animal is undoubtedly the most valuable we possess. His subjugation lightens the labours and facilitates the operations of man in the most eminent degree. This celebrated naturalist observes, that "the reduction of a horse to a domesticated state is the greatest acquisition from the animal world which was ever made by the art and industry of man. This noble animal partakes of the fatigues of war, and seems to feel the glory of victory. Equally intrepid as his master, he encounters danger and death with ardour and magnanimity; he delights in the noise and tumult of arms, and rushes on the enemy with resolution and alacrity. But it is not in peril and conflicts alone that the horse willingly co-operates with his master; he likewise participates of human pleasures: he exults in the chase and the tournament; and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the cause."

This is all very fine and eloquent, as well as flattering to the ambitious pride of us "lords of the creation." But if the horse could speak, his language, I fear, would be far from complimentary to the gratitude of man! What is the return we make the animal for his willing servitude? If we answer with sincerity, and in the absence of prejudice and vanity, the response may be summed up in very few words: Our ignorant conduct and mismanagement heap upon him miseries which lead to disease and a curtailed existence.—*From the English Sporting Magazine for September.*

THE

ORIENTAL SPORTING MAGAZINE.

No. 13.—AUGUST, 1831.

RACE-COURSE DISTANCES.

MR. EDITOR,

In reading Mr. Darvill's work on the English Racehorse a few days ago, I met with the following passage regarding the position of the distance posts on a race-course. He says at page 259, "In coming in, on the right of the course there should be *two* distance posts; the first of these posts is to be erected 240 yards from the winning post, the second 120 yards from it; the first is the distance post in a four mile race, the second in a mile race."

It is thus plainly laid down that the distance in a *two* mile race is 120 yards; a fact which, in India at least, I suspect is not generally followed "the distance" on all our courses and in all races, from the Calcutta down to the Dhoolia, being marked off at 240 yards from home.

Perhaps some of your sporting readers who are on the turf, and better acquainted with "the law" on this point (one of considerable importance to a man who has a horse situated as Benedict was in Bombay in 1830) than myself or my neighbours in these parts, will be kind enough to let us know if such a rule exists amongst those of the Jockey Club in England, or, if then, any difference exists between "the distance" in a two or a four mile race, and oblige greatly

Yours,
A SUBSCRIBER.

April 30th.

LETTER FROM OLD GOOSEBERRY.

SIR,

I am unfortunate enough to be the reputed author of every contraband article which has appeared in your Magazine, and my life is rendered burthensome thereby. Stephen's first critique caused my oldest friends to turn their backs upon me; and when I fancied the affair had nearly blown over, out came No. 7 and irretrievably ruined me. I was forthwith assailed on all sides with accusations of "attempting to *write down* the Magazine," a crime which could not be expiated by death itself. Alas! poor me.

An officious, finger-in-every-pie sort of acquaintance, who boasts of an unusual degree of intimacy

with the great Nimrod, assures me that "I have so disgusted that gentleman, that he has *shut up shop.*" Me again—but this *must* be Balaam; Nimrod is too good a sportsman to trouble his head with fifty fools like Stephen.

Several of my friends have hinted to me rather unceremoniously that I possess a larger share of impudence (brass it is called) than any other man in the whole world; for that I not only preserved an impenetrable exterior during the reading of the first critique, but positively contemplated to conceal my crime by offering conjectures as to the real author. Stick to it.

Everybody points at me as the writer of Nosing Tom's letters, which appear to have given great offence, and I have had the pleasure of paying postage for more than one anonymous bluster on the subject. Nay, it was but the other day that a *gentleman* whom I had the misfortune to sit next at a large party, and who most unaccountably declined even monosyllabic conversation (I believe he was a little hard of hearing), suddenly exclaimed in no conciliating key, "You will be gratified to learn, sir, that *you have done up* the Nuggur pack."—There I was again.

But my misfortunes are not half told. Some evil-disposed person has made affidavit, and fathered *Scarlet's* communications upon poor me, in consequence of which every one who acted a conspicuous part at the late Dhoolia meetings (and many too who did not) have dropped my acquaintance, assigning as a reason that "*I have knocked the Dhoolia races on the head.*" Say it's me.

It has besides and moreover been signified to me that little doubt can exist as to the writer of divers papers on sundry contraband subjects, all of which might as well have been let alone. They mean *me*, I know.

This is pretty well, I thank you! Let me see. I have *attempted* to "write down" the Magazine (very bad indeed), and have *succeeded* in "writing down" Nimrod (worse). I have "done up" the Nuggur Pack (no great harm that); and have "knocked the Dhoolia Races on the head" (no great loss either); and if I live to see the publication of No. 13 (and I never was in better health than at this moment), I will do something still worse than all.

Yours cordially,
OLD GOOSEBERRY.

RIDE, SPORTSMEN, RIDE.

TUNE—"*O! such a day.*"

Day had not dawn'd, and bright the stars were shining out,
When twenty jovial sportsmen in toggery so trim
Forth from their camp rode gaily serpentining out
With merry looks and merry laughs, to hazard life and limb.
With jest and banter
On they canter,
Till they reach the sporting ground,
When all steady
Beaters ready
Soon proclaim the boar is found,
Then hallooing, wild pursuing,

Mercy, what a noise it is!
Oh! the chase, the glorious chase,
The pleasantest of joys it is.
Then ride, sportsmen, ride, when once the game is going it,
All reckless, checkless, dash along without a fear;
Dare every danger, and scorn the chance of knowing it,
Be bold, for sure the boldest ever wins the spear.

Screw, tinkers, screw, for here's your place for pushing it,
The country all in front of you is like a bowling-green;
There is not a hole, a nullah, or a bush in it,
And striding straight ahead is the grey boar seen.
Now they're stirring,
See them spurring,
Never rode they half so quick;
Gaping, staring,
Screaming, swearing
O'er the fields they'll do the trick;
There they near him, now they'll spear him,
Yes, they'll poke him on the plain;
No, that grunt has checked the hunt,
See them holding hard again!
Then ride, sportsmen, ride, when once the game is going it,
All reckless, checkless, dash along without a fear;
Dare every danger, and scorn the chance of knowing it,
Be bold, for sure the boldest ever wins the spear.

Hold, spoonies, hold, that hill so perpendicular
I knew would tempt the tinkers now to check their speed,
Stony, steep, and staggering in every particular,
'Tis here the true bred sportsmen who will take the lead.
Spoons despairing,
See their daring,
Up and onwards as they go
Laughing, leaving
Tinkers grieving,
Funking, panting down below,
O'er the rising, fate despising,
Lo! they press him more and more,
Till like plummet from the summit
Topples down the dying boar.
Then ride, sportsmen, ride, when once the game is going it,
All reckless, cheekless, dash along without a fear;
Dare every danger, and scorn the chance of knowing it,
Be bold, for sure the boldest ever wins the spear.

S. Y. S.

NOSING TOM'S LAST BUT ONE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Nothing daunted by the jealous revilings of my contemporaries, or by your own editorial chastisement, neither of which I beg to assure you have given me one moment's uneasiness, I am about, in my usual straightforward manner, to throw a little light on the "*Poonah Subscription*," consisting of about eleven couple of under-breds, who hang out no inconsiderable dash of the *Pie*, that most contemptible and *contrary* of all animals bearing a canine figure and appellation; whipped by a clever lad on a sturdy grey galloway—and hunted whensoever a bag is to be had for *bribery*, by a very stylish and proper workman, customarily followed or preceded by as numerous and uproarious a field as the magnitude of the society there might lead one to expect. At least two-thirds of these have *cheroots* in their mouths, which to my mind is just as it should be.

But first, since I detect you to tolerate a rejoinder on less important occasions, you will permit me to make my respectful compliments in a concise sort of way to Messrs. Philo Fun and Strap, whom I observe to be foremost in the crowd of my admirers. Strap's epistle is so close an *imitation* of my own in No. 9, that it might with propriety have been expressed in three words. His vituperation I despise in common with himself. Philo Fun's wits are woolgathering. I never said that Nimrod was the master of the old Nuggur Pack, nor can I find that Nimrod has ever said so himself. A wag observed the other day that P. F. had only to relate the particulars of a somerset over his horse's ears, as plain matter of fact, to have ensured ready credence.

Now to my story, which is a short one. I was out with the Poonah dogs on a certain day of last year, when a noble live fox was permitted to effect his escape from the gloomy precincts of a satchel, at a certain place not very far from the city; and the form in which he legged it across country certainly went to prove that he was none the worse for being *handled*. I am rather addicted to look into these things myself, and took the liberty of observing the *geography* he selected, not so much from an idea of becoming wiser than my neighbours, but simply for my own private satisfaction — you know the sort of feeling. Well, Sir, after a cast or two, a diminutive, wire-haired, sandy-coloured dog, with a devil-may-carish sort of look about him, prick ears, and a bony unyielding posterior excrescence—the perpendicular relic of what had been a tail in puppyhood, but had now no pretensions to the denomination—affected, after a world of sneezing and sniffing and smelling and fidgeting to and fro, that he had hit it off to a nicety; in token whereof he uttered a lively squeak, and set off at his *best bat* in the very opposite direction to the right one. Of course all the rest did the same, but in lieu of attending to their work some were pursuing ortolans or marmots, with a dash first — then a dead stop — and a short, unharmonious, disappointed bark; others were carrying a *search warrant* into the endless ramifications of a mole earth, and so forth. But the little tawny dog kept steady to his purpose, ever and anon cocking up a leg

and disburthening his nature against a convenient bush or stone; and in this example he was followed by all the others in rotation.

At the end of four or five miles nature could no more, and without any apparent cause the little dog *struck work*, squatted on his unprotected posteriors, and commenced an active war against the fleas and vermin with which his hide was clearly infested. In a little time the party, finding the case to be altogether desperate, broke into *squads* and commenced hunting and hoix-overing on their own account with such portions of the pack as they could persuade, by *hi-foxing*, whistling, chirping, and other like seductive extravagancies, to accompany them. I need hardly say they found nothing—and no wonder, the fox was not within five miles of us.

Bending our steps homeward, we had occasion to cross the new *Sungum Bridge*, but the aforesaid sagacious sandy dog evidently regarded such a step to be little short of madness (by-the-by, I suspect his opinion is not altogether singular on this point), but be that as it may, the stubborn beast had kept us waiting near a quarter of an hour, when the huntsman most considerately dismounted, and having carried him to the middle of the fabric, did so belabour his denuded nether parts with a gigantic hunting whip, that he adopted the alternative of bolting home at speed, and had positively not given over howling when we arrived there ourselves.

Some weeks afterwards an announcement of such exceeding novelty attracted my attention, that I deemed it expedient to be an eye-witness of the result. A bagged antelope was to be *uncarted* (so they called it) near Gibbett Hill. Now, as I had noticed the whipcord to be rather unsparingly administered in the case of a dog breaking to deer, I fancied they might have acquired a very natural distaste for that sort of hunting; but no such thing, Sir, I can assure you. The antelope turned out to be a *tame fawn*, entirely disregardless of clamour and uproar, who positively refused to run an inch. They at last hit on the expedient of leading or rather *dragging* her to a convenient distance, when the dogs were laid on. Perceiving all *joke* to be at an end, the animal set off in good earnest for the stable in which she had received her education, and presently gruelled her pursuers out of sight; upon which the huntsman spoke rather incoherently about the necessity of blooding the dogs, crammed in the ticklers, and was not two minutes in giving a good account of the game!!!

I regret to say that of the Bombay pack, so favourably noticed by *Looker On*, not a vestige remains. I have, however, one more *cry* to introduce to your pages, with a description of which I shall probably conclude my correspondence in your next number. In the mean time

I am yours obediently,

NOSING TOM.

Neelgherry Hill, 1st March, 1831.

EXTRACTS FROM SPORTING RECOLLECTIONS OF LIFE IN THE DECCAN.

* * * * * *

CHAPTER XI.

It was the morning after one of the most merry of merry parties at the Sungum Residency that the members of the Union and Deal-table Hunt had assembled on the plain beneath the little village of Kirkee (since brought into notice from giving name to the first battle with his Highness the Peshwa), that the unexpected appearance of the huntsman, in a dress so very different from his usual costume, caused a general shout of surprise and a loud simultaneous roar of laughter. To account for this sudden explosion of mirth at the worthy huntsman's expense, it is necessary to observe that in general, in the field, he was distinguished by the extraordinary apparel which has been described in the third chapter of these sporting recollections, but in the drawing-room he changed his fustian coat and tawny leathers for a suit which once, no doubt, had been of solemn sable, but time had turned the black to brown, and long use had rubbed it threadbare. In fact, a more shabby state of wardrobe was never exhibited out of Monmouth Street, but such was his happy indifference to personal appearance, that he never gave a thought to the tattered condition of his evening habiliments; and such was his enviable absenteeism of mind, that our noble host had determined to use a similar method of improving his dress with that which Walter Scott has described to have been successfully performed by Col. Mannering on poor Dominie Sampson. A complete suit of new clothes thrown on him at once might have attracted notice, and therefore it was resolved to accomplish the metamorphose by instalments. Directions had accordingly been given to his dressing boy to abstract the old rusty brown coat and substitute a new bright blue one, garnished with large brass buttons, that he might make his entree among the next evening's party with more credit to himself and less annoyance to his host, leaving the kerseymere waistcoat for the next addition, and the pantaloons to match would, as a last reinforcement, complete the full exchange. But the boy, not understanding the orders he had received, immediately after his master had fallen asleep removed the whole of his old apparel, together with his hunting dress, leaving him nothing but his new suit; and at daylight next day, incredible as it may seem, yet so wholly abstracted was he from everything but the sport in prospect that, unconscious of the change in his garments, he actually rode up to the place of meeting with his light blue coat and kerseymere accompaniments, rendered more picturesquely ridiculous by his still wearing his huge military boots, broad-brimmed, poked-bonnet-shaped hat, shading his grim and nutmeg-coloured features.

Unheeding the boisterous laughter of the whole group, and perfectly unsuspicious of the cause, he gave a general salutation to the party, and then proceeded with all his accustomed formality and seriousness to arrange for the coursing.

"What in the name of all that's

ridiculous can have come over our eccentric huntsman this morning?" exclaimed young Lesmore, while the party were about to divide for their look out. "Heavens! what a cruel coat!" proceeded he; "he surely must be more mad than usual; and where the devil did he get hold of that strange toggery?" "I will explain," said the smiling host; and having acquainted Lesmore with his design to have made the huntsman more respectable in his evening, by the plan which has already been related, he observed, "But I suppose some blunder has been made by his servant, and here you see we have him in the field with his dress suit, and probably he will favour us this evening by appearing at dinner in his hunting clothes." "Well," said Clifford, "I could scarcely have believed such total absence of mind to have been possible."

"Faith," said Lesmore, "I can believe anything of him since I learnt from our host the other evening that he had seriously mentioned to him his design of rendering (through the means of the Latin Grammar) the English the universal language of mankind." "Yes," added the host, "'tis very true, such indeed was his proposed plan; and that his work might be attainable by all ranks, he had a scheme of printing it on coarse whitey-brown paper, and sold all over the world at a penny for each copy. But" continued the host, "not more visionary and scarce less wild was his most extravagant proposition to me, some time ago, to become the purchaser from the Peshwa of the ruined city of Beejapore, with certain lands adjacent. His intention, he said, was to rebuild and fortify the town on a smaller scale; to garrison it entirely with Ramouses; and to improve the cultivation by a new mode of irrigation, aided by windmills and water-pipes." "Ay," said Lesmore, "and I suppose he would have called it Jefferybad. Yet hark! yes, there he goes full tilt, and there runs the fox; come along, come along." "Hurrah," cried Elsmere, "for the light blue coat and kerseymeres!" and away went the whole throng.

The night had been wet, and the ground in many places sloppy and slippery, and the fox, finding it heavier than he liked, soon made a double which brought him round to his earth, into which he instantly bolted.

The huntsman, who rode close upon the dogs, immediately jumped off, looked into the earth for a moment, and then, to the surprise of all, pulled off his fine new coat, and, notwithstanding the muddy state of the ground, crammed it into the aperture, coolly exclaiming, "We must not be baffled in this manner," and then turning to Elsmere said, "Send for a pickaxe or a crowbar." "Or," said Clifford, "take Fillet by the legs and dig him out." "No, no," rejoined Lesmere, "though his nose has a capital shape for a shovel, I doubt his head being too soft." "Thick enough, in all conscience," uttered Clifford; "but what is doing now?"

During this conversation the huntsman had been listening with the deepest interest to the three half naked villagers, who, with earnest gesticulations and loud voices, had riveted his attention so completely that, forgetting the fox, and equally unmindful of his coat, he whispered to his syce, who instantly set off towards the Sungum at a good pace, while his master, mounting his horse, called to Lesmere and requested to speak with him. He then slowly and solemnly acquainted Lesmore with

the intelligence just communicated by the villagers, which was that a huge and indescribably monstrous hog had taken full possession of a sugar-cane field near a village about nineteen miles off, and the people of the place had sent their three ambassadors to solicit the aid of the Deal-table against their foreign foe.

"We will gallop out instantly," continued the huntsman; "so call our Deal-table party, and let us leave the rest here."

Accordingly the four Ticken-coated riders got together, and away they went.

CHAPTER XII.

The gentlemen of the Union Hunt had terminated a good coursing morning, and were enjoying themselves over a substantial breakfast, while the Deal-table hunters, accompanied by Clifford and Elsmere, were getting across the country at a hand gallop towards the village of Pringhote, about twelve miles beyond the Singhur range of hills, and which they reached about eleven o'clock. Here resting their horses in the jungle, the huntsmen proceeded on foot to the patell of the place, who with great alacrity assembled all the men and nearly all the boys of his village to assist in getting rid of the boar, described by them in a style quite corroborative of their ambassadors' accounts.

In high spirits he returned to his companions attended by his village friends, some bringing with them milk and bajree cakes, off which the whole hunting party broke their fast, not, however, without expressing their wishes and longing for some more substantial provisions — but pork chops were in prospect, and they seasoned their coarse meal with many a jest and joke.

A good feed of grain and a few bundles of grass, together with their rest, had refreshed their horses, and at three in the evening they mounted, and, accompanied by the villagers, rode forward to the cane field, which was situated near a raised hamlet that was in former times the suburb of Pringhote. A tremendous ravine yawned on one side of it, and a deep stream with a very rocky bed flowed close by on the other; while in front, over a fine plain, lay a thick cockspur jungle. The huntsman's long experience had taught him that this was the time of day when hogs in general quit their strong covers to drink, and therefore, instead of losing time by beating the sugar-cane, which was many acres in extent, he determined to skirt the field and move down to the banks of the river, trusting to find the boar carousing over his liquor. Nor was he disappointed; for on approaching the water a sudden roll, apparently of a buffalo, attracted the attention of Elsmere, who immediately said to Clifford, "I wish that had been the hog. What a whacker!"

"And so it is, by G—d!" shouted Clifford, whose more practised eye instantly discerned the snout and tushes of the monster as he lifted his huge grim head out of the stream.

All eyes were turned towards the boar, for all had heard Clifford's animating shout, and soon all were in full gallop; for the animal, startled by the noise, had rushed from the river, and was making for the sugar-cane at a rapid pace.

To those who are unacquainted with the extraordinary speed for at least a quarter of a mile of a wild hog, it will seem almost incredible that an animal so formed as the boar is could manage to

keep before a tolerable horse at full speed; yet such is the case, and experienced hunters well know that for a spurt the fastest horses in India would not overtake some of them. A three-parts-grown hog, lean and lanky and outlying, will lead a light weight on a first-rate nag a long way before he takes to turning.

So, indeed, did the present party find to be the case, for though of enormous size, and no doubt well stuffed with sugar-cane, still the boar was in low condition and in high wind, and went like a witch before the hunters, and in spite of their best efforts regained the sugar-cane.

Preparations were immediately made to beat him from his luscious retreat, but scarcely had the villagers assembled and arrayed themselves in line, when a loud screaming from some woman who had been to the river for water attracted the attention of the huntsman, and soon it was made known that, disturbed by the clatter of our horses' hoofs, and the shouts of huntsman and beaters when the boar first started off, a large cheeta had made his appearance. One or two of the women, less alarmed than the rest, watched him enter a hole in the rocky bank of the river, and as the nobler game of the two, and so near at hand, the huntsman instantly decided upon leaving the boar in the field, and attacking the tiger in his den.

The whole party, therefore, returned to the river, and on their way were met by the huntsman's syce, who (the reader will recollect) was sent home from the fox-earth in the morning, and had now come back with his master's brace of Clare-market bull-dogs, accompanied by some servants carrying the celebrated Deal Table, and some dinner apparatus, together with bottles of wine and beer, and a few loaves of bread.

The hole into which the cheeta had retreated was now surrounded by the horsemen, and one of the bull-dogs sent in to try if he could make him bolt, but after a long underground scuffle he came out dreadfully lacerated, and various other means to get the savage out were tried in vain, and night was fast approaching, when the huntsman addressed his companions, "Gentlemen, it appears perfectly useless to waste any more time in trying to frighten this fellow from his den. We must now do what we ought to have done at first. I take shame to myself that it did not strike me before. Mr. Elsmere, and you, Lintat, keep your horses close and ready for a start, should the tiger bolt. You, Foley, as you are the heaviest of the party, get astride over the hole, and when the gentleman comes forth drop on him, or pin him with your spear through the back, whichever may suit your nerves or your fancy at the moment. Clifford and Lesmore, come one on each side of me." So said and so was done. He then took a lighted torch from one of the beaters (for it had been necessary to have light from the village, as the moon was only just rising), fastened it to the end of his spear, and, with the uninjured bull-dog under his left arm, he laid himself at full length on the ground, while Clifford and Lesmore followed his example, and the three commenced their entrance into the den like serpents on their bellies. The cave after a few feet took an oblique turn to the left, and they had much difficulty in keeping their spears protruded well in front. Now however, as the glare of the torch flickered over the place, deep growlings came forth from its darkness, and

it was with no small satisfaction to Clifford and Lesmore, notwithstanding their courage, that the huntsman called out disappointedly, "Damn the brute! 'tis only a hyena; but look out." So saying, he applied his torch to his back. Some seconds elapsed before the cowardly animal would stir; but when he felt the scorching deeper, he gave a louder growl, and dashed at his assailants in grand style. His rush upset the torch, and he thus escaped the spears of Lesmore and Clifford, and might have dashed over the backs of the whole party in the dark, had not the huntsman, at the instant his torch fell, let slip the bull-dog, who rushed on with all his characteristic boldness; and then, the three sportsmen backing, as the dog and hyena hustled forward, the whole group tumbled out of the den in laughable, though somewhat dangerous confusion. The natives "*all scattered backwards as he came,*" with the dog fastened to his ear, and Foley, who had actually dropped upon him when he first made his appearance in public, was clinging to his leg. Elsmere's horse reared fearfully, and rushed in dismay from the scene, just as Lintat skilfully pushed his spear through his ribs; while the huntsman and his party, regaining their legs, soon managed to put an end to the interesting scuffle.

CHAPTER XIII.

The conclusion of the adventure as related in the last chapter had given high spirits to the party, and an immediate return to the boar was resolved on. "I have never killed a hog by night," said the huntsman, "and a moonlight chase must be as delightful as it will be novel." "And dangerous too," said Lesmore. "Besides, d—n it all, we have now been a long while without food, and my stomach feels confoundedly upset by the abominable stench of your hyena's parlour, covered as it was with putrid gobbets of flesh and rotting bones; so I vote for an attack upon the bread and the beer, and then, hey for what you like."

To this the huntsman, though a low grumble was heard from his lips, did not make any objection; and under a fine tamarind tree, by the light of the lady moon, they sat down to refresh themselves. Meanwhile, by the huntsman's orders, the villagers had gone to the sugar-cane with strict orders to keep a good watch lest the boar should steal away.

No sooner had they thus regaled themselves than the chivalrous spirit of the huntsman declared it incumbent upon the party to proceed at once to the place of action, which they reached about ten o'clock, and here a formidable opposition to their hoped-for hunt showed itself in the positive refusal of the beaters to enter the field until daybreak. Neither threats nor expostulations were of any avail—even bribes had no effect; and in despair they were about to return to their tamarind tree, when Clifford, addressing the huntsman, said, "You are well aware that hogs when once alarmed frequently take it into their thick heads to ramble away from their '*old frank*,' and, under the advantage of a still night like this, why might not our friend here in the field adopt the same kind of manœuvre? and as we are all anxious for a good night-chase, let us retire to different stations at a distance from the canes, and await our luck with patience. He may come out, and we shall then be rewarded for our perseverance."

"Undoubtedly," exclaimed the delighted huntsman, "you are quite right, Clifford, and I admire

your spirited and sporting scheme, so now for our posts, and good luck to us."

The hunters now divided, after having been strictly cautioned to be watchful and silent, and to allow the boar, should he quit his cover, to get well away without being disturbed or lost sight of.

"How holily, how beautifully calm
Among yon countless heaps of paly clouds,
Thro' whose transparent fleeciness she throws
Her melancholy beams, sails the fair moon:
And as the snowy vapour drifts along,
Down from the opening spots of the blue vault,
That speck and mottle the high canopy,
She pours a flood of magic light, that makes
The wearied hunter lifts his wakeful eye,
To gaze in rapture on the sudden brightness."

Thus, not very unpoetically, apostrophized the young and enthusiastic Lesmore, as he walked his horse to the jungle edge which the huntsman had selected for his particular watch. For two long and tedious hours did he remain in this anxious situation, when suddenly a low rustling among the canes caught his ear, and he listened with almost breathless hope that the boar was moving about. The noise increased; and soon after, to his great delight, he saw the grim form of the monster slowly emerge from the field, and stop at the outside.

With the most intense anxiety did Lesmore now behold him as he flapped his huge ear to and fro, endeavouring to catch the slightest noise. At length, after moving somewhat up the side of the field, just as a light cloud shrouded the moon for a moment, he turned his head towards the plain on the other side of which was the cockspur jungle, and soon getting into a short trot, compelled Lesmore to mount and follow as quietly as he could.

Lesmore's movement had been discerned by the rest of the party; and though they could see nothing of the game, they rightly concluded how matters stood, and accordingly put themselves into motion, following Lesmore at a convenient distance.

For nearly a mile did they thus anxiously trot in the track of the boar, when, assured of success, whatever might be the ground, and impatient to commence the sport, Lesmore, whose voice sounded trebly loud and startling in the stillness of the hour, shouted out with all his wonted enthusiasm, "THE MIDNIGHT BOAR *in front, in front! I have him in front; ride on!*"

It would be almost impossible to describe the tremendous rush which the hog made as the noise first reached his ears. Headlong he dashed forward, and so rapid was his rate, that Lesmore had nearly lost sight, when he was joined by Clifford and the huntsman. The eye of the latter soon detected him, now standing stockstill near a low beech, probably taught by instinct that he was less likely to be discovered by remaining still than by moving on. However, the near approach of his enemies defeated his caution, and soon to their great delight they found themselves in full and close pursuit.

A race, rather than a chase, in no very long time brought the boar to bay, and, after a short scuffle, the dying groan of the animal echoed among the ravines of the hills of Pringhote.

"You must make a song, Lesmore," said Clifford, as they slowly rode homeward; "you must indeed write a song on this new and most delicious night's sport.

'Tis worthy of commemoration."
"Good!" said the huntsman, "and let the burthen be your own *soul thrilling and glorious shout*, the Midnight Boar."

The whole party earnestly joined in the request.

"You shall have one," said Lesmore; and the next night, at the Residency, he sang the following:—

THE MIDNIGHT BOAR.

TUNE—"*The Glass is sparkling on the Board.*"

No more of daring deeds by day
The song shall pass my lips,
The chase beneath the moon's bright ray
Doth every sport eclipse,
When over the stream
The silver gleam
Hath spread from shore to shore,
With spear in hand } *twice*
We sternly stand }
To meet the Midnight Boar.

Oh, deep we'll drain the brimming bowl
To toast that jungle glen,
When forth like some grim ruffian stole
The monster from his den.
His dark brown eye
Hath watched the sky
For the cloud that's passing o'er,
While spear in hand } *twice*
We sternly stand }
To meet the Midnight Boar.

Away, away, the boar hath been
Some moments now afoot,
Hath cleared the river and ravine,
And challenges pursuit;
Yet cautious still,
He climbs the hill
Nor deems the danger o'er,
With spear in hand } *twice*
No more we stand, }
But chase the Midnight Boar.

Hurrah! hurrah! the chase is done!
What will not sportsmen dare?
The tuskied trophies too are won
And boldly won they were!!
Then let us drain
The bowl again
And its wine to the *next night* pour,
When spear in hand } *twice*
We sternly stand }
To meet the Midnight Boar.

S. Y. S.

BOTTOM BETTER THAN SPEED.

MR. EDITOR,

As chance has solved many a difficulty, has pointed out many valuable improvements as well in theory as practice, and in short thrown Euclid, Newton, &c., &c., completely in the background, I hope you will, through the medium of your Sporting Magazine, make known the following fact, particularly as it does not fall to the lot of every one to witness such instances of Chance's unreasoning method of convincing.

Q. E. D.

"Bottom better than Speed."
TYCHO BRAHE.

I daresay, Mr. Editor, many of your Sporting readers may, on seeing the above quotation, impatiently turn over this leaf with a "Who the deuce does not know that? Such hackneyed remarks should be scouted from the Magazine!" Yes, Mr. Editor, I perfectly agree with them, and I make no doubt, were the "flat, stale, and unprofitable" discussions on Flints and Detonators, and the recently-commenced but never-to-

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